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THE CENTURY

Vol. 92 OCTOBER, 1916 No. 6

The New Army Act and the Militia

By ERIC FISHER WOOD

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THE Army Reorganization Bill was signed by the President on June 3, and the administration devoutly hoped and prayed that the nation would sit back and consider itself adequately prepared. Mr. Hay of Virginia is admittedly the fairy godmother of the bill. He made such effective use of his position as chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs in the House that the bill as it stands is almost entirely of his inspiration. Good or bad, it must be entered to his account. Its provisions are his provisions, and its spirit is his spirit.

Ever since he first led his bill out of the House of Representatives and railroaded it through the conference committee against the well-nigh single-handed resistance of Senator Chamberlain, certain prominent American citizens whose records as faithful public servants insure for their opinion a respectful hearing have persistently and vehemently protested against it. Among these are ex-Secretary of War Root (Republican); ex-Secretary of War Wright (Democrat); ex-Secretary of War Garrison (Democrat), who tendered his resignation to the President as a protest against the bill; ex-Secretary of War Stimson (Republican); ex-Assistant Secretary of War Breckenridge (Democrat), who resigned as a protest against the bill; and Secretary of War Baker (Democrat). And there are many others. Their voices have been but faintly heard, however, through the hubbub of platitudes which heralded the bill.

It is manifest to all that the protest of these men means that the bill is worse than nothing, and that it has been passed for petty political reasons, against the united opposition of our military experts. I have discussed the bill with the most authoritative of these experts, and what follows is the result of my best efforts to present a composite of their views and beliefs.

To begin with, Mr. Hay's bill authorizes an increase in the regular army. This is an increase on paper, and will in actuality prove largely fictitious. For several years the regular army has had an "authorized" strength of over one hundred thousand, and yet the actual strength of the army has been with difficulty maintained at about ninety thousand. Merely to increase the "authorized" strength will not necessarily alter this situation. The lack of recruits is directly traceable to certain fundamental defects which Mr. Hay's army bill makes no attempt to remedy.

One fault lies in the continued maintenance of some forty useless little army-posts, which were established in various outlying congressional districts for pork-barrel reasons. Many congressmen strive

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to obtain army-posts for their own districts in order that their faithful constituents may reap profits from the construction and maintenance thereof.

From a military point of view it is as ridiculous to divide our army among scores of isolated posts as it would be to subdivide and scatter about the country a big manufacturing concern. In foreign countries troops are quartered in large cities in units of not fewer than twenty thousand, so that they may be efficiently trained, so that the overhead of fatigue duty performed by each individual soldier may be reduced, and so that the men may spend their spare time profitably and pleasantly.

America, on the contrary, has so many dreary and isolated posts that our diminutive army is scarcely able to garrison them all. In consequence our enlisted men devote more time to the care of buildings and grounds than to the study of the art of war. Each man must serve as a laborer and a scavenger, although he enlisted as a soldier. He spends a large part of his day in fatigue duty, which implies such tedious work as sweeping up, cutting grass, and shoveling snow. Such occupations, which are scarcely alluring to young men ambitious of making the profession of arms their life-work, become unbearable when performed in small outlying congressional districts in Montana or northern Vermont, where the sole amusements are watching desert sunsets or attending second-rate moving-picture shows. Is it a wonder that enlistment in our regular army has become the last resort of the desperate when our troops are constantly reminded by their very environment that the regular army is maintained primarily to satisfy the personal ends of congressmen and secondarily to serve its country?

However, it is perhaps unreasonable to object because a bill which institutes new forms of pork does not abolish existing pork-barrel army-posts. Upon careful examination the Army Reorganization Bill appears to be not only a new vehicle for the conveyance of private pork from the public treasury through individual congressmen to their personal henchmen, but also promises to institute a vast new system for the dispensation of political plums, a system outrivaling even the present extravagant pension system and the notorious "Rivers and Harbors."

Its Section VIII has become famous as evidence that the bill was conceived for pork more than for preparedness. This section cannot be too often called to the attention of the American public, for it illustrates only too well the spirit which actuated Mr. Hay. It reads in part as follows:

> Provided further, that of the vacancies created in the Judge Advocate General's Department by this Act, one such vacancy, not below the grade of major, shall be filled by the appointment of a person from civil life, not less than forty-five nor more than fifty years of age, who shall have been for ten years a judge of the Supreme Court of the Philippine Islands, shall have served for two years as a Captain in the Regular or Volunteer Army, and shall be proficient in the Spanish language and laws.

The "Evening Journal" of Richmond, Virginia, after quoting this section, unburdens itself as follows:

> Just one person in the world can comply with these conditions. This person is Judge Carson of Virginia, a resident of Mr. Hay's district. The clause was drawn obviously and shamelessly to make a job for Judge Carson and to make it impossible that anybody else, under any administration, could be placed in that job. Mr. Hay, on the floor of the House, avowed his responsibility for this clause and practically acknowledged that its purpose was to provide for one of his own friends and constituents.

The "World-News" of Roanoke, Virginia, deals as follows with the subject:

> If it were possible we should like to see the Democratic [state] convention in session here this week go on record in some way as repudiating and condemning Con-

Photograph by Brown Brothers

Federalized, but not equipped

gressman Hay's shameless trickery in using the Army Bill to provide an office for Judge Carson. It is not pleasant to Virginia people to let his monumental piece of chicanery go before the nation as a specimen of what a Virginia congressman stands for. The convention could do nothing that would leave a sweeter taste in the thoughts of people of this State than the adoption of a resolution denouncing Mr. Hay's joker in ringing and unmistakable terms. It would thus announce to the world that debauching a great and vitally important public measure with the tricks of a ward heeler is not in accord with the spirit of convictions of the commonwealth whose proudest boast is the unimpeachable faith in her leaders.

This one example of petty pork sufficiently illustrates the general spirit in which the bill was conceived and framed. We leave Section VIII and advance to a consideration of the vast new political system provided in Mr. Hay's bill. Here the details are more intricate than those which concern mere private pork.

For one hundred and forty years we have consistently and wisely refused to grant political power to our professional army. We have until now decreed that its members should not hold public office; they are not allowed to sit in legislative bodies; they are not eligible as councilmen, mayors, or governors; they are not permitted to participate in civil business, or to practise any profession other than that of arms. In most cases the exigencies of military life make it impossible for army men to vote at election. Our fear of giving them any political power has been so great that we have denied the right of free speech to our regular army officers even in matters of vital national importance.

Thus our professional standing army has until now always been deprived of political power.

Moreover, its very existence lies at the mercy of the civil government, for Congress is called upon bi-annually to vote the appropriations which alone permit its continued existence. It can at any time be reduced or altogether abolished by the will of the people as expressed through Congress.

Such, in brief, has been our attitude toward our paid armies until the present day, when Mr. Hay has tried cunningly to pull the wool over our eyes, and hopes to saddle upon us a most pernicious union of political and military power.

He based his army reorganization scheme upon the assumption that our various and sundry state militias, although composed of the most admirable citizen soldiers, are, as now constituted, of small military value. This is a perfectly good assumption. The several state militias have existed upon their present basis ever since the Declaration of Independence, and throughout all our intervening history they have not rendered effective service in actual war until they have been removed from state control and been re-

trained, rearmed, and reorganized under national supervision.

The record of the militia, while far from inspiring, is no discredit to the men. They realized only too well how ineffective were the militia organizations to which they belonged. Moreover, they knew, too, that to send badly prepared troops against a thoroughly equipped, trained, and organized army as they had always been sent, can lead only to their useless slaughter.

Our present-day state militias do not differ materially from those of the past. In 1916 the total theoretical strength of our militias was nearly two hundred thousand. After two weeks, only forty-five thousand badly equipped militiamen had started for the Mexican border, and a large proportion of this small number were raw, untrained recruits who had never fired an army rifle. In 1914, Germany and France each mobilized one million trained, equipped, and organized second-line troops along their borders in two weeks.

In our militia mobilization of 1916 cavalry troops started for the border without horses or saddles. Thousands of men were despatched to the front before they had been vaccinated or had completed their typhoid prophylaxis. In some States from forty to fifty per cent. of the militiamen were discovered, after mobilization, to be physically unfit to withstand the hardships of war. In at least one State many regiments were still without tents, blankets, first-aid packets, ammunition, intrenching tools, machine-guns, medicines, pistols, knives, canteens, or haversacks three weeks after mobilization had been ordered.

An American infantry regiment at war strength should number two thousand men. Its minimum peace strength is nine hundred and ninety. When mobilization began most of the state regiments were below minimum peace strength, and many were unable to fill their ranks even with raw recruits.

The following letter suggests what the situation was:

Las Cruces, New Mexico, 5/27/16.

Dr. J. E. Hausmann [member of the American Legion], New York City, New York:

Dear Dr. Hausmann:

. . . We are hopelessly short of men and must have 300 as a minimum and could use 1000 to advantage. We are losing many men because of physical disability, by which I mean that the regular army surgeons are rejecting them, and we have to have men to take their places within the next few days. It occurred to me likely that there must be among members of the American Legion enough men who are anxious to see some real service, of which they are assured, to respond to this call.

This is, of course, entirely unofficial, and only comes from an unassigned officer in the guard who has the welfare of the guard as well as the dignity of the State very warmly at heart. I may add, however, that I have just had a conversation over the 'phone with the Adjutant-General of the New Mexico National Guard, and he tells me that if I can induce 300 men to enlist from New York or anywhere else I shall certainly have the honor of saving the State from being placed in the ignominious position of being unable to raise its quota after the President has called upon it.

If necessary, use the wires freely at my expense, and hoping that you may be in a position to help us out, I am, with kindest personal regards,

Sincerely yours,

[Signed] A. Fleming Jones,
Colonel, N. G. N. M., unassigned,
formerly aide-de-camp to the governor.

Many regiments reached the border without wagon-trains, ammunition, or medical supplies. They were incapable of moving more than a day's march from the point where they detrained; they could neither have resisted an attack nor cared for their wounded. They would have been slaughtered by the attack of any trained army.

Chaos is only the logical result of a system based upon dual allegiance and operated by forty-eight different groups of amateurs.

Photograph by Brown Brothers

Going to the border without training or equipment: raw recruits of the Essex Troop of New Jersey

The local daily newspapers have not reported the glaring failures of the militia mobilization. Instead they have romanced about the noble boys in khaki and the girls they left behind them. Local papers seem to fear that any criticism of the faulty militia system will be interpreted by the relatives and friends of militiamen as derogatory to the unselfish and altogether admirable rank and file. That, however, is not the principal difficulty. The chief obstacle is that intelligent criticism must be aimed to a large degree at the State's adjutants-general and at amateur generals of brigade, and these persons already possess sufficient influence to muzzle their local press.

The following is an illustration in point. On Friday, June 23, the First Brigade of Pennsylvania State Militia paraded in Philadelphia. A brigade at war strength should number six thousand, but the First Pennsylvania was only two thousand strong. Nearly a thousand were raw recruits who had been hurriedly enlisted in a vain effort to fill up the ranks, and hundreds were so anemic and stoop-shouldered that they were subsequently rejected as unfit to withstand the rigors of war. And yet one Philadelphia paper, in describing the parade, spoke of "three thousand grim-visaged fighting men"!

In another city I questioned a reporter who was about to depart for the Mexican border as "war correspondent" with his local militia regiment. I asked him if he had any intention of telling any unpleasant truths about the deficiencies of the mobilization. He replied with a cynical laugh: "Not on your life! I am going to lie like hell."

Ex-Assistant Secretary of War Breckenridge, who resigned rather than surrender to Mr. Hay, has said:

> The history of the militia constitutes an unanswerable indictment of the militia system. It illustrates the wickedness of submitting good military material to the disastrous influences of such a system. The same individuals . . . who participated in writing the shameful history of the militia, if organized and trained under proper system, would have written annals of glory.

We concur in Mr. Hay's premise as to the defects of the state militias as now constituted, but we cannot logically indorse his subsequent action; for while pretending to place the militias upon a new and improved footing, in reality he "winks the other eye," and not only leaves them upon the present basis of state control, but intrenches and strengthens and perpetuates them with all their defects thick upon them. He proposed—and his proposal has now become law—to fortify them in their present position by authorizing the Government to pay over fifty million dollars a year without exacting from them a binding guaranty that the nation will receive anything in return. Mr. Hay *pretends* to accord control over the militias to the nation by authorizing the President to appoint militia officers and prescribe their duties while in state service, and by empowering him to train the militias even when not in national service.

But the Constitution of the United States specifically reserves all these rights, together with prior authority over the militias, to the governors of the several States. A State's militia is the foundation upon which the dignity and authority of the State is based, and upon which law and order within the State ultimately depend.

Mr. Hay argues that if a State refuses to forego its constitutional rights, it can be deprived by the National Government of its slice of the annual fifty millions. This is perfectly true, and each State will begin by cheerfully submitting, for the reason that its share of the national funds makes it decidedly to its interest to do so. Each State will continue to submit during "piping times of peace," and as long as no crisis arises to make it unprofitable to submit.

As soon as such a situation arises, the governor will promptly point out his prior constitutional right, defy the National Government, and refuse to turn over his militia, exactly as so many governors have done in our past history.

The National Government, after subsidizing the state armies for years, will find itself deprived of their services the moment a crisis arrives. Of what avail, then, to cut off appropriations?

Mr. Hay perpetuates and builds up at great cost a system which has always failed in the past, and which is certain to fail again as soon as the exigencies of a national calamity bring into conflict the opposed authorities of nation and state.

A hypothetical case will serve as illustration. New York is believed to possess the most effective of the several state militias. Under the Hay bill the nation would count upon it as an important part of the second line of defense.

Let us suppose that a war becomes imminent. The governor then realizes that a successful attack upon New York City's water-supply by enemy spies armed with explosives would entail more disastrous results than the loss of a great battle. It requires nearly all the New York militia adequately to protect that single public utility. The governor is thoroughly conversant with this fact. The nation, feeling it necessary to mobilize its second line of defenses, calls upon New York's militia for federal service. Five million inhabitants of the biggest city in the world urge the governor to defy the order and to keep his militia at home for their protection. Whereupon the governor promptly exercises his prior constitutional right, and distributes his militia to guard public utilities.

Can he be justly blamed? Or can the individual militiaman be blamed if, having the two halves of a dual oath to choose between, he elects to obey the governor rather than the President? Governors have in the past frequently insisted upon keeping their troops at home in time of war, very notably in the cases of Vermont in 1812 and of Massachusetts in 1861; and their militias obeyed and heartily indorsed their orders.

In the mobilization of 1916 no serious crisis existed, yet the governor of Michigan reaffirmed his prior right, and declared that the President could not order out the Michigan militia unless it chose of its own accord to leave the State. He

Photograph by Brown Brothers

The National Guard of New York marching down Fifth Avenue to entrain for Mexico

flatly refused to mobilize his troops for national service until he had obtained an expression of willingness from the militiamen themselves.

The futility of Mr. Hay's system will not become fully apparent until after the outbreak of war. Meanwhile the nation is urged to rely upon the militias as a second line of defense, and to pay over to them fifty million dollars every year. The failure of the system is postponed until calamity impends, but the payment of funds begins immediately, and may even survive subsequent refusals of the state

authorities to forego their constitutional rights by obeying orders prejudicial to their own interests.

Mr. Hay hopes to create the impression that he has federalized the militias, when the sole federalization he has brought about is the payment of federal funds to eight hundred hand-picked constituents in each congressional district.

The governors will continue to control the militia, just as they have in the past. Doubtless they will in future receive from politicians much "acceptable" advice as to the appointment of officers and the distribution of federal funds.

Herein lies the "joker" which threatens to make the Army Reorganization Bill a vehicle for the distribution of pork by congressmen to an organized body of their henchmen. When citizen soldiers are paid for military service they cease to be citizen soldiers and become professionals, and the professional character is commensurate with the scale of payment. Mr. Hay evidently does not believe in half-measures; he makes the professional character very marked. His bill provides, for instance, that each militia captain shall receive $500 per year.

Thus Mr. Hay has actually set up, and proposes to perpetuate, forty-eight new professional standing armies of small military value, but with great political power; their members, although professional soldiers, will neither be invested with the disabilities which have heretofore characterized our country's professional soldiers, nor will they be denied any of the privileges to which citizen soldiers are alone entitled.

The members of our forty-eight new standing armies will be entitled to hold public office. Many of them are already councilmen, mayors, or governors, while others sit in legislative bodies. They participate in civil businesses and practise the professions. They can be made by their leaders to wield a powerful and widespread influence over the press. Moreover, each and every one is an effective voter, and in almost any congressional district their eight hundred collective and organized votes will constitute a political balance of power, and be a dangerous weapon ready to the hand of their chief. And the guardsmen will be unable to save themselves, for the military machinery in the hands of their military chiefs furnishes a weapon to destroy any person who misbehaves politically.

In future the political boss of the local standing army can say to his faithful eight hundred, "If you boys put it over, I 'll see that your pay is raised."

And what candidate for office will ever be courageous enough to propose any decrease in the pay of the local militia, or to demand in military service rendered any proper return for the national funds expended? And what militiaman will dare be politically disobedient to his military commander?

The following editorial from "The New York Times" makes one suspect that the writer has seen a light and is even a trifle panic-stricken:

> . . . Alert and progressive Guardsmen are not in favor of converting their military body into a powerful political machine. They do not intend to vote as Guardsmen or to place the interests of the Guard above those of the State or nation.
>
> Yet they must be aware that there is a well-directed movement afoot to use the machinery of the National Guard organization to gain purely political ends. Some of them must already have seen a circular letter addressed to his "comrades" by General A. B. Critchfield, of the Ohio militia, congratulating the Guard on its recent victory in the face of "strenuous efforts to destroy it by substituting another body of volunteers," and declaring that "much absolutely necessary for the development and future success of the Guard is yet to be secured." General Critchfield commends a majority of the Senators and Representatives in Congress for willingness and friendliness, but points out that they were unable to do all that they might have done if they had been more familiar with the Guard and its needs. Wherefore he urges that no National

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Off for Mexico without horses: motor-vans dragging the guns of a militia battery

Guardsmen shall vote hereafter for a candidate for Congress who is not or has not been a Guardsman. . . .

The National Guardsmen themselves should be the first to repudiate this letter and its political advice. They should unite in condemnation of all such attempts to degrade their military body. If they willingly play the political game suggested by Critchfield they will inevitably lose public respect. With 800 Guardsmen prospectively, in every Congressional district, there is no doubt that the organized militia could temporarily exert an intolerable influence in national politics. . . . Unless the Guardsmen themselves check this outrageous plot in its inception, they will see the day when their organization will be held in contempt in every part of the Republic, when it may even be swept out of existence by the force of public opinion. The country has already endured all the National Guard politics it can endure with patience.

"The guardsmen themselves" did try to "check this outrageous plot in its very inception"; the more far-sighted among them began to protest against the Hay bill while it was still in committee.

I have interviewed many of the officers and men who make up the patriotic rank and file of the militias, and most of them disapproved the Hay army bill on the very grounds I have here outlined. They foresaw that if the bill passed they would either be forced to become political henchmen or be superseded by henchmen.

That metamorphosis had already begun before the bill became law. One instance will suffice. In western Pennsylvania there lives a young lawyer named Churchill Mehard. He is a graduate of the Pennsylvania Military College, where he was senior cadet captain. He passed successfully the examinations for a commission in the regular army. He has served faithfully in the state militia for fourteen years. He reached the rank of major in 1912. The study of the art of war is his hobby and his recreation. His reputation as an exceptionally efficient officer extends even beyond his own State. Therefore his appointment in 1912 as adjutant of the brigade to which his regiment belonged

met with wide approval. His services in that capacity had for four years been highly satisfactory. Last April the militia-pay clause of the pending Hay bill became a vital issue. Although the bill would give him five or six hundred dollars a year for merely continuing to do in future what he had unselfishly done in the past, Major Mehard nevertheless opposed its passage and, like many others of the rank and file, indorsed the federal Plattsburg camps and a national militia as provided in Section LVI of the Chamberlain bill.

But the militia general commanding his brigade was an ardent advocate of the Hay bill. "It was intimated" to Major Mehard that he had better reconsider and change his views. He replied that his conscience would not permit him to do so. As a result he was within a month informed that his services as brigade adjutant were no longer desired. At the date of writing it is rumored he is in danger of court-martial because he still continues to oppose the bill. "Either become political henchmen or be superseded by henchmen."

It was not the rank and file of the guard which maintained that savage "militia lobby" at Washington during the early months of the present year. That lobby was maintained by the high officers and adjutants-general of militia, who saw a golden opportunity to take unto themselves great political power.

It is impossible to federalize the militia by act of Congress. The Constitution specially and repeatedly reserves to each State the control of its own militia. Nationalization must come either through a constitutional amendment or by act of the State's own legislature, by means of legislation similar to that recently passed in Massachusetts.

Adjutant-General Cole of Massachusetts, who differs widely from most adjutants-general in not coveting political power through militia pay, disapproved the present bill. The rank and file of his

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Changing into service uniforms during the mobilization

Photograph by Brown Brothers

The arrival on the Mexican border

Massachusetts militia agreed with him. It is significant of the potential political power of the state militias that he was able to obtain the immediate passage through the Massachusetts state legislature of an act providing that all Massachusetts organizations, together with their armories and equipment, were to be unreservedly turned over to the National Government as a gift as soon as an act of Congress shall authorize their acceptance. General Cole fully comprehends the need for undivided national control over all troops intended for national defense. He refused to yield to the temptations of personal ambition.

National troops under exclusive national discipline and control are necessary for adequate national defense. Our own history and the histories of other nations have repeatedly proved this. In the Plattsburg training-camps we have the germ of a national militia. Section LVI of the Senate's army bill provided for a national volunteer reserve. Through jealousy it was opposed by the "militia lobby," and was defeated.

In its stead Congress has saddled upon us an incubus which will be a mighty financial burden and a sure source of political corruption. What is even more serious in our present national crisis, it tends to prevent the attainment of any military system adequate for defense against invasion.

The present mobilization of the militias places their patriotic rank and file under Federal control, where they belong, and where they can effectively serve their country. It removes them from the sphere of the States' adjutants-general and of state political control. It delays their political absorption. Let us devoutly pray that by the time the militias return from the border and pass again under state control Mr. Hay's bill will have been superseded by newer legislation.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Hay's system for distributing pork was not invented by himself. It was first conceived in 1912 by certain Republicans. The Democratic minority of the Committee on Military Affairs in the House vehemently, and wisely, protested against it. It is to the credit of the Republican party that Mr. Taft followed the recommendations of the *Democratic* minority of the Committee on Military Affairs and vetoed a bill containing the militia pay clause which has to-day, under Mr. Hay's sponsorship, become a law.

"I appeal from Cæsar drunk to Cæsar sober," for it would be difficult to find a more concise statement of the dangers of Mr. Hay's bill than the one contained in the above-mentioned minority report, *which was written by Mr. Hay himself,* who was then leader of the minority! (Report 1117, Part II, 62d Congress, Third Session.) It reads as follows:

The minority making this report is convinced that the legislation proposed by the pending bill is not only unwise, but that it is dangerous in the extreme. Rather than enter upon a legislative course that will inevitably entail upon the General Government an enormous expense, which may be found in dire emergency to have been wasted, a course that will surely lead to the creation of a great military force that will become so powerful politically that Congress will be no more able to resist its demands than it has been to resist the demands of a far less compactly organized and manageable army of pension applicants and their friends, this minority would favor a reasonable increase of the regular army, leaving the States to maintain their own troops in their own way and at their own expense without any aid whatever from the United States.

Touching Reality

By S. M. BOOGHER

I KNEW what grandmother meant to-day
When she said she had never touched reality,
And mother and all the others scolded her,
Saying if she had n't touched it,
There is no reality—
She who had had grandfather for a husband,
And had buried him;
She who had reared seven children,
And now many grandchildren.
Aunt Agatha was very cross with her,
And finished by saying it was just such remarks
That caused grandmother to complain her children did not understand her.
In the hubbub I, who was cleaning my bicycle near them on the lawn,
Tried to tell grandmother,—but my voice was drowned in the others,—
That I knew what she meant by saying
Nothing seems real enough.
It is something I first felt long ago
When waking Christmas morning, with all my toys, was not somehow as real
As going to sleep the night before with the empty stockings swaying in the chimneypiece
And cold ticklings up my spine.
Why, just last week when the expressman delivered my bicycle,
And it leaned against the house winking out at me with shiny eyes through the crate,
And I had signed the receipt-book,
Suddenly I felt that owning a bicycle must mean something else than this!
And I almost ran after the man, crying out
For more.

Lloyd-George Conservative?

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

of "The Manchester Guardian," England

FIVE years ago, even three years ago, there was in the politics of two hemispheres no more intriguing question than this: What would Lloyd-George do with England? To-day it is the converse of the question that would have to be put: What will England do with Lloyd-George? For something of startling import has happened to the genius and the career of this politician who in an extraordinary manner has absorbed the interest and excited the passion of his contemporaries. Lloyd-George is not now the man that he was in the years before the war. His aims and position have changed. His relations to the democracy, and therefore to the supports of his power, are strikingly different from what they were. He may yet be prime minister of England; but if so, he will not be the dictator which at one time it seemed possible for him to become. He would be the premier of a party, and (here is the significant point) the great majority of his former adherents would be in the opposition.

For rather more than eight years Lloyd-George has been the most conspicuous and challenging figure in the British Empire. The career of Joseph Chamberlain had shown that a man may be that without being head of the Government. Lloyd-George goes beyond Chamberlain in one interesting feature: he belongs in a more emphatic sense to the common people. Not that he is of them, as some Presidents of the United States have been, —that at present would not be possible in Britain,—but Lloyd-George comes the nearest. It is over three quarters of a century since England professedly democratized her Constitution. But the Reform Act of 1832, while it brought the middle classes into power, did almost nothing to dispossess the governing families of their marvelous inheritance. To all seeming they remained immovably intrenched. The landed aristocracy had begun to yield, but it was not required to surrender more than a portion of its ancient privilege to the aristocracy of commerce. Two of the great Victorian prime ministers, Peel and Gladstone, came from the manufacturing class; but they could never have arrived had they not taken the same road of training and society as their aristocratic predecessors. Disraeli, of course, was outside all classification. Mr. Asquith is a middle-class lawyer, bearing the stamp of Balliol College, Oxford. Joseph Chamberlain, had his ambition been fulfilled, would have brought to the premiership a new training and tradition; but behind him was the weight of successful business. Lloyd-George stands apart from all these. He had no advantages of wealth, birth, or social backing. He grew up in poverty, had next to no formal education, carved out entirely his own career. Yet even he does not fit the pattern of the workman ruler. He did not come of laboring folk. His grandfather was a yeoman farmer, his father a schoolmaster who narrowly escaped the ministry. It was misfortune, not heredity, which threw Lloyd-George in childhood among the poor. He has always claimed kinship with them, but he is not, and never was, of their world. In origin and temperament he belongs to the middle class just as unmistakably as, from their point of view, he is outside the frontiers of the governing order.

David Lloyd-George is fifty-three years old. Entirely Welsh by ancestry, he was born not in Wales, but in the heart of industrial Manchester, on January 17, 1863. Within eighteen months of that date his father died, and Mrs. George, left destitute, took her young family to live with her brother, Richard Lloyd, working shoemaker by trade and lay preacher by

calling, at the village of Llanystumdwy, once a renowned center of bardic culture, near the little town of Criccieth, a few miles from the northern shore of Cardigan Bay. There the boy grew up, near the heart of Welsh Puritanism and Radicalism. The shoemaker uncle belonged to a fine native type which tends under present-day conditions to become rare. He was an enthusiastic reader, politician, and theologian. His shop was the meeting-place of the intelligence and public spirit of the village, a far better forum than could be found, then or now, in many a pretentious city. At the national school the boy was leader among the rebels; that is, the children of nonconforming parents, who stood up against the imposition of Church of England rites, a result of the state-established hierarchy happily outside the experience of the American citizen. The school, however, was of small account in young Lloyd-George's education except as a field for the exercise of a nascent political talent. His real seminary was made by the union of the cobbler's shop, the village smithy, presided over by a rival theologian, and the little chapel, two miles away, to and from which he tramped to service and Sunday-school three times every Sabbath. The family and the neighborhood spoke Welsh all the time; Lloyd-George learned English as a foreign language. In his teens he began to preach and to give addresses on temperance, and we may be sure that nothing but the accident of his uncle's sectarian affiliation prevented him from carrying his gifts into the pulpit. Richard Lloyd belonged to a Baptist sect calling itself, with ironical force, the Disciples of Christ. It had, and has, no professional ministry. If things had befallen otherwise, Lloyd-George, like Bernard Shaw's rhetorical dustman, would have had the privilege of choosing between a seat in the cabinet and a popular pulpit in Wales.

In due time he chose the law, just as he would have done if his lot had been cast in Kentucky or Illinois. He was apprenticed—or articled, as we say, thus marking the snobbish distinction between a profession and a mere trade—to an attorney in the neighboring town of Portmadoc; and in 1884, at twenty-one, he was duly installed as a solicitor in independent practice at Criccieth.

Meanwhile he had been gaining local fame as a politician. Those were the years of Gladstone's long decline and of Joseph Chamberlain's resounding advance toward the leadership of English Radicalism. The first attack in force was being made upon the strongholds of autocracy: the land monopoly, the hereditary House of Peers, and, in Lloyd-George's country especially, the peculiar privileges of the established church. So ardent a champion as he, with so undeniable a flair for the political game, was predestined for Parliament, and in 1890 he was sent there, being chosen by the old town of Carnarvon, the constituency he has represented throughout. He was twenty-seven, a Welshman, and nothing else, as Mr. Roosevelt might say, and he spoke with a Cymric accent which served to emphasize the remoteness of his origin and upbringing from the forms and interests which dominated the House of Commons. The Conservatives were in power. The Liberal party had been riven by Home Rule. Chamberlain had deserted the Radicals.

There never was any nonsense about the temper in which Lloyd-George followed the pursuit of politics. He was an unabashed careerist. Every speech he made, every stroke he delivered, was exactly timed and calculated. As a youth of eighteen, he had looked into the House of Commons, surveying the chamber as "the region of his future domain." In the law courts at the same time he had listened to eminent advocates of the day —"very garrulous, but they have a despicable cant." When he is accused of having a consuming hunger for renown, he makes a gay admission: "It depends upon what forces of pluck and industry I can muster." Industry had, however, very little to do with his rise; it was by daring and aplomb that he was carried on. He learned with astonishing rapidity, but

David Lloyd-George

From the recent portrait by Augustus John

neither then nor afterward had he the faculty of study. He confessed to deadly boredom when there was arduous work to be done, and very early in his parliamentary life he announced that the labor of the committee-room was not for him.

The pages of his private diary, printed by an authorized biographer, are full of intimate revelation of his thoughts and ambitions. He never did anything without observing and noting its precise effect. "As regards voice and gesture, I never spoke half so well," he writes after his first speech in the commercial metropolis of the North. His eye was unwaveringly fixed on the main chance, and he had in his family and Welsh friends a circle of admirers formed into a league absolutely devoted to his advancement.

There are three clear stages in the public life of Lloyd-George: in the first he is a Radical free-lance, and primarily a Welsh Nationalist; in the second he is the representative of Radicalism in a powerful cabinet, the architect of new and far-reaching schemes of social reform; in the third he is the problematical statesman, made and shaped by the tremendous experiences of the great war.

The first period need not detain us. For our present purpose it is important only as the formative stage of Lloyd-George's development. His activities in the early Welsh period were almost wholly confined to the politics of the church and the school. His slogan for Wales was "a free religion and a free people in a free land," and during his first years in Parliament he was a guerilla fighter in that cause on the flanks of the Liberal party. It was the South African War that made him a force in imperial affairs. In his stand against the war policy he was gallant and self-sacrificing and single-hearted. He risked his popularity, his career, and more than once his life. He fought as a Radical and a Nationalist, not, strictly speaking, as a pro-Boer, still less as what in those days was called a Little Englander. In all matters of policy save that of the war he was in sympathy with the imperialist wing of the Liberal party. He was fiercely eloquent, extraordinarily ready and resourceful, a master of language and of moods, wielding what few English politicians nowadays care to touch, the weapon of emotional and imaginative oratory. And he pursued Chamberlain with unrelenting fervor. Indeed, it would be accurate to say that he did more than any man to break the power of that masterful personality.

With peace in South Africa came the certainty of a Liberal revival at home, and with the return of the Liberals to power the offer of a high place to Lloyd-George. When the Liberal cabinet was formed at the end of 1905 he was untried in administration of every kind. No one could guess at his abilities in office, and for all that was known to the contrary he might prove to be as helpless in charge of a government department as John Bright had been. But, as it happened, he had a surprising revelation in store. Judged by the standards of Whitehall, he was poor enough as a departmental chief. He detested drudgery, was incapable of routine, and had a glorious disrespect for correspondence. But he was ready for the larger tasks, and he developed powers of negotiation which enabled him to carry through several pieces of unusually difficult legislation; for example, the reconstruction of the Port of London, the Merchant Shipping Act, the reform of the patent laws. Parliament admired his skill, and big corporations rejoiced in the discovery that the Welsh Radical agitator was a much more intelligent and reasonable person to deal with than many a Conservative politician or orthodox public official. His two years at the Board of Trade earned a new reputation for Lloyd-George, though clearly this was not his right place or work. He needed an office which would give him scope as a democratic leader and a molder of national policies, and that he was now to attain. Mr. Asquith in 1908 succeeded Campbell-Bannerman as prime minister; Lloyd-George became chancellor of the exchequer.

Here we approach the stage of his ca-

reer by virtue of which Lloyd-George is one of the commanding figures of the world. Consider the circumstances. Five years before, Joseph Chamberlain had broken the Conservative party by his swing to protection and his declaration in favor of making the tariff the dominant issue in British politics. The unexampled Liberal triumph was thereby made a certainty. But it was impossible for the people of England, wearied by ten years of reactionary rule, to be satisfied with a Government representing any brand of stand-pat Liberalism. Since the Gladstonian epoch, the country had undergone a profound transformation. Year by year the forces of social idealism and economic reconstruction had gathered strength. The democracy was becoming socially and politically educated. A developed trade-unionism, coupled with an active, if undefined, socialism, had produced remarkable results. From end to end of the land was heard the call for an ideal and a program of social justice. American politics are a whole world different from English, but by way of a partial parallel the American reader may usefully think of the advent of Lloyd-George to power in terms of Republican insurgency and Progressivism before 1912. Chamberlain had been beaten easily enough in the first election after the South African War, but it was plain to everybody that the old Liberalism could not win any more electoral victories. Lloyd-George had foreseen this. Years earlier he had warned his party that the negative free-trade policy would not do. The protectionists were making headway with their cry of "Tax the foreigner" and their promises of social reform to be paid for by the proceeds of a duty on imported goods. The signs showed that it needed only a spell of bad trade and unemployment for the tariff to capture the electorate. Within two years of its triumph the Liberal Government was so discredited that, had an appeal to the country come then, it would have been swept away. Lloyd-George realized that the only hope lay in a platform of aggressive and constructive Radicalism. And no sooner had he reached the second place in the cabinet, with its control of the exchequer, than he got to work. After carrying through the important little measure—not his own, but Mr. Asquith's—bestowing pensions on the aged poor, he made the great stroke of his career by launching the budget of 1909.

The first Lloyd-George budget was a capital event in the history of modern England. From it must be dated a new epoch of legislation and of conflict. It changed alike the political atmosphere and the temper of controversy. It brought two things into being: on the one hand, a new and extraordinarily vivid sense of power and hope to the democracy; on the other hand, a virulence of hostility which was fiercer and more general among certain classes than anything known in England since the earliest struggles over parliamentary reform.

As we look back we see that the violence of the debate was absurd and unreal. Lloyd-George had not invented a new system of taxation, nor, strictly speaking, had he devised any fresh ways of laying the rich under contribution. Every tax in his schedule was a commonplace of revenue-raising in one civilized country or another. The graduated income-tax and the distinction between earned and unearned were already well established in England; so, too, was the principle of the super-tax upon large incomes. Heavy succession duties on estates passing at death had been in force for many years. It was perfectly natural that the possessing classes should make a stand against the indefinite extension of such imposts, but in the end the fury of the storm which broke in the summer of 1909 must be explained mainly by reference to the startlingly provocative personality of the author of the budget. Yet those who fought him were right enough in their instinct. They saw that the new instrument was based upon the assumption that the burdens of the enlarging state must be placed upon the shoulders of those most able to bear them. Nor were the landlords at fault in their conviction that the

taxes on the unearned increment of urban land values and on undeveloped land in the country represented the beginning of a revolution which, if unchecked, would transform the character of feudal England. Subsequently these provisions were greatly modified; and the clauses which the more radical land reformers held to be most valuable and the Conservatives to be most pestilent were made of little or no account. The budget as it finally passed into law was not revolutionary; but the educational influence of its progress could not be overrated.

Lloyd-George throughout was the center of an unexampled storm. He defended his proposals in a series of speeches which swept through the country with the force of the great pamphlets of the revolution era. The press of all parties combined to give him unlimited advertisement. It was not a little curious that the printed speeches should have encouraged rather than dissipated the legend that Lloyd-George was a foul-mouthed agitator, devoted to the preaching of predatory finance and particularly to the abuse of landlords and peers. He had, it is true, a sardonic way with him, and both in the budget campaign and in the one immediately following, against the lords, he was given to holding up a system or a person to unmerciful ridicule. But he was singularly free from rancor, and no one could deny that to all except the victims his sword-play was uncommonly good fun. As a matter of fact, the exasperation of his enemies was increased by the invincible gaiety of his manner no less than by the quality of his speaking. He is not an orator in the old sense of that carelessly used term. Lloyd-George on the platform is no more like what Daniel Webster and Gladstone were than he is like what W. J. Bryan is. His most effective speeches have an astonishing air of spontaneity. No speaker was ever readier to take a hint or exploit an interruption. He catches it on the wing, and in an instant it is woven into the discourse. Before he has been speaking ten minutes he has established familiar relations with his audience. Whatever structure he had prepared seems to have been abandoned, and the hour is apt to be spent in a running interchange between the platform and the floor. A speech of the budget period would commonly appear in print as an amalgam of laughter and interjections, and the morning after its delivery the country would be ringing with the delighted laughter of Lloyd-George's admirers and the spluttering rage of his enemies. In seizing upon the interruptions he was always reckless. The afternoon head-line had no terrors for him, and as often as not he was not himself guilty of the phrases that stuck and stung. Thus in one of his orations against the peers and landlords he would say:

"An aristocracy is like cheese. The older it gets—"

A voice from the floor:

"The more it stinks."

Lloyd-George:

"The higher it becomes."

When such things were coming out week by week, we may imagine the anger and consternation sweeping over ten thousand elegant households in the suburbs and the country-side.

And yet, a few outrageous impromptus apart, Lloyd-George's speeches were not improvisations at all. From the beginning of his political life he made a practice of preparing with the utmost care and writing out every word in advance. The speech might be delivered from a brief outline or with the aid merely of a few key-words, but none the less was it in substance and wording the speech that had been planned out. In Lloyd-George's case memory has not played false. He has succeeded in retaining his freedom of utterance, while great speakers like Mr. Asquith and Winston Churchill, following a similar method, are, as the Scots say, slaves to their paper. A bilingual speaker is invariably at his best in the vernacular, and Lloyd-George is happiest when addressing his own people. He leaps from English into Welsh as the mood takes him, gives unfettered play to fancy and poetic allusion, and incidentally discloses how close the seasoned politician has re-

mained to the habit and sentiment of the pulpit which dominates the land of his fathers.

The budget years, 1908–10, marked the apogee of Lloyd-George as a Radical minister. He was the pride of the democracy and the bugaboo of the conservative classes. No one who was not in England at that time can form any idea of the way in which his name and personality pervaded the entire field of public life. The platforms rang with him, the comic papers lived on him, the standing jeers against him rang through the program at every vaudeville performance. To big business and the commercial world generally he was anathema; the City was convinced that his financial policy was driving the empire to the abyss; and at the dinner-tables of the well-to-do the talk about Lloyd-George, incessantly maintained, was bitter beyond description. It is literally true that no public man in England has ever, since politics became a matter of national concern, provoked hostility so venomous, irrational, and sustained as that provoked by him.

In the year following that of the great budget he formulated the project of national insurance against sickness and unemployment, the largest and most complex measure of social prevention and amelioration ever carried through the British Parliament. It was not fully considered, it was hurriedly put through, and it was deeply resented by certain classes of the people. Lloyd-George's enemies indulged high hopes of his overthrow. These were fallacious, and although his reputation had a very narrow escape when the facts as to his foolish speculations in Marconi shares came out, he was still, in 1914, beyond all dispute the most powerful politician in England.

It would be almost impossible to exaggerate the influence and esteem enjoyed by Lloyd-George at the outbreak of the war. The Liberals and Radicals were solidly behind him. He was still the indispensable member of the Government, the man always called in at a time of crisis to improvise a policy, invent a compromise, or settle a labor dispute. When, in August, the Government found itself confronted with a world toppling to destruction, it was Lloyd-George, as the minister responsible for finance, who inevitably became associated in the public mind with the large and bold measures undertaken for the maintenance of the industrial fabric and the salvation of the national credit. To all those who had tolerable memories the situation was amazing. When the proposal was first made that a new office in the Government should be created for Lloyd-George, the financiers of the City of London, the central stronghold of his enemies up to the moment of the crash, joined in an appeal that he might not be moved from the exchequer. Conservative politicians and journalists who had previously exhausted the language of vituperation against him linked him with Lord Kitchener as a priceless national asset. Kitchener's task was to create the new army; Lloyd-George's to sound the heroic note from the platform and make the country realize the stupendous gravity of the ordeal to which it had been called. In those days the greatest speakers in England were engaged in setting forth the issues and the part of England in the war. The speeches of the prime minister especially were finely conceived, massive and complete in expression; but to the people at large none seemed in spirit and tone comparable with the key-note speech delivered by Lloyd-George at the Queen's Hall, London, on September 19, 1914. In rapid and flashing passages it set forth the case for the British people in the war, flayed the central empires for their dishonor and brutality, chanted a pæan in praise of the little nations, and ended with an impassioned appeal to the spirit of England and a glimpse of the new world arising in the glare of the battle-field. The people, he said, were to gain more by the struggle in all lands than they then understood. He saw the coming of something far greater and more enduring than they had hitherto known—"a new patriotism, richer, nobler, and more exalted than the old." He said:

We have been living in a sheltered valley for generations. We have been too comfortable and too indulgent, many perhaps too selfish, and the stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the everlasting things that matter for a nation—the great peaks we had forgotten, of Honor, Duty, Patriotism, and, clad in glittering white, the towering pinnacle of Sacrifice pointing like a rugged finger to heaven.

Well, that was the thing the people wanted their leaders to say, and Lloyd-George said it best. Moreover, he had achieved something better and more difficult than the conquest of his enemies: he had won them over. They were now his enthusiastic adherents. He stood in a position of authority and trust such as no statesman in England had ever occupied before. There seemed, then, in the early months of 1915, a clear destiny for Mr. Lloyd-George. Mr. Asquith, a man ten years older, would continue to hold the reins of authority for a while, but there was reason for the belief that before long he might wish to step aside. If that happened, the first place in the empire would fall to his chief lieutenant.

Suddenly the outlook changed. In the early months of 1915, Lloyd-George began to deliver speeches of a sensationally alarmist character. He announced that something was gravely wrong with the production of war material. England was not doing well. Trade-union rules were hampering production in the workshops. The drink evil was a greater peril to England than either German arms or German organization. Always for immediate action, Lloyd-George made a courageous attempt to grapple with the liquor problem, proposing either complete prohibition for the period of the war or else a great scheme of state purchase and control. The temper of the people made the first impossible; Lloyd-George's colleagues in the Government could not be brought to approach the second. Failing in this, he redoubled the force of his warnings, and proclaimed himself an out-and-out compulsionist, demanding not only compulsory recruitment for the army, but the imposition of martial law in the munition factories: "Plant the flag in the workshops."

The greatest sensation of the war came in May, 1915, with the revelations, made with the approval of Mr. Lloyd-George, that the army at the front was gravely retarded by the lack of munitions, and especially by a shortage of high-explosive shells. In the consternation that ensued the Liberal government fell. Mr. Asquith announced that, with the greatest reluctance and strongly against his reason and inclination, he had invited the leaders of the opposition to enter the cabinet. Lloyd-George gave up the exchequer and became minister of munitions.

The story of the making of the coalition war government has never been told in full, and it will not be told until the return of peace. It was brought about by a union of politicians who were inspired by the belief that the direction of the war must be changed if victory was to be secured. That meant the retirement of Mr. Asquith, and the succession of a prime minister who would be strong enough to command the labor situation and to impose without delay a system of compulsory military service—in a word, Lloyd-George. The scheme broke against the immovable prime minister in power. The Conservative members of the reconstituted government saw, no less than their Liberal colleagues, that Mr. Asquith was, in the circumstances then existing, the only possible head of the cabinet.

It is conceivable that the result might have been different if the movement against the prime minister had not been combined with an attack upon Lord Kitchener for his management of the War Office. Given, at a moment of supreme crisis, the choice between Mr. Asquith and Lloyd-George, the country might have called for the younger and more adventurous of the two; but an attempt to destroy Lord Kitchener was foredoomed to failure. The people simply would not have it. They had given Kitchener their

trust and a great job to do, and from that they could not be turned even by the strongest alliance of politicians and newspapers.

Lloyd-George entered upon his work as minister of munitions with the cry of "Too late!" upon his lips. How far the deliberate alarmism of his speeches was justified no one can yet say, but to many it seemed inappropriate in one whose place in the Government that had fallen was no less prominent and responsible than the one that was made for him in the coalition. War contracts had been recklessly given out and accepted; the general production was ruinously slow, and the muddle was terrifying. Reorganization as thorough as possible was essential, and the separation of the war supplies from the rest of the war-office work was an obvious piece of common sense. At the time the most imperative need was for a leader able not only to mobilize the productive forces of the country, but also to canalize the national enthusiasm, and for that service no one was comparable with Lloyd-George. He threw all his passion of energy into the task, and for the vast concentration of energy which ensued, the stupendous productiveness of British factories and shipyards, the praise has gone in overflowing measure to him.

It is important, however, to note that his own position in relation to the democracy had been changing for a long time before the outcry about munitions. Indeed, those who best knew his mind would say that he had ceased to be a democrat with the passing of the National Insurance Act. His line-up with the compulsionists was not in itself a sign of conversion, and there is, I believe, not on record a single utterance of his against compulsory military service. But his declaration in favor of industrial conscription was evidence of an attitude toward the manual workers which certainly did not belong to the earlier Lloyd-George. For any politician to make such a demand in England seemed grotesque; and yet he secured it by means of the Munitions Act, the crushing and comprehensive instrument which was placed in his hands as minister of munitions. This measure brought back forced labor to England, and the fact that it was accepted, of course under protest, by the labor-unions is a piece of evidence as impressive as any that could be cited in proof of the solidarity of England in the struggle. It may be that without taking compulsive powers for the control of munitions plants and the imposition of what is equivalent to martial law, the supply of munitions which was absolutely imperative could not have been obtained. That nobody can tell; but it was impossible for such an act to be applied without endless friction, multitudes of penalties, and the growth of wide-spread resentment in the ranks of labor, particularly in the leading munitions areas such as those of the Tyne and the Clyde. From time to time Lloyd-George's personal intervention was required to compose the disputes arising under the act. Usually a way out was found, but it would not be inaccurate to say that in no case was the compromise arrived at without the arising of obstinate suspicions and a further loss of standing and popularity for the minister.

The establishment of a species of martial law in the workshops has been Lloyd-George's undoing with the labor-unions, and therefore, we may assume, with the working-class vote. On the purely political side the situation since the spring of 1915 must have presented a difficult puzzle to observers out of England. The reconstruction of the cabinet was effected in a way which those who forced the coalition deemed to be thoroughly bad, for it left Mr. Asquith more firmly enthroned than before. Promptly there began in the papers controlled by Lord Northcliffe an agitation for a smaller and more energetic war cabinet, with Lloyd-George as prime minister. The great majority of his original following refused to accept the facts; but when they could no longer be ignored, several influential Liberal publicists raised the cry of treachery against Lloyd-George. In the esteem of his old supporters he suffered gravely from the advocacy of the particular group of newspapers which, de-

spite the party truce, had been resolutely bent upon the overthrow of the Government—the overthrow, that is, of the Liberal element headed by Asquith and Grey. It is, however, not to be wondered at that Lloyd-George should cherish an exalted conception of his own powers and destiny. Everything for the last six years has worked together to impress it upon him and upon his countrymen. "I know," said William Pitt, "that I can save this country and that no other man can." So, it would seem, with Lloyd-George. He has repeatedly been hailed as savior, before the war of the Liberal party, during the war of the empire itself—savior of the national credit, the industrial fabric, the army in the field, and the national soul. From the beginning of the present troubles he has been chosen for the discharge of the hardest and most momentous tasks, especially in negotiation. The politician once regarded as the arch-incendiary has of late been treated as a divinely gifted conciliator, and it is certainly not Lloyd-George's fault if his work in that direction has not been crowned by a triumphant settlement of the Irish problem.

What, then, of the future? The war is, as we know, the most searching of all tests for men as for beliefs and programs, and many great reputations have been ended by it. Lloyd-George's destiny is extraordinarily problematical. Several powerful competitors have been removed temporarily or permanently from his path. Winston Churchill is put aside; Lord Haldane has been destroyed by his enemies without scruple; the statesman known until last summer as Sir Edward Grey has relinquished the hope of the premiership by accepting a place among the peers; Kitchener is at rest. In the meantime there is no one seriously to challenge the authority of Lloyd-George. The special work for which the munitions department was called into existence being finished, he assumed control of the war office. When the crisis of the great struggle is past and the task of settlement needs to be undertaken, be sure that he will bid for the office, whatever it may be, of the greatest power and prominence. He is in the prime of life and vigor. No other English statesman of the front rank has felt the war as a strain upon the vital energies so little as he. His gifts are known to the world. He has eloquence, ardor, imagination, incomparable vivacity; he is not appalled by any problem or situation, no matter how vast or complex it may be.

But these qualities are not sufficient for the tremendous times ahead. Lloyd-George has a meager equipment of knowledge; he is unacquainted with the world of international affairs. Courage is his in generous measure, and a personal charm which gives him a great strength of popular appeal; but he is unstable, he has no roots, he has lost his hold upon the democracy, and thus loosened the ties that have hitherto been his support. The Liberals are suspicious, alienated, and, as their organs increasingly disclose, the old Tories cannot forget or forgive his origin and his revolutionary past. It is impossible to forecast his future; but this much may at least be said with reasonable assurance: if the great prize and the great responsibility should come to Lloyd-George, he will be found leading a composite party in which the opponents of former years predominate, and standing for a policy extraordinarily unlike the one upon which his fame was built.

"My brother keeps on eating. He does n't look up"

The Runaways

By GRANT SHOWERMAN

Author of "The Wheat Harvest," "The Dance," etc.

Illustrations by George Wright

I

THE example does n't come out right. The big boys look at each other and wink. Teacher rubs the example out; he looks red. He says: "Well, I can't take time to figure it out now. I 'll figure it out to-night and bring it to-morrow." He dismisses the class.

I study my arithmetic. Pretty soon I hear teacher say: "You may stand by your seat. I want no whispering and I want no notes!" He looks as cross as can be.

I look to see who it is. Edie gets up. She holds her geography. She smiles just a little, but not very long. She has a blue dress and white apron. Her hair has a blue ribbon around it at the back and hangs down. It curls a little and looks soft. She has bangs and big blue eyes, and her skin is white except when she blushes.

I look at Edie and then I look at my brother. My brother's ears are red. He does n't look up. He has his geography open, but I know he can't be studying.

Teacher says, "B Arithmetic!" All of us little boys get up. We take the front seats. Teacher gives some of us examples to work out on the board, and then begins to ask questions of the rest.

I look around at Edie. She is looking in her book and smiling. All of a sudden teacher stops. He looks half red and half white. He says, "Edie, were you whispering again?"

Edie looks at teacher. She tries to smile, but it is n't really smiling. She says, "Yes, sir."

Teacher says, "Very well; you may come up to my desk." He picks up the oak ruler.

Edie comes up to the desk. She stands where I can see her face. She is right near me. She has her geography.

Teacher says, "Hold out your hand!"

Edie tries to smile again. Everything is quiet. We all sit looking, but I can't help turning around a little bit. My brother is n't looking up. His ears are red. Edie holds out her hand. Teacher brings the ruler down hard four times. It makes us all jump. The girls look scared. He says, "Now you may stand by your seat again."

Edie gets pale. She does n't cry. I look around at my brother again. I see Sid looking at him, too. My brother's ears are red yet, but his face is n't so red as it usually is. If it was n't for his freckles, he would look pale.

II

TEACHER dismisses. We all get our dinner-pails and sit down to eat. My brother and Edie start down the road together. Edie lives about half-way to our house. When we go out to play, they are standing there yet, in front of her house. They are looking down, and kicking their toes in the snow, while they talk. Then Edie goes in, and my brother goes home to din-

ner. I never go home at noon. I don't want to miss any fun.

Just before school calls, my brother comes up over the hill, and Edie comes out. They come in together.

I don't like teacher so well to-day.

When I get home, I run in and tell my mother about Edie. At supper my mother says to my brother, "I hear your sweetheart got her hands spatted to-day."

My brother does n't say anything. He is eating beans and salt pork and bread and butter and pickles.

By and by my mother says, "What was she doing that was so bad?"

My brother keeps on eating. He does n't look up. Then he says, "Oh, she was whispering." He gets red after he says it. He eats the beans in big forkfuls. He is beginning to raise a mustache. It is going to be different from his hair.

My father says: "Well, it kind o' strikes me you 're pretty young yet to be going with one girl so much. My stars! you ain't eighteen, and she can't be more 'n fifteen!"

My brother does n't look up. He presses his case-knife flat against his plate to get all that is left of the beans, and scrapes the knife off on his fork. He puts the fork in his mouth and then lays it on the plate. Then he gets up and brings the milk-pails and goes out.

My mother says, "I declare, I don't know as I blame Edie's mother for making such a fuss, with Edie so young!" Then she says: "But I don't think there 's any need to worry. That 's the way boys and girls are. Just let 'em alone, and they 'll get over it themselves."

My father sits back in his chair. He says: "Well, anyway, seems to me we ought to put a stop to him goin' to see her every single night. He better be gettin' his lessons instead."

III

My mother says: "Of course you 'll go. There 'll be a few there, anyway, and you don't want to miss. You can run along on the crust."

I button up my coat, and pull my Scotch cap down over my ears. My mother puts my comforter around my neck. It is blue, with red and white spots in it. I go cornerways through the front yard. At first I break in a little, but the banks along the road hold me up all right. It makes a nice crisp sound when I run. My tracks hardly show, the crust is so hard. I keep going up and down, because the banks are higher in some places. They wind in and out just the way the old rail fence does.

Once when I run down between two high parts my foot goes through, and I go down flat. I break the crust in all around. The cover of my dinner-pail comes off, and some of my bread rolls out on the snow. I pick it up and go on. My comforter comes up over my nose. It gets warm and wet around my mouth, and smells of the wool. There is a little ice on it.

The school-house is almost empty. There are only five or six scholars. Teacher is fixing the fire. It is cold and frosty all over the room; we can see our breaths. The window-panes are all thick frost. There is smoke in the room.

Teacher says, "You 'd better all keep your things on for a while and stay near the stove."

Some one comes into the entry. We hear them stamping and sweeping off. It is Edie and my brother. They both come in through the girls' door. He always carries her books.

By and by there is louder stamping. The door flies open, and Sid and Little Bill come in. Little Bill is blowing his fingers.

My brother looks at Little Bill. He says, "Bill, your ear 's froze'."

Little Bill says: "Oh you go on! You 're a-tryin' to 'oax me. I know you!"

Sid says: "No he ain't, Bill. 'Cross my heart. It 's plum' white. I 'll leave it to Edie."

We all run to look. Bill's ear is white all around the rim. He turns right around and runs out. He comes back holding a big handful of snow on his ear. He stands by the stove holding the snow

quite a while. It begins to melt and run down the side of his face.

My brother says: "You 've had it there long enough now. Take it off."

Bill takes it off. His ear is bright red. He feels of it. He says, "I s'pose now it 'll begin to sting pretty soon." He keeps feeling of it. He says: "I don't see 'ow it could of 'appened. I never felt nothink." Bill is English. We call him Little Bill because his father's name is Bill, too.

When school calls, there are only ten or twelve. We all stand by the stove as much as we like. When we have classes, teacher sits in his chair in the aisle and hears us. He does n't care about rules to-day. We all like him, he is so good-natured.

My brother and Edie stand by the stove nearly all the time. They stand on the girls' side. They whisper all they want to. Little Bill's ear is big and red. Every little while he puts his hand against it. He says it "haches."

"Edie comes up to the desk. She stands where I can see her face"

At noon it is a great deal quieter than other days. Teacher has his dinner to-day. He takes it out of a little basket, sitting up behind his desk. We watch him eat. We don't say much. My brother and Edie have their dinner, too. They sit together in her seat. We can't hear what they say. When we are through eating, we go to the entry for a drink. There is thick ice on the top of the water-pail.

In the afternoon I hold up my hand and say to teacher, "Can Tip sit with me this afternoon?"

Teacher says, "Yes, if you 'll be good boys."

Tip and I work examples together for a while, then we write, and then we have a game of tit-tat-to. Tip knows a way he can beat every time, only he has to have his first.

When we get home from school, my mother says: "Well, who was at school? I bet there were n't many."

I name them over. When I come to my brother and Edie, my mother says, "Of course *she 'd* be there if *he* was." But I can tell that she is glad of it.

My brother does n't like it very well. When we are out in the woodshed and he is putting on his overalls, he says, "What do you want to go and blab everything for?"

IV

MAPLE-SUGAR time is all over. It does n't freeze now at night, and it is too warm in the daytime. There are little red buds on the maple branches. There is no snow anywhere, not even in the corner by the tree behind the sap-house. The leaves on the ground are dry and loose. If any one is walking in them, you can hear it a long way off. Nearly all the pails have been put away in the sap-house; there are just a few left. They are turned bottom-side up. You can see them a long way because they are different colors. My father left them because he was in a hurry to work the land.

My brother is cultivating now in the lot next to the sugar-bush. He is using the old cultivator, the one with the handles. Uncle Anthony does his cultivating with a seeder. He does n't ride, though. He says it is hard enough on the horses as it is.

I am looking for May-flowers. Tip says the folks in town call them hepaticas, but we always say May-flower. I always like to surprise my mother with the first ones. In a great many places I can see the plants, and when I pull away the

"They are looking down, and kicking their toes in the snow, while they talk"

dry tree leaves, I can see flower buds; but I don't find any flowers. The buds are pinkish and woolly. The ground smells like dirt and dead wood.

I walk along slowly, looking all the time. I look on the south sides of the trees, because it is sunnier on that side. The air is warm. The warmth comes up to my face from the leaves. It smells sweet everywhere, as if there were flowers; but I can't find any.

I run across a pail that has n't been turned bottom-side up. It is nearly full of sap and water. The inside of the pail looks white and slimy, so I know that the sap is old and sour. I can smell it, too. There are honey-bees buzzing about the pail. They always like sap. I suppose they are from over at Howe's.

One of the bees falls in. I stand and watch him. I keep hoping he will get out. He floats and kicks, but stays right there. I feel so sorry for the bee that I don't think, but put my finger under and lift him out. I feel a terrible sting. I jump, and begin to snap my finger as hard as I can. I don't know what becomes of the bee. I dance around, and hold on to my finger with my other hand, and put it in my mouth, and snap it. I say: "Durn you! That 's the last time I 'll ever help a *bee!*"

My finger swells a little. I make some mud and put it on. I keep on hunting for flowers. I can hear my brother cultivating. He says "Gee!" and "Haw!" and "Gid dap!" a great deal.

By and by I hear somebody walking in

the leaves up toward Edie's house. My brother is at that end of the field now. Pretty soon I hear him walking in the leaves, too. Then I hear somebody laugh. I can tell it is Edie. Besides, I can see them. They are looking for May-flowers, too. Every little while they stop and stand there together. Edie has her white apron and blue dress on. She is bare-headed.

I make up my mind there are no May-flowers in the sugar-bush. I think of the brush on the other side of the field. The brush slopes south, and they ought to blossom earlier there. I start toward the field. When I get almost to the horses my brother and Edie stop talking. At first I think it is because they don't want me to hear. Then I hear somebody farther off, walking through the leaves quite fast. I look as hard as I can away up through all the trees. I see Edie's mother coming. My brother and Edie stand looking at her as if they did n't know what to do. Edie's mother has a brown sunbonnet on, and it makes her look as if she had no neck.

Edie's mother comes up and stands right near them. She talks quite a long time. I can hear her, but I can't tell what she says. I know when it is "No" or "Yes" or "What?" but that is all.

By and by Edie and her mother start home. My brother stands there a little while. When Edie's mother gets almost to the fence where they have to climb over, she turns around and begins to talk again. She talks louder. She says: "Now, mind! I tell you it 's got to be stopped! You 're both of you too young to be going on in this way."

V

My brother stands between the cultivator-handles quite a while, leaning on them with his hands. He has the lines around his shoulders. He is looking at the big clevis down near the old mare's heels. I look at the clevis, too; then I look at my brother. Then I look at the clevis again. There is n't anything the matter with the clevis. My brother is n't looking at the clevis, after all. He is just thinking.

I say, "What 's the matter, huh?"

My brother does n't answer. The old mares stand with their heads hanging down and their eyes shut. I sit down on the cultivator. By and by I ask again, "What was the matter with her, huh?"

My brother keeps on standing there, looking at the clevis.

I say, "Hu-u-uh?"

My brother stands up straight. He pulls on the lines. He says: "Oh, you go 'long! You would n't know if I told you. Gid dap!" He won't tell me anything.

I go up into the brush. After a long time, all of a sudden I see some May-flowers just when I am not thinking about it. I jump toward them and sit down on

"There are only five or six scholars
Teacher is fixing the fire"

my toes and pick them. There are five or six. They are dark blue inside and light blue outside, with tiny pointed green leaves around the cup. Inside are little yellow things, like grains of bright corn-meal on stems. I keep thinking how surprised my mother will be, and how she will like them.

I hold the May-flowers in a tight little bunch. I keep smelling of them as I go along looking for more. Pretty soon I find another cluster, and then some more just where the road turns out toward the house. Some are pink and some white. When they are all together, they are as pretty as can be. They have the nicest smell I know. When I go into the house I hold the May-flowers behind my back. My mother is writing at the secretary desk. She is writing her diary for yesterday. She does that every day.

I walk up behind my mother, and all of a sudden hold the May-flowers right under her nose. She jumps, and jerks back her head to see what it is. She says, "O-o-oh, May-flowers!" She takes them and begins to smell of them. She says: "M-m-m-m-m! Oh, ain't they just the nicest little flowers you ever saw! I 'm always *so* glad when they come again." When she smells of them, she draws long breaths so I can hear. She knows I like it when she makes a fuss over the first flowers. I stand and look at my mother and the flowers. She says, "What 'll we get to put them in?"

She thinks awhile. She says: "*I 'll* tell you what 'll be nice. We 'll put them in one of the little white saucers. I like them better spread out. Don't you?"

I run out and bring a saucer. My mother fixes the May-flowers in it; then she goes out to the kitchen and pumps a little rain-water in. She sets the saucer on the table in the front room. Every time we come in we can smell May-flowers.

VI

My eyes open. I hear my mother calling my brother. She says: "Come, old sleepy-head, your pa 's called you twice already, and you 'll get a scolding. You know he 's in a dreadful hurry about his corn."

My brother does n't answer. I lie awhile, expecting to hear his bedcords creak. I go to sleep again.

I wake up again. My father is calling up the stairs. He says: "Come! come! come! How long 'fore you 're goin' to help me with this milking? We want to get at that corn."

My father starts away from the door. I hear him say: "Confound that boy, anyway! I wish I knew some way to hurry him." He says something else, but he gets too far away for me to hear. I suppose it must be what I have heard him say so many times about the yellow-jackets. He says the only time he ever knew my brother to show signs of hurry was once when he got into a yellow-jackets' nest.

After a while I get up and go out into the barn-yard. My father is milking the old red cow. I stand watching. The pail has deep foam in it. I like the sound of the milk. There is mayweed all around. The dew is on it yet. The mosquitos keep lighting on my father's shoulders. He tries to rub them off with his cheek. The old cow switches her tail and swings her head around.

My father says: "I guess before long *you 'll* have to learn to milk. Then I 'll know what to depend on."

I stand rubbing my leg with my foot. The mosquito-bites itch. I say, "When I learn, I got to have a stool." My father does n't use a stool. He says it 's all nonsense. He just sits on his toes.

I hear some one coming up behind us in the mayweed. I look around. My father looks around. It is Edie's mother. We begin to wonder. Edie's mother comes up slowly. She holds her skirts up a little, and lifts her feet when she walks, on account of the dew. She looks pale.

We wonder more than ever. Edie's mother says, "Good morning to you."

My father says, "Good morning," too. He looks as if he did n't know what to make of it.

When Edie's mother gets a little nearer, the old red cow walks off.

"My brother is cultivating now in the lot next to the sugar-bush"

Edie's mother says, "There, I 've scared your cow, but I—"

My father says: "Never mind. I was just about done, anyway. I was just goin' to give her a couple o' strips more." He keeps on sitting there, looking at her. He has the pail between his knees.

Edie's mother says, "I 've come down to see whether your son is at home this morning or not."

My father says: "Why, yes, I *s'pose* so. But he ain't up yet. I tried two or three times to rouse him, but 't wa' n't no use. He 's an awful sleeper in the morning." Then he says, "Why?"

Edie's mother says: "Are you quite sure he 's there? Did he answer when you called him? Because my Edie is gone. Her bed is all made the same as when she went up-stairs last night, and I can't think of any one would know where she is except your son."

She begins to cry. My father jumps up. He says, "Well, we 'll have to *see* about this." He says to me, "You might run ahead and see if your ma can't find him."

I run to the house as fast as I can. I am all out of breath by the time I get to the kitchen. My mother is just stirring the potatoes in the spider. I say: "Ma, Edie run away, and her mother says she thinks Ted is gone with her. Is he up yet?"

My mother drops the knife. She says, "Well, I declare!" She stands there with her hands hanging. Then she says, "Run up-stairs quick, and see if he 's there."

I open the door and run up. I stop at my brother's door and listen. I say, "Ted!" I listen again. Then I say it again.

My brother does n't answer. I push the door open and go in. The bed is all made. The curtains are up, and it is all light.

VII

I RUN down-stairs. My father and Edie's mother are just coming in.

I say: "He ain't there. The bed 's all made."

Edie's mother sits down and begins to cry. She says, "I knew that was how it would be!"

My father and mother don't say anything. They look at the floor. My father bites his nails. Edie's mother stops crying a little and says, "Oh, why could n't you have kept him from doing it!" Then she cries again.

My father says: "Why, we never had the least idea it would come to anything like this. I could n't be more surprised if I was to be shot."

My mother says: "Well, anyway, crying won't do any good. They 're gone, and we 'll have to make the best of it."

Edie's mother stops crying. She says, "Yes, it 's all right for you to talk that way, but what 'll I do, with my girl gone off without leaving a word?" She begins to cry again. Pretty soon she says: "Oh,

do you think they could have gone and drowned themselves or something? You know Edie took on dreadfully about it." She cries more than ever.

My father says: "Nonsense! The idea! 'T ain't very likely, if *I* know the boy." He bites his nails awhile. He says: "Depend on it, they know what they 're doin'. They 're safe and sound *somewhere*. The best thing *we* can do is to go right on with our work till they let us know where they are."

My mother says: "Yes, just go home and go on as usual. It won't do any good to make a fuss now."

Edie's mother gets up. She says: "Could n't we telegraph? P'r'aps they 've gone to Henry's or somewhere." Henry is Edie's uncle. He lives in town.

My father says, "All right, we 'll telegraph, if it 'll make you feel better; but it 's my opinion it 'll be a waste of money."

Edie's mother goes to the door. She says, "You 'll promise me faithfully you 'll let me know the very first minute if you hear anything, won't you?"

My father says: "Of course we will. You can rest easy about *that*."

When Edie's mother is gone, my mother says: "That 's just what they 've done. They 've gone and got married, and there it 'll be—an end of his schooling and everything!"

My father says: "Jus' as like as not. But you need n't be afraid. 'T won't be long before we 'll have 'em back." Then he says: "I declare, I don't know what the boy 'll do. I guess he 'll find out now what it is to work, whether he feels like it or not." He goes to the sink and starts to wash his hands. He says, "But I don't see how I 'm goin' to get all the hoein' done without help."

My mother begins to take the potatoes up. She says: "I 'm disgusted, anyway. If she 'd 'a' let them alone, and not opposed them all the time, it would have been all right. They 'd have gone on awhile, and then maybe stopped of their own accord." After a while she says: "That 's the way it is with boys and girls. The more you oppose 'em, the more they 're bound to have their way."

VIII

They drive up with a load of oats and stop by the barn-yard gate. My father and Ernest come to the well for a drink. I see them coming, and draw up a bucket of water.

My father says to me, "Been down after the mail yet?"

I say: "No, I had to finish the berries. We just got through with the black ones. I 'm going right away."

My father says: "Hurry back. I s'pose we 'll be havin' supper as soon as we get this load off."

"When Edie's mother gets almost to the fence where they have to climb over, she turns around and begins to talk again"

"Edie's mother sits down and begins to cry"

There is only a letter. I look at it right away to see whether it is my brother's writing. That is always the first thing we do ever since he and Edie ran away.

I can tell right away that it is n't from either of them. It looks like Lettie's writing. Lettie is my mother's cousin.

When I get home, they are just sitting down to supper. As soon as I come in, my mother says, "Got any letters?"

I say: "Only one from Lettie. I guess it 's from her."

I lay the letter on the table by my mother's plate. She says, "Well, come on and have your supper." She takes the letter up and looks it over. Then she lays it down. She says, "I 'll save it till we are through and I can enjoy it better."

After Ernest is through and goes out, my father sits a few minutes. My mother leans back in her chair and picks up the letter. She says, "Well, I wonder what Lettie 'll have to say." She says to me, "Run and get me the scissors, and I 'll open it."

I get up. My father says to my mother, "Edie's mother been down yet to-day?"

I come back with the scissors. My mother says: "Not yet, but I expect her any minute. And I s'pose we 'll all go over the same things we been going over every day the last six weeks."

My father says: "Ex-actly! I declare, I 've got so I dread her every minute till she 's been here and gone. She seems to think somehow we can do something; but I don't see how *we* are going to help matters."

My mother says: "Serves her right for taking things the way she did. If she 'd only known enough to just let 'em be!"

She takes the scissors, taps the letter on the end, and holds it up toward the window. She wants to make sure not to cut the writing part inside. Then she cuts a little strip off from the end where the stamp is. She cuts it so that it does n't spoil the stamp. She always opens her letters just like that. My mother takes the letter out of the envelop. She says, "My, quite a long letter this time!" She unfolds it, and begins to read. My father and I look at her face. We think maybe she is going to read out loud.

All of a sudden my mother sits up straight and says, "What!" She reads a little more. She jumps up and waves the letter over her head and calls out: "Well, Si, what do-o you think? The lost are

found! As sure 's you 're alive, the lost are found!"

My father and I jump up. My father says, "My stars! you don't say so!" My father runs around to where my mother is. She begins to read again, and he looks over her shoulder.

I get on my tiptoes, but I can't see the writing. I say: "Where are they, huh? Are they at Lettie's?"

My mother says, "Yes, they are at Lettie's, the Lord be thanked!"

They both stop reading, and I stand and wait for them to say something more.

My father says, "Well, well, well, if that don't beat all!"

My mother says, "Well, did you ever!" Once in a while she stops and laughs, and doubles up the hand with the letter in it and strikes it against her leg. Then they read some more. My mother has tears in her eyes. She says, "I don't know but pretty soon I 'll have a fit if I keep on feeling this way."

I hear some one out on the gravel walk; then there is a step on the veranda; then there is a knock on the mosquito-netting door.

My father says, "There, I 'll warrant you there she is again!"

My mother says to me, "You go to the door, Bug." She puts the letter in her apron pocket.

My father says, "And then you can run and tell Ernest I won't be out till after a little."

I can see Edie's mother through the mosquito-netting door. She is standing sideways. She has her black straw hat on, the one with the green leaves and the smooth red berries.

IX

Edie and my brother came last night, just in time for Thanksgiving. We were all waiting on the platform when the train came in.

At first we were afraid they had n't come. The conductor got off and came along toward the office, and the brakemen got down and stood by the car-steps, but nobody got off. My father and I started to walk along and look up through the windows.

Just as Edie's mother was beginning to say, "Oh, dear me, they have n't come, after all!" the brakeman down farther stepped back a little, and my brother jumped down on the platform. He set two valises down, and then turned around and helped Edie. We all ran up. Edie's mother kissed her, and my mother kissed my brother and then Edie, and Edie kissed me. My father shook hands with my brother. Edie's mother and my brother did n't go up to each other.

It took quite a while before they got through. Then my father said, "Well, le' 's go on home." He picked up the valises. My brother took hold of them, too, and said: "Oh, I 'll carry them. Here, le' go of 'em, can't you!" He said it as if he liked my father.

When we got to our house, Edie and her mother stopped a minute before we went in. Edie said, "I 'll be up to-morrow, but maybe not till after dinner."

After we got into the house, and they lit the lamps, my father stirred the fire while they took their things off. Then we all sat down. The valises were in the middle of the floor.

My father said to Edie, "I feel kind o' sorry for your mother, goin' off that way without hardly seein' you." By and by he said to my mother, "Don't you think we might have her down to dinner to-morrow?"

My mother said: "Oh, I don't know. I really think she would n't enjoy it as much as if Edie went up in the afternoon and stayed awhile, the way she said."

Edie looked at my brother a little. She said, "I should n't wonder if it 'u'd be better as it is." Then she laughed and said, "You know, I don't think he wants to see ma so very bad."

They talked quite a while about Cousin Lettie's before we went to bed.

Now we are having our Thanksgiving dinner. There is a great big stew-pie. The dish is all heaped up with dumplings and chicken, and there is nice, thick, yellow gravy. It comes away up to the top

of the dish. I know just how it is going to taste.

My father gives us each some chicken and dumplings and mashed potatoes. We pull the dumplings apart. They are nice and light and they steam. Then we pass our plates and have more gravy put on.

My mother says, "I declare, I don't believe there is a heavy one in the whole mess!"

The dumplings and gravy smell fine. They taste better than they smell. I eat mine all up. My father looks at my plate; then he looks at me. He says, "Ready for more, are you?" I pass my plate.

My brother looks at me. He grins a little. He says, "I see you ain't forgot how to eat yet, have you?" They all look at me, and my face begins to feel red.

My brother is different. His mustache is longer, and his clothes are bigger. He does n't say so very much.

My mother says to Edie: "That 's quite a pretty dress you 've got on. Blue just suits your eyes and hair and complexion. Did you make it yourself?"

Edie says: "Oh my, no! I could n't do as well as all that yet." She says, "Why, you know I never made anything in my life until we got married."

Edie laughs. Then she laughs quite hard. She is remembering something funny. She says: "You just ought to seen the first dresses I had. We bought some calico, and cut 'em out together. That was the first thing we did. We got married almost the minute after we got off the train, and went straight and bought the stuff for the dresses, 'cause I had n't a thing." Edie laughs again. She says, "Lettie almost had a fit after we got to her house and she saw 'em."

My mother says, "Let 's see, how long was it after you got married that you went to Lettie's?"

Edie says: "Why, it must have been about five weeks or so. You see, we had to stop right where we were and save up a little before we *could* go."

My brother keeps on eating. He begins to smile a little when Edie tells about the dresses. He says: "Oh, they were n't so very bad, considering. They did n't set very nice, that 's all."

"I get on my tiptoes, but I can't see the writing. I say: 'Where are they, huh?'"

Edie laughs again. She says: "I can tell you, what we did n't know about housekeeping and dressmaking 'd fill a great big book. One day he went to the store, in the first place where we were—he went to the store and told the clerk he wanted something to make a waist out of. The clerk asked him what kind o' goods he wanted, and he said, 'Oh, I don't know; gingham or basque or something like that.' "

My father and mother laugh a long time. My brother grins, but he gets red. I don't know what the joke is. I laugh because they do.

My plate is empty again. I want some more, but I don't like to ask. I wait quite awhile; then I touch my mother's arm and say, "Can't I have a little more?"

My mother says, "My goodness! do you want to keep on eating till you can't see?"

Edie says: "Oh, let him have a little more. It 's Thanksgiving. It don't come but once a year."

My father looks at me and laughs. He says: "All right; pass your plate. I don't blame you for likin' it. It 's one o' the best stew-pies your ma ever made."

" 'Oh, you need n't think we ever worried about you!' "

X

By the time they come in with the milking Edie is back from her mother's. We all sit down at the table, and my mother gets us bowls of milk. There is bread in the middle of the table, and some little pieces of white chicken meat and some cheese. The milk is warm yet. We break up bread in it, and eat it with little bites of the chicken or cheese.

My father says: "It just hits the spot, by jolly! don't it? I could n't have eat' another regular meal."

After the bread and milk, we all sit in the front room. By and by we hear somebody scuffing their feet on the veranda.

My mother says to my brother: "S'pose you go to the door. It 's your company, most likely."

My brother opens the door. Uncle Anthony and Aunt Phœbe come in. Aunt Phœbe has a shawl over her head. It is the red-and-black check. They shake hands with my brother and Edie, and sit down in the chairs near the stair door.

" 'What 're you laughing at, I 'd like to know?' "

Aunt Phœbe says, "Seems real nice to have ye back."

Uncle Anthony says, "Yes, it does that." He talks slowly and drawls. He is n't really my uncle. He says: "I was sayin' to m' wife yes'day, 'fore you come, says I, 'It 'll be kind o' nice to have 'em round again.' I s'pose you cal'late to stay right along, now you 've got back."

My brother says he hopes so.

Edie says: "Yes, my goodness! There 's no place like home. We got pretty lonesome part of the time, or at least I did, I was alone in the house so much. Sometimes I got so I could n't stand it, so I 'd go out and help in the field just for company."

Uncle Anthony says: "Well, we think you been right plucky to do what you done, and we wish you a long life and lots o' happiness, and so does all the neighbors. They all say you got mighty good stuff in you."

Aunt Phœbe says: "Yes, indeed! Ye 've lots o' friends, and ye 'll find 'em all real ready to help ye when ye need anything."

Uncle Anthony sits with one hand on his knee and his old clay pipe between his thumb and fingers. He is n't smoking, though. After a little while we begin to smell the pipe, but it is really out.

My father does n't like tobacco smoke. Of course Uncle Anthony knows it. He says: "You need n't be scairt, Si. 'T ain't loaded." He waves the pipe. He says,

"Sid and Steve and Kate and Jennie come in"

"I finished my smoke jus' as I was comin' up the path."

My father says, "I should n't be s'prised if it was just as well." He goes on: "Of course I would n't make a fuss about it with *you,* if you *was* to smoke. I always feel like puttin' up with things like that when it 's folks I have an understandin' with. You and I have traveled 'long together so many years *we* could n't fall out over *anything.*"

Uncle Anthony says: "O' course not. And o' course I don't cal'late to smoke where 't ain't welcome."

Aunt Phœbe says, "Well, it 's my opinion, Davi'son, an' always *has* been, that ye 'd be better off without."

Uncle Anthony says, "Mebbe I would, mebbe I would."

XI

THERE is more scuffing on the veranda, and another knock. My brother opens the door wide. He calls out: "You-u don't sa-ay! Come on in!"

Edie jumps up. Sid and Steve and Kate and Jennie come in all at the same time, and begin to laugh and talk and shake hands.

My mother says to me, "I guess *you 'll* have to run out to the kitchen and bring in some *chairs.*"

She says to all of them, "I declare, if I 'd known so many of you were coming I 'd have had a fire in the parlor stove." She stops, and then she says, "Maybe I 'd better make one, anyway."

Jennie says: "Oh my, no! Don't think of it! We 're only going to stay a few minutes. We thought we 'd just step in and see how the new married folks were getting along."

Everybody looks at my brother and Edie. My brother says: "Well, you see we 're alive yet. 'T ain't so bad as you thought it was, is it?"

Steve says: "Oh, you need n't think we ever worried about *you! We* knew you was safe and sound *somewheres.*"

Sid says: "Well I shou-u-uld blush to murmur! *We* did n't lose any sleep over *you.*"

Steve begins to laugh. He says to Edie: "No, you bet, specially after your mother went and had the river dragged!" He laughs hard. He shuts his mouth when he laughs, and makes a great noise through his nose. My father says he smudges.

Steve says: "Le' 's see, what was it they used to drag it with? Was n't it a grape-vine, Sid?"

They all laugh a long time. Steve keeps on saying things about the grape-vine.

Kate says: "Well, I don't care; you could n't blame her, poor woman! How was *she* going to know you had n't gone and drowned yourselves? I tell you, you gave us an awful surprise, skipping out

that way and not saying a word to any of us."

Uncle Anthony looks over at my father. He says, "Hem-m-m!" He winks at my father, but the others don't see him. He waits until we are all still. Then he says: "Well, I s'pose, now they 've been showed how easy it is and how fine it comes out, they 'll be a lot o' weddin's comin' off first thing we know."

My father winks back at Uncle Anthony. He says, "Yes, I 'spect they will."

Steve and Sid and the girls don't say anything.

Uncle Anthony says: "Beats all how still it 's got! What 's the reason the young people 's stopped talkin' so all of a sudden?"

My father says: "I wonder. They ain't sayin' a word."

Sid looks at Steve. He begins to laugh. Steve shuts his mouth and smudges.

Jennie smiles. She says, "What 're you laughing at, I 'd like to know?"

Kate says: "Yes, what 's the joke? Tell us, so we can laugh, too."

Steve says, "Oh, nothin'."

Sid says, "We was just thinkin' what fine weather it is to-night."

Uncle Anthony says, "Yes, *'t is* fine, ain't it?"

And then Sid and Steve begin to laugh again.

Jennie says: "Well, you can laugh all you want to, if you like to so well. We don't care."

Aunt Phœbe says: "Don't pay no 'tention *to* 'em, girls. Maybe 't ain't half as funny as what they think it is."

Sid stops laughing and sits up straight. He says: "Steve, tell 'em about the rabbit we tracked up to-day. How many miles you s'pose we followed that feller, anyway?"

Steve says: "Well, by the feelin' o' my legs, I guess it was about a hunderd."

They tell all about the rabbit. It takes a long time. The girls begin to look tired. Sid gets up. He says: "Well, I s'pose we 'll have to be goin'. Hey, girls?"

Kate says: "Yes, we really must go. You see, we just stepped in on our way to choir practice."

Jennie says to Edie and my brother: "We won't know quite how to behave to you for a while, now you 're married and going around just like all the grown folks."

They go out. Aunt Phœbe says, "Well, Davi'son, ain't it 'bout time we was gittin' along home, too?" She throws her shawl over her head and gets up.

Uncle Anthony gets up. Aunt Phœbe says, "You know, you got to cut a few sticks o' wood for breakfast before you go to bed."

Uncle Anthony begins to laugh. He says: "There she goes again! Always wantin' wood! 'Y gosh, I don't see what she does with it all."

He starts and opens the door. He says, "Well, good evenin' to ye all." He puts his pipe in his mouth, and feels in his vest pocket for a match.

He says to my father, "Si, I don't s'pose ye 'll mind, will ye, if I light my pipe on yer front steps?"

My father laughs.

Photograph by
De Witt C. Ward

A terra-cotta
bust in Rodin's
earlier style

Rodin's Conception of Art and Nature

Compiled by JUDITH CLADEL and S. K. STAR

CRITICIZING nature is as stupid as criticizing the cathedrals. It is the vice of our cold and petty age to criticize. It is the evil of decadent races. We are constantly being told that we live in an age of progress, an age of civilization. That is perhaps true from the point of view of science and mechanics; from the point of view of art it is wholly false.

Does science give happiness? I am not aware of it; and as to mechanics, they lower the common intelligence. Mechanics replace the work of the human mind with the work of a machine. That is the death of art. It is that which has destroyed the pleasure of the inner life, the grace of that which we call industrial art —the art of the furniture-maker, the tapestry-worker, the goldsmith. It overwhelms the world with uniformity. Once artisans created; to-day they manufacture. Once they rejoiced in the pleasure of making a work of art; to-day the workman dies of ennui in his shop to that degree that he has invented sabotage and has made alcoholism general.

The sight of a modern monument throws one into melancholy even while an ancient one has not ceased to enrapture. I visit a small city, and, losing my train, am obliged to wait for the next one. I take a walk about the ancient church, a delicious thing, very simple, but with its Gothic ornaments placed with taste, in a delicate relief that, in the light, makes an enchantment for my friendly glances. In the little nave, which invites to calm, to thought,—thought as soft and composed as the light shadows that move slowly across the pillars,—I settle myself. Ah, I come away charmed. If I had waited in the station, I would have been wearied to death, and would have returned home fatigued and discontented. As it is, I

have gained something—the beautiful counsels of moderation and the fine charm of a monument of former days.

Art alone gives happiness. And I call art the study of nature, the perpetual communion with her through the spirit of analysis.

He who knows how to see and feel may find everywhere and always things to admire. He who knows how to see and feel is preserved from ennui, that *bête noire* of modern society. He who sees and feels deeply never lacks the desire to express his feelings, to be an artist. Is not nature the source of all beauty? Is she not the only creator? It is only by drawing near to her that the artist can bring back to us all that she has revealed to him.

When one says that, the public thinks it a commonplace. All the world believes that it knows that; but it knows it only in seeming, the truth penetrates only the superficial shell of its intelligence. There are so many degrees in real comprehension! Comprehension is like a divine ladder. Only he who has reached the top rounds has a view of the world. The public is astonished or shocked when some one goes against its preconceived notions, against the prejudices of a badly interpreted or degenerate tradition. Words are nothing; the deed alone counts. It is not by reading manuals of esthetics, but by leaning on nature herself that the artist discovers and expresses beauty.

Alas! we are not prepared to see and to feel. Our sorry education, far from cultivating in us the feeling for enthusiasm, makes us in our youth little pedants who without result overwhelm ourselves and others with our pretensions. Those who too late, by long efforts, escape this demon of folly arrive only after that education has fatally sapped their strength and has destroyed the flower of enthusiasm that God had planted in them as a sign of His paradise. People without enthusiasm are like men who carry their flags pointed down to the ground instead of proudly above their heads.

Constantly I hear: "What an ugly age! That woman is plain. That dog is horrible." It is neither the age nor the woman nor the dog which is ugly, but your eyes, which do not understand. One generally disparages the things that are above one's comprehension. Disparagement is the child of ignorance. As soon as you discover that you enter into the circle of joy.

Man, animals, down to the smallest insects, down to the infinitesimal; the earth, the waters, the woods, the sky—all are marvelous. The firmament is the vastest landscape, the most profound, the most enchanting, with its variations, its effects of color and light, which delight the eye, astonish the thought, and subjugate the heart. And to say that artists—those who consider themselves such—attempt to represent all that simply as it appears to them, without having studied it, without having deciphered it, without having felt it! I pity them. They are prisoners, slaves of stupidity.

I was like them in the first periods of my perverted youth, but I have delivered myself. I have regained the liberty to approach the things that I love by the pathway of true study. Who follows me on the road? Who can learn it from a study of sculpture and design in books? You who have caught a glimpse of the splendor of that tree, of that giant whose magnificent column has been denuded by autumn of its leafy capital, but which is perhaps more beautiful in the nudity of its members; you who admire the structure of its branches and twigs, etched in an infinitude of forms against the sky, where they have a likeness to the lacework of the windows of our churches, would you not understand far better that beauty, would not your pleasure be far more complete, if you sketched that tree not only in the mass, but in the innumerable details of its framework? And to think that the schools recommend to pupils, painters, and sculptors research on the subject! The subject! The subject does not exist in that—the poor little arrangement that you, one and all, imagine in pouring over the same anecdotes, the same conventional attitudes. The human imagination is narrow, and you do not see

Photograph by Gerschell

Rodin in his garden

the hundred thousand motives of art that multiply themselves under your eye. I could pass my whole life in the garden where I walk without exhausting them.

The subject is everywhere. Every manifestation of nature is a subject. Artists, pause here! Sketch these flowers; writers, describe them for me, not in the mass, as has always been done, but in minute detail, in the marvelous precision of their organs, in their characteristics, which are as varied as are those of animals and men. So that it would be beautiful to be an artist at the same time that one was a botanist, to paint and model the plant at the same time that one studied it! Those great realists, the Japanese, understand this, and make the knowledge and cultivation of plants one of the bases of their education.

We place love and sensual pleasure in the same category. Undoubtedly it is nature herself who has led us astray in this by the instinct to perpetuate ourselves. In youth this instinct is like an overflowing river; it sweeps away everything, yet pleasure is everywhere about us. I imbibe it in the forms of the clouds that build their majestic architecture in the sky, in

the rapture of this woman who holds her child in her arms, an attitude divine, so beautiful indeed, that the poet of the Gospels has deified it. It is the attitude of the Virgin. I imbibe it in the atmosphere which bathes me now, and will still continue to bless me, bringing me peace, rest, and health.

For that which is beautiful in a landscape is that which is beautiful in architecture—the air, space. No one in these days realizes its depth. It is this quality of depth that carries the soul where it wishes to go. In a well-constructed monument that which enraptures us is the science of its depths. The throngs in the churches attribute their emotion to mysticism, to the transport of the soul toward divinity. They are unaware that they owe their emotion to the exact knowledge of great planes possessed by the architects of former days. Even upon the most ignorant beholder they place this. Man disregards that which he already has, and longs for something else. He longs for swiftness, to have wings like a bird. He does not know that he already enjoys this pleasure of moving through space. He rejoices in it in his soul, which takes wing and goes where it pleases, through sky, on the waters, to the depths of the forests.

All the misfortune here below arises from a lack of comprehension. We classify our limited knowledge in narrow systems, like the card-systems of an office, and these pitiful conventions we take seriously. They teach us disconnected things, and we leave them disconnected. Those who have a little patience assemble these isolated facts; but such patient ones are rare, and nothing is so unbearable as that man who, not having this, speaks ill of

Photograph by Bulloz

"Spring"

Photograph by Druet

"Psyche"

him who has a sense of the truth. To see accurately is the secret of a good design. Objects dart at one another, unite, and throw light on one another, explain themselves. That is life; a marvelous beauty covers all things like a garment, like an ægis.

God created the great laws of opposition, of equilibrium. Good and evil are brothers, but we desire the good, which pleases us, and not the evil, which seems to us error. When we consider matters from a distance, does not evil often seem good, and good evil? That is only because we have judged without proper consideration. Just as white and black are necessary in a drawing, so good and evil are necessary in life. Sorrow ought not to be cast out. As long as we live it is as strong a part of life as radiant joy. Without it we would be very ill trained.

To comprehend nature it is of importance that we never substitute ourselves for it. The corrections that a man imposes upon himself are a mass of mistakes. The tiger has claws and teeth, and uses them skilfully; man at times shows himself inferior. Possessing intelligence, too often he strives to turn to that. Animals respect everything and touch nothing.

The dog loves his master, and has no thought of criticizing him. The average man does not care that his daughter should be beautiful. He has in his mind certain ideas of manner and instruction, and the beauty of his daughter does not enter into the program that he has made. But the daughter herself feels the influence of nature, and displays her modest and triumphant movements, which this blind one does not see, but which fascinate the artist.

The artist who tells us of his ideal commits the same error that this average man commits. His ideal is false. In the name of this ideal he pretends to rectify his model, retouching a profound organism which certain admirably combined laws regulate. Through his so-called corrections he destroys the ensemble; he composes a mosaic instead of creating a work of art; the faults of his model do not exist. If we correct that which we call a fault, we simply present something in the place of that which nature has presented. We destroy the equilibrium; the rectified part is always that which is necessary to the harmony of the whole. There is nothing paradoxical here, because a law that is all-powerful keeps the harmony of opposites. That is the law of life. Everything, therefore, is well, but we discover this only when our thought acquires power; that is to say, when it attaches itself indissolubly to nature, for then it becomes part of a great whole, a part of united and complex forces. Otherwise it is a miserable, very low, detached part contending with a whole that is formed of innumerable units.

Nature, therefore, is the only guide that it is necessary to follow. She gives us the truth of an impression because she gives us that of its forms, and if we copy this with sincerity, she points out the means of uniting these forms and expressing them.

Sincerity, conscience—these are the true bases of thought in the work of an artist; but whenever the artist attains to a certain facility of expression, too often he is wont to replace conscience with skill. The reign of skill is the ruin of art. It is an organized falsehood. Sincerity with one fault, indeed with many faults, still preserves its integrity. The facility that believes that it has no faults has them all. The primitives, who ignored the laws of perspective, have nevertheless created great works of art because they have brought to them absolute sincerity. Look at this Persian miniature, the admirable reverence of this illuminator for the form of these plants and animals, and the attitudes of these persons which he has forced himself to render just as he saw them. How eagerly has he painted that, this man who loved it all! Do you tell me that his work is bad because he is ignorant of the laws of perspective? And the great French primitives and the Roman architects and sculptors! Has it not been repeatedly said that their style is a barbaric style? On the contrary, it has a formidable beauty. It breathes the sacred awe of those who have been impressed by the great works of nature herself. It offers us the strongest proof that these men had made themselves part of life and also a part of its mystery.

To express life it is necessary to desire to express it. The art of statuary is made up of conscience, precision, and will. If I had not had tenacity of purpose, I should not have produced my work. If I had ceased to make my researches, the book of nature would have been for me a dead letter, or at least it would have withheld from me its meaning. Now, on the contrary, it is a book that is constantly renewed, and I go to it, knowing well that I have only spelled out certain pages. In art to admit only that which one comprehends leads to impotence. Nature remains full of unknown forces.

As for me, I have certainly lost some time through the fault of my period. I should have been able to learn much more than I have grasped with so much of slowness and circumlocution; but I should not have tasted less happiness through that highest form of loss; that is, work. And when my hour shall come, I shall dwell in nature, and shall regret nothing.

The Burned House

By VINCENT O'SULLIVAN

Author of "The Good Girl," "Sentiment," etc.

Illustration by Dalton Stevens

ONE night at the end of dinner, the last time I crossed the Atlantic, somebody in our group remarked that we were just passing over the spot where the *Lusitania* had gone down Whether this was the case or not, the thought of it was enough to make us rather grave, and we dropped into some more or less serious discussion about the emotions of men and women who see all hope gone, and realize that they are going to sink with the vessel. From that the talk wandered to the fate of the drowned: was not theirs, after all, a fortunate end? Somebody related details from the narratives of those who had been all but drowned in the accidents of the war. A Scotch lady inquired fancifully if the ghosts of those who are lost at sea ever appear above the waters and come aboard ships. Would there be danger of seeing one when the light was turned out in her cabin? This put an end to all seriousness, and most of us laughed. But a little tight-faced man from Fall River, bleak and iron-gray, who had been listening attentively, did not laugh. The lady noticed his decorum and appealed to him for support.

"You are like me—you believe in ghosts?" she asked lightly.

He hesitated, thinking it over.

"In ghosts?" he repeated slowly. "N-no; I don't know as I do. I 've never had any personal experience that way. I 've never seen the ghost of any one I knew. Has anybody here?"

No one replied. Instead, most of us laughed again, a little uneasily, perhaps.

"Well, I guess not," resumed the man from Fall River. "All the same, strange-enough things happen in life, even if you cut out ghosts, that you can't clear up by laughing. You laugh till you 've had some experience big enough to shock you, and then you don't laugh any more. It 's like being thrown out of a car—"

At this moment there was a blast on the whistle, and everybody rushed up on deck. As it turned out, we had only entered into a belt of fog. On the upper deck I fell in again with the New-Englander, smoking a cigar and walking up and down. We took a few turns together, and he referred to the conversation at dinner. Our laughter evidently rankled in his mind.

"So many damn' strange things happen in life that you can't account for," he protested. "You go on laughing at faith-healing and at dreams and this and that, and then something comes along that you just can't explain. You have got to throw up your hands and allow that it does n't answer to any tests our experience has provided us with. Now, I guess I 'm as matter of fact a man as any of those folks down there. I 'm in the outfitting business. My favorite author is Ingersoll; whenever I go on a journey like this I carry one of his books. If you read Ingersoll and *think* Ingersoll year in, year out, you don't have much use for wool-gathering. But once I had an experience which I had to conclude was out of the ordinary. Whether other people believe it or not, or whether they think they can explain it, don't matter; it happened to me, and I could no more doubt it than I could doubt having had a tooth pulled after the dentist had done it. I only wish Ingersoll was still alive; I 'd like to put it up to him. If you will sit down here with me in this corner out of the wind, I 'll tell you how it was.

"Some years ago I had to be for several months in New York. I was before the courts; it does not signify now what for, and it is all forgotten by this time. But it was a long and worrying case, and it

aged me by twenty years. Well, sir, all through the trial, in that grimy court-room, I kept thinking and thinking of a fresh little place I knew in the Vermont hills; and I helped to get through the hours by thinking that if things went well with me I 'd go there at once. And so it was that on the very next morning after I was acquitted I stepped on the cars at the Grand Central station.

"It was the early fall; the days were closing in, and it was night and cold when I arrived. The village was very dark and deserted; they don't go out much after dark in those parts, anyhow, and the keen mountain wind was enough to quell any lingering desire. The hotel was not one of those modern places called inns from sentiment in America, which are equipped and upholstered like the great city hotels; it was one of the real old-fashioned New England taverns, about as uncomfortable places as there are on earth, where the idea is to show the traveler that traveling is a penitential state, and that morally and physically the best place for him is home. The landlord brought me a kind of supper, with his hat on and a pipe in his mouth. The room was chilly; but when I asked for a fire, he said he guessed he could n't go out to the wood-pile till morning. There was nothing else to do when I had eaten my supper but to go outside, both to get the smell of the lamp out of my nose and to warm myself by a short walk.

"As I did not know the country well, I did not mean to go far. But although it was an overcast night, with a high north-east wind and an occasional flurry of rain, the moon was up, and even concealed by clouds as it was, it yet lit the night with a kind of twilight gray, not vivid, like the open moonlight, but good enough to see some distance. On account of this I prolonged my stroll, and kept walking on and on till I was a considerable way from the village, and in a region as lonely as anywhere in the State. Great trees and shrubs bordered the road, and many feet below was a mountain stream. What with the passion of the wind pouring through the high trees and the shout of the water racing among the boulders, it seemed to me sometimes like the noise of a crowd of people, and two or three times I turned to see if a crowd might be out after me, well as I knew that no crowd could be there. Sometimes the branches of the trees became so thick that I was walking as if in a black pit, unable to see my hand close to my face. Then, coming out from the tunnel of branches, I would step once more into a gray clearness which opened the road and surrounding country a good way on all sides.

"I suppose it might be some three quarters of an hour I had been walking when I came to a fork of the road. One branch ran downward, getting almost on a level with the bed of the torrent. The other mounted in a steep hill, and this, after a little idle debating, I decided to follow. After I had climbed for more than half a mile, thinking that if I should happen to lose track of one of the landmarks I should be very badly lost, the path—for it was now no more than that—curved, and I came out on a broad plateau. There, to my astonishment, I saw a house. It was a good-sized wooden house, three stories high, with a piazza round two sides of it, and from the elevation on which it stood it commanded a far stretch of country. There were a few great trees at a little distance from the house, and behind it, a stone's-throw away, was a clump of bushes. Still, it looked lonely and stark, offering its four sides unprotected to the winds. For all that, I was very glad to see it. 'It does not matter now,' I thought, 'whether I have lost my way or not. The house people will set me right.'

"But when I came up to it, I found that it was, to all appearance, uninhabited. The shutters were closed on all the windows; there was not a spark of light anywhere. There was something about it, something sinister and barren, that gave me the kind of shiver you have at the door of a room where you know that a dead man lies inside, or if you get thinking hard about dropping over the rail into

"'I found that my hand had closed on nothing; I had clutched nothing but air'"

that black waste of waters out there. This feeling, you know, is n't altogether unpleasant; you relish all the better your present security. It was the same with me standing before that house. I was not *really* scared. I was alone up here, miles from any kind of help, at the mercy of whoever might be lurking behind the shutters of that sullen house; but I felt that by all the chances I was perfectly alone and safe. My sensation of the uncanny was due to the effect on the nerves produced by wild scenery and the unexpected sight of a house in such a very lonely situation. Thus I reasoned, and instead of following the road farther, I walked over the grass till I came to a stone wall perhaps two hundred and fifty yards in front of the house, and rested my arms on it, looking forth at the scene.

"On the crests of the hills far away a strange light lingered, like the first touch of dawn in the sky on a rainy morning or the last glimpse of twilight before night comes. Between me and the hills was a wide stretch of open country. On my right hand was an apple-orchard, and I observed that a stile had been made in the wall of piled stones to enable the house people to go back and forth.

"Now, after I had been there leaning on the wall some considerable time, I saw a man coming toward me through the orchard. He was walking with a good, free stride, and as he drew nearer I could see that he was a tall, sinewy fellow between twenty-five and thirty, with a shaven face, wearing the slouch-hat of that country, a dark woolen shirt, and high boots. When he reached the stile and began climbing over it, I bade him good night in neighborly fashion. He made no reply, but he looked me straight in the face, and the look gave me a qualm. Not that it was an evil face, mind you,—it was a handsome, serious face,—but it was ravaged by some terrible passion: stealth was on it, ruthlessness, and a deadly resolution, and at the same time such a look as a man driven by some uncontrollable power might throw on surrounding things, asking for comprehension and mercy. It was impossible for me to resent his churlishness, his thoughts were so certainly elsewhere. I doubt if he even saw me.

"He could not have gone by more than a quarter of a minute when I turned to look after him. He had disappeared. The plateau lay bare before me, and it seemed impossible that even if he had sprinted like an athlete he could have got inside the house in so little time. But I have always made it a rule to attribute what I cannot understand to natural causes that I have failed to observe. I said to myself that no doubt the man had gone back into the orchard by some other opening in the wall lower down, or there might be some flaw in my vision owing to the uncertain and distorting light.

"But even as I continued to look toward the house, leaning my back now against the wall, I noticed that there were lights springing up in the windows behind the shutters. They were flickering lights, now bright, now dim, and had a ruddy glow like firelight. Before I had looked long, I became convinced that it was indeed firelight: the house was on fire. Black smoke began to pour from the roof; the red sparks flew in the wind. Then at a window above the roof of the piazza the shutters were thrown open, and I heard a woman shriek. I ran toward the house as hard as I could, and when I drew near I could see her plainly.

"She was a young woman; her hair fell in disorder over her white nightgown. She stretched out her bare arms, screaming. I saw a man come behind and seize her. But they were caught in a trap. The flames were licking round the windows, and the smoke was killing them. Even now the part of the house where they stood was caving in.

"Appalled by this horrible tragedy, which had thus suddenly risen before me, I made my way still nearer the house, thinking that if the two could struggle to the side of the house not bounded by the piazza they might jump, and I might break the fall. I was shouting this at them; I was right up close to the fire; and then I was struck by—I noticed for the

first time an astonishing thing—the flames had no heat in them!

"I was standing near enough to the fire to be singed by it, and yet I felt no heat. The sparks were flying about my head; some fell on my hands, and they did not burn. And now I perceived that although the smoke was rolling in columns, I was not choked by the smoke, and that there had been no smell of smoke since the fire broke out. Neither was there any glare against the sky.

"As I stood there stupefied, wondering how these things could be, the whole house was swept by a very tornado of flame, and crashed down in a red ruin.

"Stricken to the heart by this abominable catastrophe, I made my way uncertainly down the hill, shouting for help. As I came to a little wooden bridge spanning the torrent, just beyond where the roads forked, I saw what appeared to be a rope in loose coils lying there. I saw that part of it was fastened to the railing of the bridge and hung outside, and I looked over. There was a man's body swinging by the neck between the road and the stream. I leaned over still farther, and then I recognized him as the man I had seen coming out of the orchard. His hat had fallen off, and the toes of his boots just touched the water.

"It seemed hardly possible, and yet it was certain. That was the man, and he was hanging there. I scrambled down at the side of the bridge, and put out my hand to seize the body, so that I might lift it up and relieve the weight on the rope. I succeeded in clutching hold of his loose shirt, and for a second I thought that it had come away in my hand. Then I found that my hand had closed on nothing; I had clutched nothing but air. And yet the figure swung by the neck before my eyes!

"I was suffocated with such horror that I feared for a moment I must lose consciousness. The next minute I was running and stumbling along that dark road in mortal anxiety, my one idea being to rouse the town and bring men to the bridge. That, I say, was my intention; but the fact is that when I came at last in sight of the village, I slowed down instinctively and began to reflect. After all, I was unknown there; I had just gone through a disagreeable trial in New York, and rural people were notoriously given to groundless suspicion. I had had enough of the law and of arrests without sufficient evidence. The wisest thing would be to drop a hint or two before the landlord and judge by his demeanor whether to proceed.

"I found him sitting where I had left him, smoking, in his shirt-sleeves, with his hat on.

" 'Well,' he said slowly, 'I did n't know where the gosh-blamed blazes you had got to. Been to see the folks?'

"I told him I had been taking a walk. I went on to mention casually the fork in the road, the hill, and the plateau.

" 'And who lives in that house,' I asked with a good show of indifference, 'on top of the hill?'

"He stared.

" 'House? There ain't no house up there,' he said positively. 'Old Joe Snedeker, who owns the land, says he 's going to build a house up there for his son to live in when he gets married; but he ain't begun yet, and some folks reckon he never will.'

" 'I feel sure I *saw* a house,' I protested feebly. But I was thinking—no heat in the fire, no substance in the body. I had not the courage to dispute.

"The landlord looked at me not unkindly. 'You seem sort of sick,' he remarked. 'Guess you been doin' too much down in the city. What you want is to go to bed.' "

The man from Fall River paused, and for a moment we sat silent, listening to the pant of the machinery, the thrumming of the wind in the wire stays, and the lash of the sea. Some voices were singing on the deck below. I considered him with the shade of contemptuous superiority we feel, as a rule, toward those who tell us their dreams or what some fortune-teller has predicted.

"Hallucinations," I said at last, with

reassuring indulgence. "Trick of the vision, toxic ophthalmia. After the long strain of your trial your nerves were shattered."

"That 's what I thought myself," he replied shortly, "especially after I had been out to the plateau the next morning and saw no sign that a house had ever stood there."

"And no corpse at the bridge?" I said, and laughed.

"And no corpse at the bridge."

He tried to get a light for another cigar. This took him some little time, and when at last he managed it, he got out of his chair and stood looking down at me.

"Now listen here. I told you that the thing happened several years ago. I 'd got almost to forget it; if you can only persuade yourself that a thing is a freak of imagination, it pretty soon gets dim inside your head. Delusions have no staying power once it is realized that they are delusions. Whenever it did come back to me I used to think how near I had once been to going out of my mind. That was all.

"Well, last year I went up to that village again from Boston. I went to the same hotel and found the same landlord. He remembered me at once as 'The feller who come up from the city and thought he see a house. I believe you had the jimjams,' he said.

"We laughed, and the landlord spat.

" 'There 's been a house there since, though.'

" 'Has there?'

" 'Why, yes; an' it ha' been as well if there never had been. Old man Snedeker built it for his son, a fine big house with a piazza on two sides. The son, young Joe, got courting Mamie Elting from here around. She 'd gone down to work in a store somewhere in Connecticut—darned if I can remember where. New Haven or Danbury, maybe. Well, sir, she used to get carrying on with another young feller 'bout here, Jim Travers, and Jim was sure wild about her; used to save up his quarters to go down State to see her. But she turned him down in the end, and married Joe; I guess because Joe had the house, and the old man's money to expect. Well, poor Jim must ha' gone plumb crazy. What do you think he did? The very first night the new-wed pair spent in that house he burned it down. Burned the two of them in their bed, and he was as nice and quiet a feller as you want to see. He may ha' been full of whisky at the time.'

" 'No, he was n't,' I said.

"The landlord looked surprised.

" 'I guess you 've heard some about it?'

" 'No; go on.'

" 'Yes, sir, he burned them in their bed. And then what do you think he did? He hung himself at the little bridge half a mile below. Do you remember where the road divides? Well, it was there. I saw his body hanging there myself the next morning. The toes of his boots were just touching the water.' "

Thoughts with a Child

By HELEN HOYT

THE wings of soaring,
The vague wings of aloofness,
When they are broken,
What man may mend them?
What care restore us
The first clear shining
That our touch has handled—
The golden shining our breaths have dulled?

Steel

Four drawings by Thornton Oakley

I. The mills

II. The sky-scrapers

III. The docks

IV. The locomotives

The Dark Tower

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

Author of "Broken Music," "The Captive," etc.

Illustrations by J. H. Gardner Soper

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I–XVIII—Winn Staines, the thirty-five-year-old son of a hard-riding English county family, had a wicked temper, an unshakable nerve, and a nature both obstinate and insolent. After years of frontier work with the British army, he returned to England and married Estelle Fanshawe. Estelle was thoroughly selfish, and when Winn was sent to Davos with consumption she did not accompany him, but stayed in England with their baby, Peter. Winn went to Davos and there met Claire Rivers, an English girl of nineteen who was staying there with her brother Maurice and his tutor, Mr. Roper. Winn felt what he took to be an elder-brotherly interest in Claire and Maurice, but it was really love for Claire. And he put off the day of telling her he was married until he dared not do it. In the meantime Winn formed the quixotic plan of sending for Lionel Drummond, a brother-officer, and the one man he loved and could trust with Claire. To Lionel he explained the situation, and asked him to win Claire's love. After a short hesitation, Lionel, having fallen under the spell of Claire's charm, agreed to make the attempt, and Winn abruptly left Davos for St. Moritz. Later Claire came to him there, having refused Lionel. Winn now disclosed the fact of his marriage, but it was too late; Claire already loved him. She declared her intention of remaining in St. Moritz for two weeks. She wished to be happy at least for that time, she said, and Winn promised her that she should be happy.

Part III. Chapter XIX

IT seemed incredible that they should be happy, but from the first of their fortnight to the last they were increasingly, insanely happy. Everything ministered to their joy: the unstinted blue and gold of the skies, the incommunicable glee of mountain heights, their blind and eager love.

There was no future. They were on an island cut off from all to-morrows; but they were together, and their island held the fruits of the Hesperides.

They lived surrounded by light passions, by unfaithfulnesses that had not the sharp excuses of desire, bonds that held only because they would require an effort to break, and bonds that were forged only because it was easier to pass into a new relation than to continue in an old one. Their solid and sober passion passed through these light fleets of pleasure-boats as a great ship takes its unyielding way toward deep waters.

Winn was spared the agony of foresight; he could not see beyond her sparkling eyes: and Claire was happy, exultantly, supremely happy, with the reckless, incurious happiness of youth.

It was terrible to see them coming in and out with their joy. Their faces were transfigured, their eyes had the look of sleep-walkers, they moved as through another world. They had only one observer, and to Miss Marley the sight of them was like the sight of those unknowingly condemned to die. St. Moritz in general was not observant. It had gossips, but it did not know the difference between true and false, temporary and permanent. It had one mold for all its fancies; given a man and a woman, it formed at once its general and monotonous conjecture.

Maurice might have noticed Claire's preoccupation, for Maurice was sensitive to that which touched himself, but for the moment a group more expensive and less second rate than he had discovered at Davos took up his entire attention. He

had none to spare for his sister unless she bothered him, and now she did not bother him.

It was left to Miss Marley to watch from hour to hour the significant and rising chart of passion. The evening after the Davos match Winn had knocked at the door of her private sitting-room. It was his intention only to ask her if she would dine with some friends of his from Davos; he would mention indifferently that they were very young, a mere boy and girl, and he would suggest with equal subtlety that he would be obliged if Miss Marley would continue to take meals at his table during their visit. St. Moritz, he saw himself saying, was such a place for talk. There was no occasion to go into anything, and Miss Marley would, of course, have no idea how matters really stood. She was a good sort, but he was n't going to talk about Claire.

Miss Marley said "Come in" in that wonderful, low, soft voice of hers that came so strangely from her blistered lips. She was sitting in a low chair, smoking, in front of an open wood fire.

Her room was furnished by herself. It was a comfortable, featureless room, with no ornaments and no flowers; there were plenty of books in cases or lying about at ease on a big table, a stout desk by the window, and several leather-covered, deep arm-chairs. The walls were bare except for photographs of the Cresta. These had been taken from every possible angle of the run—its banks, its corners, its flashing pieces of straight, and its incredible final hill. It was noticeable that though there was generally a figure on a toboggan in the photograph, it never happened to be one of Miss Marley herself. She was a creditable rider, but she did not, to her own mind, show off the Cresta.

Her eyes met Winn's with a shrewdness that she promptly veiled. He was n't looking as if he wanted her to be shrewd. It struck her that she was seeing Winn as he must have looked when he was about twenty. She wondered if this was only because he had won the match. His eyes were very open and they were off their guard. It could not be said that Winn had ever in his life looked appealing, but for a Staines to look so exposed to friendliness was very nearly an appeal.

"Mavorovitch has just left me," said Miss Marley. "You ought to have heard what he said about you. It was worth hearing. You played this afternoon like a successful demon dealing with lost souls. I don't think I 've ever seen bandy played quite in that vein before."

Winn sank into one of the leather arm-chairs and lighted a cigarette.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I played like a fluke. I am not up to Mavorovitch's form at all. I just happened to be on my game; he would have had me down and out otherwise."

Miss Marley nodded; she was wondering what had put Winn on his game. She turned her eyes away from him and looked into the fire. Winn was resting for the first time that day; the sense of physical ease and her even, tranquil comradeship were singularly soothing to him. Suddenly it occurred to him that he very much liked Miss Marley, and in a way in which he had never before liked any woman, with esteem and without excitement. He gave her a man's first proof of confidence.

"Look here," he said, "I want you to help me."

Miss Marley turned her eyes back to him; she was a plain woman, but she was able to speak with her eyes, and though what she said was sometimes hard and always honest, on the present occasion they expressed only an intense reassurance of good-will.

"When I came in," Winn said rather nervously, "I meant to ask you a little thing, but I find I am going to ask you a big one."

"Oh, well," said Miss Marley, "ask away. Big or little, friends should stand by each other."

"Yes," said Winn, relieved, "that 's what I thought you 'd say. I don't know that I ever mentioned to you I 'm married?"

"No," she answered quietly, "I can't

say that you did; however, most men of your age are married."

"And I 've got a son," Winn continued. "His name is Peter—after my father, you know."

"That 's a good thing," she concurred heartily. "I 'm glad you 've got a son."

"Unfortunately," said Winn, "my marriage did n't exactly come off. We got hold of the wrong end of the stick."

"Ah," said Miss Marley, "that 's a pity! The right end of the stick is, I believe, almost essential in marriage."

"Yes," Winn acknowledged; "I see that now, of course. I was keen on getting her, but I had n't thought the rest out. Rather odd, is n't it, that you don't get as much as a tip about how jolly a thing could be till you 've dished yourself from having it?"

Miss Marley agreed that it was rather odd.

Winn came back swiftly to his point.

"What I was going to ask you," he said, holding her with his eyes, "is to sit at my table for a bit. I happen to have two young friends of mine over from Davos. He 's her brother, of course, but I thought I 'd like to have another woman somewhere about. Look better, would n't it? She 's only nineteen."

His voice dropped as he mentioned Claire's age as if he were speaking of the Madonna.

"Yes," agreed Miss Marley, "it would look better."

"I dare say," said Winn, after rather a long pause, "you see what I mean. The idea is—our idea, you know—to be together as much as we can for a fortnight. It 'll be all right, of course; only I rather wondered if you 'd see us through."

"See you through being all right?" Miss Marley asked with the directness of a knife-thrust.

"Well—yes," said Winn. "It would just put people off thinking things. Everybody seems to know you up here, and I somehow thought I 'd rather you knew."

"Thank you," said Miss Marley, briefly.

She turned back to the fire again. She had seen all she wanted to see in Winn's eyes. She saw his intention. What she was n't sure about was the fortnight. A fortnight can do a good deal with an intention.

Miss Marley knew the world very well. People had often wanted to use her for a screen before, and generally she had refused, believing that the chief safeguard of innocence is the absence of screens. But she saw that Winn did not want her to be that kind of screen; he wanted her to be in the center of his situation without touching it. He wanted her for Claire, but he wanted her also a little for himself, so that he might feel the presence of her upright friendliness. He intensely trusted her.

There are people who intend to do good in the world and invariably do harm. They enter eagerly into the lives of others and put their fingers pressingly upon delicate machinery; very often they destroy it, more seldom, unfortunately, they cut their own fingers. Miss Marley did not belong to this type. She did not wish to be involved and she was scrupulous never to involve others. She hesitated before she gave her consent, but she could n't withstand the thought that Claire was only nineteen. She spoke at last.

"What you suggest," she said quietly, "is going to be rather hard for you both. I suppose you do realize how hard? You see, you are only at the beginning of the fortnight now. Unhappy men and very young girls make difficult situations, Major Staines."

He got up and walked to the window, standing with his back to her. She wondered if she had said too much; his back looked uncompromising. She did not realize that she could never say too much in the defense of Claire. Then he said, without looking round:

"We shall have to manage somehow."

It occurred to Miss Marley, with a wave of reassurance, that this was probably Winn's usual way of managing.

"In any case," she said firmly, "you can count on me to do anything you wish."

Winn expressed no gratitude. He merely said:

"I shall introduce her to you this evening."

Before he left Miss Marley he shook hands with her. Her hands were hard and muscular, but she realized when she felt his grip that he must have been extremely grateful.

CHAPTER XX

THEY went out early, before the sun was up, when the valley was an apricot mist and the mountains were as white as snowdrops in the spring. The head waiter fell easily into their habits, and provided them with an early breakfast and a parcel for lunch. Then they drove off through the biting, glittering coldness.

Sometimes they went far down the valley to Sils and on to the verge of the Maloja. Sometimes they drove through the narrower valleys to Pontresina and on into the impenetrable winter gloom of the Mortratsch glacier. The end was the same solitude, sunshine, and their love. The world was wrapped away in its winter stillness. The small Swiss villages slept and hardly stirred. In the hot noonday a few drowsy peasants crept to and from the barns where the cattle passed their winter life. Sometimes a woman labored at a frozen pump, or a party of skeers slipped rapidly through the shady streets, rousing echoes with their laughter; but for the most part they were as much alone as if the world had ceased to hold any beings but themselves. The pine-trees scented all the air, the snow dripped reluctantly, and sometimes far off they heard the distant boom of an avalanche. They sat together for long sunlit hours on the rickety wooden balcony of a friendly hospice, drinking hot spiced *glüwein* and building up their precarious memories.

There were moments when the hollow present snapped under their feet like a broken twig, and then the light in their eyes darkened and they ran out upon the safer path of make-believe.

It was Winn who, curiously enough, began it, and returned to it oftenest. It came to him, this abolishing of Estelle, always more easily than it came to Claire. It was inconceivable to Claire that Winn did n't, as a rule, remember his wife. She could have understood the tragedy of his marriage, but Winn did n't make a tragedy of it; he made nothing of it at all. It seemed terrible to Claire that any woman, bearing his name, the mother of his child, should have no life in his heart. She found herself resenting this for Estelle. She tried to make Winn talk about her, so that she might justify her ways to him. But Winn went no further in his expressions than the simple phrases, "She 's not my sort," "We have n't anything in common," "I expect we did n't hit it off." Finally he said, terribly, under the persistency of Claire's pressure, "Well, if you will have it, I don't believe a single word she says."

"Oh, but sometimes, sometimes she must speak the truth!" Claire urged, breathless with pity.

"I dare say," Winn replied indifferently. "Possibly she does, but what difference does it make to me when I don't know which times?"

Claire waited a little, then she said:

"I was n't thinking of the difference to you; I was thinking of the difference to her."

"I tell you," Winn repeated obstinately, "that I don't care a hang about the difference to her. People should n't tell lies. I don't care that for her!" He snapped a crumb off the table. He looked triumphantly at Claire, under the impression that he had convinced her of a pleasing fact. She burst into tears.

He tried to take her in his arms, but for a moment she resisted him.

"Do you *want* me to love Estelle?" he asked in desperation.

Claire shook her head.

"I 'd like her—to be loved," she said, still sobbing.

Winn looked wonderingly at her.

"Well, as far as that goes, so would I," he observed, with a sardonic grin. "There 'd be some way out for us then."

Claire shook her head vehemently, but she made no attempt to explain her tears. She felt that she could n't alter him, and that when he most surprised her it was wiser to accept these surprises than to probe her deep astonishment.

He surprised her very often, he was in such a hurry to unburden himself of all he was. It seemed to him as if he must tell her everything while he had her. He expressed himself as he had never in his wildest dreams supposed that any man could express himself to another human being. He broke down his conventions, he forced aside his restraint, he literally poured out his heart to her. He gave her his opinions, his religion, his codes of conduct, until she began a little to understand his attitude toward Estelle.

It was part of his exterior way of looking at the world at large. Up till now people, except Lionel, had never really entered into his imagination. Of course there were his servants and his dogs and, nearer still, his horses. He spent hours telling her about the horses. They really had come into his life, but never people; even his own family were nothing but a background for wrangles.

He had never known tenderness. He had had all kinds of odd feelings about Peter, but they had not got beyond his own mind. His tenderness was beyond everything now; it overflowed expression. It was the radical thing in him. He showed her plainly that it would break his heart if she were to let her feet get wet. He made plans for her future which would have suited a chronic invalid. He wanted to give her jewels, expensive specimens of spaniels, and a banking account.

She would take nothing from him but a note-book and a little opal ring. Winn restrained his passion, but out of revenge for his restraint his fancies ran wild.

It was Claire who had to be practical; she who had spent her youth in dreams now clung desperately to facts. She read nothing, she hardly talked, but she drew his very soul out to her listening soul. There were wonders within wonders to her in Winn. She had hardly forced herself to accept his hardness when she discovered in him a tolerance deeper than anything she had ever seen, and an untiring patience. He had pulled men out of holes only to see them run back into them with the swiftness of burrowing rabbits; but nothing made him feel as if he could possibly give them up.

"You can't tell how many new starts a man wants," he explained to Claire; "but he ought to have as many as he can take. As long as a man wants to get on, I think he ought to be helped."

His code about a man's conduct to women was astonishingly drastic.

"If you 've let a woman in," he explained, "you 've got to strip yourself to get her out, no matter whether you care for her or not. The moment a woman gets caught out, you can't do too much for her. It 's like seeing a dog with a tin can tied to its tail; you 've got to get it off. A man ought to pay for his fun; even if it is n't his fault, he ought to pay just the same. It 's not so much that he 's the responsible person, but he 's the least *had*. That ought to settle the question."

He was more diffident, but not less decided, on the subject of religion.

"If there 's a God at all," he stated, "He must be good; otherwise you can't explain goodness, which does n't pay and yet always seems worth having. You know what I mean. Not that I am a religious man myself, but I like the idea. Women certainly ought to be religious."

He hoped that Claire would go regularly to church unless it was drafty.

It was on the Bernina, when they were nine thousand feet up in a blue sky, beyond all sight or sound of life, in their silent, private world, that they talked about death.

"Curious," Winn said, "how little you think about it when you 're up against it. I should n't like to die of an illness. That 's all I 've ever felt about it; that would be like letting go. I don't think I could let go easily; but just a proper, decent knock-out—why, I don't believe you 'd know about it. I never felt afraid of it till I knew you; now I 'm afraid."

Claire looked at the strong hands in the sunshine and at her own, which lay on his; they looked so much alive! She tried hard to think about death, because she knew that some day everybody must die; but she felt as if she was alive forever.

"Yes," she said; "of course I suppose we *shall*. But, Winn, don't you think that we could send for each other then? Would n't that be splendid?"

The idea of death became suddenly a shortening of the future; it was like something to look forward to. Winn nodded gravely, but he did n't seem to take the same comfort in it that Claire did. He only said:

"I dare say we could manage something. But you feel all right, don't you?"

Claire laughed until something in his grave eyes hurt her behind her laughter.

The sky changed from saffron to dead blue and then to startling rose-color. Flame after flame licked the Bernina heights. Their sleigh-bells rang persistently beneath them. They drank their coffee hurriedly while the sun sank out of the valley, and the whole world changed into an icy light.

They drove off rapidly down the pass, wrapped in furs and clinging to each other. They did not know what anything would mean when they were apart. The thought of separation was like bending from a sunny world over a well of darkness. Claire cried a little, but not very much. She never dared let herself really cry because of what might happen to Winn.

It surprised him sometimes how little she tried to influence his future life. She did not make him promise anything except to go to see Dr. Gurnet. He wondered afterward why she had left so much to his discretion when he had made so many plans and urgent precautions for her future; and yet he knew that when she left him he would be desperate enough to break any promises and never desperate enough to break her trust in him. Suddenly he said to her as the darkness of the pass swallowed them:

"Look here, I won't take to drink. I 'd like to, but I won't." And Claire leaned toward him and kissed him, and he said a moment later, with a little half-laugh:

"D' you know, I rather wish you had n't done that. You never have before, and I sha'n't be able to forget it. You put the stopper on to that intention."

And Claire said nothing, smiling into the darkness.

CHAPTER XXI

Claire had never been alone with Miss Marley before; she had known her only as an accompaniment to Winn: but she had been aware, even in these partial encounters, that she was being benevolently judged. It must be owned that earlier in the day she had learned, with a sinking of the heart, that she must give up the evening to Miss Marley. When every hour counted as a victory over time, she could not understand how Winn could let her go; and yet he had said quite definitely: "I want you to go to Miss Marley this evening. She 'd like to talk to you, and I think you 'd better."

But something happened which changed her feelings. Miss Marley was a woman despite the Cresta, and there are times when only a woman's judgment can satisfy the heart of a girl. Claire was startled and perturbed by Maurice's sudden intervention. Maurice said:

"That chap Staines is getting you talked about. Pretty low down of him, as I believe he 's married." She was pulled up short in the golden stream of her love. She saw for the first time the face of opinion—that hostile, stupid, interfering face. Claire had never thought that by any malign possibility they could be supposed to be doing wrong. She could not connect wrong with either her love or Winn's. If there was one quality more than another which had distinguished it, it had been its simple sense of rightness. She had seen Winn soften and change under it as the hard earth changes at the touch of spring. She had felt herself enriched and enlarged, moving more unswervingly than ever toward her oldest prayer—that she might, on the whole, be

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"'I don't want a chance!' whispered Claire"

good. She hardly prayed at all about Winn; loving him was her prayer.

If she had meant to take him away from Estelle or to rob him of Peter, then she knew she would have been wrong. But in this fortnight she was taking nothing from Estelle that Estelle had ever had, and she was doing no harm to Peter. It would not be likely to do him any harm to soften his father's heart.

Claire's morality consisted solely in consideration of other people; her instincts revolted against unkindness. It was an early Christian theory much lost sight of, "Love, and do as you please," the safety of the concession resting upon the quality of the love.

But to-night another idea had occurred to her, and she was very uneasy. Was it really possible that any one could blame Winn? Her first instinct had been sheer anger, and her anger had carried her past fear into the pride of love. She had felt as if she wanted to confront the world and defy it. If the world dared judge them, what did it matter? Their hearts were clean. She was too young to know that under the world's judgments clean hearts break even more easily than soiled ones.

But her mind had not rested there. She had begun to be afraid for Winn, and with all her heart she longed to see him justified. What had he ever done that he could be judged? He had loved her, spared her, guarded her. He had made, he was making, inconceivable sacrifices for her. He was killing not only his own joy, but hers, rather than do her what he thought a wrong.

She sat on a footstool in front of Miss Marley's wood fire, frowning at the flames. Miss Marley watched her cautiously; there was a good deal she wanted to say, but she hoped that most of it might be said by Claire. A very careful talker can get a good deal expressed in this way; impressions, to be permanent, must always come from the person you wish to impress.

"Miss Marley," Claire began, "do you think it matters what people think?"

Miss Marley, who invariably rolled her own cigarettes, took up a small silver box, flattened the cigarette-paper out carefully, and prepared to fill it before answering. Then she said:

"Very few people do think; that is generally what matters—absence of thought. Speech without thought is responsible for most people's disasters."

"But it can't matter what people say if it is n't true, can it?" Claire persisted. "I mean—*nonsense* can't *count* against any one?"

"I 'm rather afraid it does matter," said Miss Marley, lighting her cigarette. "Nonsense is very infectious, and it often carries a good deal of weight. I have known nonsense break people's hearts."

"Oh!" said Claire in a rising breath. She was wondering what it was like to have a broken heart. Somewhere in the back of her mind she knew that she was going to have one, half of one; but what really frightened her was that the other half was going to belong to Winn.

"Could any one," she said under her breath, "think any harm of him? He told me you knew all about us, and that I might talk to you if I wanted to; but I did n't then. There did n't seem anything to say. But now I do want to know; I want to know awfully what you think. If I asked him, he 'd only laugh or else he 'd be angry. He 's very young in some ways, you know, Miss Marley—younger than I am."

"Yes," agreed Miss Marley; "men are always, to the end of their lives, very young in some ways."

"I never thought," Claire went on breathlessly, "that people would dream of blaming him because we were together. Why, it 's so stupid! If they only knew! He 's so good!"

"If he 's that," said Miss Marley, smiling into the fire, "you 've succeeded in making a saint of a Staines, a very difficult experiment! I should n't advise you to run away too much with that idea, however."

"It is n't me; it 's him," exclaimed Claire, regardless of grammar. "I mean,

after what Maurice said this afternoon,—I don't know how to put it quite,—I almost wish we 'd both been bad!"

Miss Marley nodded. She knew the danger of blame when a tug of war is in progress, and how it weakens the side attacked.

"How can I explain to people," Claire went on, "what he 's been like? I don't know whether I 've told you, but he went away almost directly he found out he cared, before—long before he knew I cared, though he might have known; and he left a message to tell me about his wife, which I never got. But, oh, Miss Marley, —I 've never told him,—I should have come if I 'd got it or not! I should really, because I *had* to know if he cared! So you see, don't you, that if either of us was wicked, it was me? Only I did n't *feel* wicked; I really felt awfully good. I don't see how you 're to tell what 's right if God does n't let you know, and people talk nonsense."

"It 's not," agreed Miss Marley, dryly, "particularly easy to know."

"And his wife does n't care for him," Claire went on. "Fancy Winn's wife not caring for him! Poor woman!"

"Why do you pity her?" Miss Marley inquired with interest.

"Well," said Claire, with a sudden dimple, "I was only thinking I should n't like to be Winn's wife if he did n't care for me; and then I was thinking that if he did n't, I 'd make him!"

"Well, that effort does n't seem required of you," said Miss Marley.

"No, but it only shows you that I 'm much the most wicked, does n't it?" asked Claire, with some pride.

"The points against Winn," Miss Marley said gravely, "are his age, his experience, and his wife. I feel bound to tell you that there are points against him."

Claire frowned.

"Winn is n't really old," she explained, "because he 's done only things all his life —games or his work; it has n't been people. People make you old, especially when you are looking after them. He 's never really grown up; and as for experience, I don't think you experience anything unless you care about it. It hurts me sometimes to hear him talk about his wife. He 's never *had* her; he 's only had me. I don't explain very well, but I know it 's true, because he told me things about loving which showed me he 'd never had anything before except dogs—and Peter; and Peter 's awfully young, and dogs can't answer back. You can't grow up on dogs."

Miss Marley tacitly admitted the limitations of canine influence; but she said:

"Still, you know, he 's not kept to his own code; that 's what one must judge people by. I 'm sure he 'd tell you himself that a married man should leave girls alone."

Claire thought for a moment, then she said:

"Yes, but he 's gone deeper than his code now. Don't you think that perhaps a smash, even of something you value, makes you grow? I don't know how to put it quite, but if you never did what you thought wrong, would you ever know how big right is? Besides, he has n't gone on doing it. Perhaps he *did* start wrong in getting to care, but that only makes it harder and finer, his stopping himself. Very few people, I think, but Winn could stop themselves, and nobody but Winn could ever care—so much." Her voice broke, and she turned away her head.

"What," said Miss Marley, rolling another cigarette, "are your plans?"

Miss Marley felt that she must give up first principles, but she hoped that she might still be able to do something about plans.

"We are going to drive over the Maloja to Chiavenna," said Claire; "Maurice has a party to go with. We shall start by the earlier post, and have lunch together at Vico-Soprano before he comes. And then when Maurice comes we shall say good-by; and then—and then, Miss Marley, I 've been thinking—we must n't meet again! I have n't told Winn yet, because he likes to talk as if we could, in places awfully far away and odd, with you to chaperon us. I think it helps him

to talk like that, but I don't think now that we must ever meet again. You won't blame him if I tell you something, will you?"

"No," said Miss Marley; "after what you 've said to me to-night I am not inclined to blame him."

"Well," said Claire, "I don't think, if we were to meet again, he would let me go. We may manage this time, but not twice."

"Are you sure," asked Miss Marley, gently, "that you will manage this time?"

Claire raised her head and looked at Miss Marley.

"Are n't you?" she said gravely. "I *did* feel very sure."

"I 'd feel a great deal surer," said Miss Marley, "if you did n't drive down the pass. If you once set off with Winn, do you suppose he 'll stop? I am sure he means to now; in fact, his sending you up here to talk to me proves it. He knows I sha'n't be much of a help to him in carrying you off. But, my dear, I never knew any Staines stop, once he 'd started. As long as he is looking at the consequences for you, he 'll steer clear of them, —he 's looking at them now,—but a moment will come when he 'll cease to look, and then everything will depend on you. I think your one chance is to say good-by here, and to drive down the pass with Maurice. He can dispose of his party for once."

The color left Claire's face, but her eyes never flinched from Miss Marley's. After a time Miss Marley turned her head away; she could no longer bear the look in Claire's eyes. It was like watching the face of some one drowning.

"I don't want a chance!" whispered Claire.

Miss Marley found her voice difficult to control, but she did control it; she said:

"I was thinking of his chance. If he does you any harm, he won't forgive himself. You can stop it; he can't possibly stop himself."

"No," said Claire. She did n't cry; she sat very straight and still on her footstool in front of the fire. After a while she said in a curious dragging voice: "Very well, then; I must tell hi. about the pass. Oh, what shall I do if he minds! It 's his minding—" She stopped, as if the words broke something in her.

"Yes," said Miss Marley; "but he 'll mind more if he ruins your life. You see, you won't think you 're ruined, but Winn will think so. He 'll believe he 's ruined the woman he loves, and after a little time, when his passion has ceased to ride him blind, he 'll never hold up his head again. You 'll be responsible for that." It sounded cruel, but it was not cruel. Miss Marley knew that as long as she laid the responsibility at Claire's door, Claire would not think her cruel.

Claire repeated slowly after her:

"I should be responsible for that!" Then she said: "Oh, how silly laws are! How silly! As if any one could be ruined who simply loved!"

"We should probably be sillier without laws," Miss Marley observed. "And you must remember they have their recommendations: they keep silly people comparatively safe."

"Safe!" said Claire. "I think that 's the emptiest, poorest word there is! Who wants to be safe?"

"You would n't think so if you had a child," said Miss Marley, quietly. "You would need safety then, and you would learn to prize it."

Claire bowed her head into her hands.

"Oh, why can't I have one now! Why can't I?" she whispered brokenly.

Miss Marley bit her lips; she had hoped Claire was too young for this particular stab.

"Because he 'd think it wrong," said Miss Marley after a pause, "and because of Peter. He 's got that obligation. The two would clash."

Claire rose slowly to her feet.

"I 'll just go and tell him about the pass," she said quietly. "When it 's over I 'll begin to think; but I need n't really think till then, need I? Because I feel as if I could n't just now; it would stop my going on."

Miss Marley said she was quite sure that Claire need not begin to think at present, and privately she hoped that, when that hour came, something might happen which would deaden thought. She was thankful to remember that the worst of feeling is always over before the worst of thinking can begin. But Claire was too young to comfort herself with the limitations of pain. She only knew that she must tell Winn about the pass and seem for a moment at least, in his eyes, not to trust him. Nevertheless, she smiled at Miss Marley before she left her, because she did n't want Miss Marley to feel upset, and Miss Marley accepted this reassurance with an answering smile until the door was shut.

CHAPTER XXII

When Claire found Winn at the bridge-table she saw at a glance that he was not in the mood for renunciations. His eyes had the hard, shining stare that was the danger-signal of the Staines family. He shot a glance at Claire as if she were a hostile force and he was taking her measure. He was putting her outside himself in order to fight her. It was as if he knew instinctively that their wills were about to clash. When the rubber was over, he got up and walked straight to her.

"You put me off my game," he said grimly. "I can see you 're up to something; but we can't talk here."

"Let 's talk to-morrow," she urged, "not now. I thought perhaps you 'd like to come and listen to the music with me; there is music in the hall."

"You did, did you?" he replied in the same hard voice. "Well, you were mistaken. Go up-stairs to my room and wait for me. It 's number 28, two or three doors beyond Miss Marley's sitting-room. I 'll follow you."

An older woman would have hesitated, but if Claire had hesitated Winn would never have forgiven her. But her youth was at once her danger and her protection. She would rather have waited till to-morrow, because she saw that Winn was in a difficult mood; but she had no idea what was behind his mood. She went at once.

She had never been in Winn's room before, and as she sat down to wait for him her eyes took in its neat, impressive bareness. It was a narrow hotel room, a bed in one corner, a chest of drawers, wash-stand, and wardrobe opposite. By the balcony window were a small table and an arm-chair. A cane chair stood at the foot of the bed.

Nothing was lying about. There were few traces of occupation visible; only a pair of felt slippers under the bed, a large bath-sponge on the wash-stand, and a dressing-gown hanging on the nail behind the door. In his tooth-glass by the bedside was a rose Claire had worn and given him. It was put there with meticulous care; its stalk had been re-cut and its leaves freshened. Beside it lay a small New Testament and a book on saddles.

Winn joined her in exactly five minutes. He shut the door carefully after him, and sat down on the cane chair opposite her.

"I thought you might like to know," he said politely, "that I have made up my mind not to let you go."

Then he waited for Claire to contradict him. But Claire waited, too; Claire waited longest. She was not sure what to say, and, unlike most women, when she was not sure what to say, she said nothing. Winn spoke again, but a little less quietly.

"It 's no use your making a fuss," he stated, "or cutting up rough about it and throwing morals at my head. I 've got past that." He got up, locked the door, and then came back. "I 'm going to keep that door locked until I make sure what you 're up to."

"You need n't have done that," Claire said quietly. "Do you think I want to leave you? If I did, I should n't be here. You can't make me do anything I don't want to do, because I want exactly what you do."

Winn shot an appreciative glance at

her; that was a good stroke, but he was n't going to be taken in by it. In some ways he would have preferred to see her angry. Hostility is generally a sign of weakness; but Claire looked at him with an unyielding tenderness.

"The question is," he said firmly, "can I make you do what we both want and what you are holding back from? I dare say you 've got good reasons for holding back and all that, and I know I 'm an out-and-out blackguard to press you; but I 've reached a place where I won't stand any more. D' you see my point?"

Claire nodded. She was not angry, because she saw that Winn was fighting her not because he wanted to be victorious over her, but because he was being conquered by pain.

She was not going to let him be conquered by it,—that, as Miss Marley had said, was her responsibility,—but it was n't going to be easy to prevent it. She was close against the danger-line, and every nerve in her being had long ago become part of Winn. He was fighting against the best of himself, but all that was not the best of Claire fought on his side. Perhaps there was not very much that was not the best in Claire. She hesitated, then she said:

"I thought you wanted me—to go. I think you really do want it; that 's why I 'm going."

Winn leaned forward and took hold of both her wrists. "So I did," he agreed; "but it is n't any good. I can't do it. I 've thought it all out—just what to do, you know—for both of us. I 'll have to leave my regiment, of course, but I can get back into something else all right later on. Estelle will give me a divorce. She 'll want to keep the child away from me; besides, she 'll like to be a public martyr. As for you and me, you 'll have to face rough music for a year or two; that 's the worst part of it. I 'm sorry. We 'll stay abroad till it 's over. My mother will help us. I can count on her."

"Winn, come here," said Claire. He came and knelt down beside her. She put her hands on his shoulders and looked deep into his eyes. He tried to keep them hard, but he failed.

"Don't try and get round me!" he said threateningly. "You 'll make me dangerous if you do. It is n't the least bit of good."

"Can you listen to what I say?" Claire asked quietly.

"I suppose so," said Winn, guardedly. "I love every bit of you,—I love the ground your chair 's on,—but I 'm not going to give in."

"And that 's the way I love you," she said. "I 'd go with you to the world's end, Winn, if I did n't love you so much and you 'd take me there; but you won't, for just the same reason. We can't do what would be unfair; we should n't like it. It 's no use, darling; we should n't like it."

"That 's all you know about it," said Winn, unappeasably. "Anyhow, we 're going to do it, whether you like it or not."

Then she took her hands away from his shoulders and leaned back in her chair. He had never seen her look so frail and small, and he knew that she had never been so formidably strong.

"Oh, no, Winn," she whispered; "I 'm not. I 'm not going to do it. If you wanted it, if you really wanted it with all of you, you would n't be rough with me; you 'd be gentle. You 're not being gentle because you don't think it right, and I 'm never going to do what you don't think right."

Winn drew a deep, hard breath. He threw his arms round her and pressed her against his heart.

"I 'm *not* rough," he muttered, "and you 've got to do it! You 've got to give in!"

Claire made no answer. She only clung to him, and every now and then she said his name under her breath as if she were calling to something in him to save her.

Whatever it was that she was calling to answered her. He suddenly bowed his head and buried it in her lap. She felt his body shake, and he began to sob, hard, dry sobs that broke him as they came. He held her close, with his face hidden. Claire

pressed her hands on each side of his temples, feeling the throbbing of his heart. She felt as if something inside her were being torn to pieces, something that knocked its way against her side in a vain endeavor to escape. She very nearly gave in. Then Winn stopped as suddenly as he had begun.

"Sorry," he said, "but this kind of thing is a bit wearing. I 'm not going to unlock that door. Do you intend to stay all night here, or give me your promise?" He spoke steadily now; his moment of weakness was past. She could have gone then, but nothing would have induced her to leave him while he cried.

"I don't intend to do either," Claire said with equal steadiness. "When you think I ought to go, you 'll let me out."

It struck Winn that her knowledge of him was positively uncanny.

"I don't believe," he said sharply, "you 're only nineteen. I believe you 've been in love before!"

Claire did not say anything, but she looked past him at the door.

Her look maddened him.

"You 're playing with me!" he cried. "By Jove! you 're playing with me!" He caught her by the shoulders, and for a moment he believed that he was going to kill her; but her eyes never wavered. He was not hurting her, and she knew that he never would. She said:

"O my darling boy!"

Winn got up and walked to the window. When he came back, his expression had completely changed.

"Now cut along to bed," he said quietly. "You 're tired. Go—at once, Claire."

This time she knew she ought to go, but something held her back. She was not satisfied with the look in his eyes. He was controlled again, but it was a controlled desperation. She could not leave him with that.

Her mind was intensely alert with pain; she followed his eyes. They rested for a moment on the stand by his bed. He pushed the key across the table toward her, but she did not look at the key; she crossed the room and opened the drawer under the Bible.

She saw what she had expected to see. It was Winn's revolver; upon it lay a snap-shot of Peter. He always kept them together.

Claire took out the revolver. Winn watched her, with his hands in his pockets.

"Be careful," he said; "it 's loaded."

She brought it to him and said:

"Now take all the things out of it." Winn laughed, and unloaded it without a word. "Now open the window," she ordered, "and throw them into the snow." Winn obeyed. When he came back she put her arms around his neck and kissed him. "Now I 'll go," she said.

"All right," agreed Winn, gently. "Wait for me in the cloak-room, and I 'll take you across. But, I say, look here—will you ever forgive me? I 'm afraid I 've been a most fearful brute."

Then Claire knew she could n't stand any more. She turned and ran into the passage. Fortunately, the cloak-room was empty. She pressed herself against a fur coat and sobbed as Winn had sobbed upstairs; but she had not his arms to comfort her. She had not dared to cry in his arms.

They walked hand in hand across the snow from his hotel to the door of hers.

Claire knew that she could say anything she liked to Winn now, so she said what she had made up her mind to say.

"Winn dearest, do you know what I came down for this evening?"

He held her hand tighter and nodded.

"I guessed," he said. "That was, you know, what rather did for me. You mean you are n't going to let me come with you down the pass?"

"We must n't," Claire whispered; and then she felt she could n't be good any more. It cost too much. So she added, "But you can if you like." But there was n't any real need for Claire to be good now; Winn was good instead.

"No," he said; "it 's much wiser not. You look thoroughly done up. I 'm not going to have any more of this. Let 's

breakfast together. You come over at eight sharp and arrange with Maurice to take you down at ten. That 's quite enough for you."

Claire laughed. Winn stared at her, then in a moment he laughed, too.

"We 'd better not take any more chances," he explained. "Next time it might happen to us both together. Then you 'd really be had! Thanks awfully for seeing me through. Good night."

She went into the hotel without a word, and all her heart rebelled against her for having seen him through.

CHAPTER XXIII

The hour of parting crept upon them singularly quietly and slowly. They both pretended to eat breakfast, and then they walked out into Badrutt's Park. They sat in the nearest shelter, hand in hand, looking over the gray, empty expanse of the rink. It was too early for any one to be about. Only a few Swiss peasants were sweeping the ice, and Winn hardly looked upon Swiss peasants as human.

He asked Claire exactly how much money she had a year, and told her when she came of age what he should strongly advise her to suggest to her trustees to put it in.

Then he went through all the things he thought she ought to have for driving down the pass. Claire interrupted him once to remind him about going to see Dr. Gurnet. Winn said he remembered quite well and would go. They both assured each other that they had had good nights. Winn said he thought Maurice would be all right in a few years, and that he did n't think he was shaping for trouble. He privately thought that Maurice was not going to have any shape at all, but he thoughtfully omitted this further reflection.

He told her how much he enjoyed his regiment, and explained laboriously how Claire was to think of his future, which was to be, apparently, a whirl of pleasure from morning till night.

They talked very disconnectedly; in the middle of recounting his future joys, Winn said:

"And then if anything was to happen to me, you know, I hope you 'd think better of it and marry Lionel."

Claire did not promise to marry Lionel, but she implied that even without marriage she, like Winn, was about to pass into an existence studded with resources and amusements; and then she added:

"And if you were to die, or I was, Miss Marley could help us to see each other just at the last. I asked her about it." Despite their future happinesses, they seemed to draw more solid satisfaction out of this final privilege.

The last ten minutes they hardly talked at all. Every now and then Winn wanted to know if Claire's feet were warm, and Claire asked him to let her have a photograph of Peter.

Then Maurice came out of the hotel, and a tailing party stood in the open doorway and wondered if it was going to snow. Their sleigh drove up to the hotel, jingling in the gayest manner, with pawing horses. Winn walked across the courtyard with her and nodded to Maurice; and Maurice allowed Winn to tuck Claire up, because, after he 'd looked at Winn's eyes, it occurred to him that he could n't do anything else.

Winn reduced the hall porter, a magnificent person in gold lace with an immense sense of dignity, to gibbering terror before the lift-boy and the boots because he had failed to supply the sleigh with a sufficiently hot foot-warmer.

Finally even Winn was satisfied that there was nothing more to eat or to wear which the sleigh could be induced to hold or Claire agree to want. He stood aside then, and told the man briefly to be off. The driver, who did not understand English, understood perfectly what Winn meant, and hastened to crack his whip.

Claire looked back and saw Winn, bareheaded, looking after her. His eyes were like a mother's eyes when she fights in naked absorption against the pain of her child.

He went on looking like that for a long

while after the sleigh had disappeared. Then he put on his cap and started off up the valley toward Pontresina.

It had already begun to snow. The walk to Pontresina is the coldest and darkest of winter walks, and the snow made it heavy going. Winn got very much out of breath, and his chest hurt him. Every now and then he stopped and said to himself, "By Jove! I wonder if I 'm going to be ill?" But as he always pushed on afterward with renewed vigor, as if a good idea had just occurred to him, it hardly seemed as if he cared very much whether he was going to be ill or not. In any case, he got as far as the Mortratsch glacier before he stopped.

He could n't get any farther because when he got into the inn for lunch something or other happened to him. A fool of a porter had the impertinence to tell him afterward that he had fainted. Winn knocked the porter down for daring to make such a suggestion; but feeling remarkably queer despite this relaxation, he decided, instead of walking, to drive back to the Kulm.

He wound up the day with bridge and a prolonged wrangle with Miss Marley on the subject of the Liberal government.

Miss Marley lent herself to the fray and became extremely heated. Winn had her rather badly once or twice, and as he never subsequently heard her argue on the same subject with others, he was spared the knowledge that she shared his political views precisely, and had tenderly provided him with the flaws in her opponent's case.

When he went to bed he began a letter to Claire. He told her that he had had a jolly walk, a good game of bridge, and that he thought he 'd succeeded in knocking some radical nonsense out of Miss Marley's head. Then he inclosed his favorite snap-shot of Peter, the one that he kept with his revolver, and said he would get taken properly with him when he went back to England.

Winn stopped for a long time after that, staring straight in front of him; then he wrote:

I hope you 'll never be sorry for having come across me, because you 've given me everything I ever wanted. I hope you 'll not mind my having been rather rough the other night. I did n't mean anything by it. I would n't hurt a hair of your head; but I think you know that I would n't, only I thought I 'd just mention it. Please be careful about the damp when you get back to England.

He stopped for half an hour when he had got as far as "England," and as the heating was off, the room grew very cold; then he wrote, "I did n't know men loved women like this."

After that he decided to finish the letter in the morning; but when the morning came he crossed the last sentence out because he thought it might upset her.

CHAPTER XXIV

He had been afraid that Davos would be beautiful, but the thaw had successfully dissipated its immaculate loveliness. Half of the snow slopes were already bare, the roads were a sea of mud, and the valley was as dingy as if a careless washerwoman had upset a basket of dirty linen on her way to the laundry. All the sport people had gone, the streets were half empty, and most of the tourist shops were shut. Only the very ill had reappeared; they crept aimlessly about in the sunshine with wonder in their eyes that they were still alive.

Winn had put up at the hotel, and made the earliest possible appointment with Dr. Gurnet. Dr. Gurnet was obviously pleased to see him, but the pleasure faded rapidly from his face after a glance or two at Winn. The twinkle remained in his eyes, but it had become perceptibly grimmer.

"Perhaps you would be so kind as to take off your things," he suggested. "After I have examined you we can talk more at our ease."

It seemed to Winn as if he had never been so knocked about before. Dr. Gurnet pounced upon him and went over him inch by inch; he reminded Winn of noth-

ing so much as of an excited terrier hunting up and down a bank for a rat-hole. Eventually Dr. Gurnet found his rat. He went back to his chair, sat down heavily, and looked at Winn. For rather an ominous moment he was silent; then he said politely:

"Of course I suppose you are aware, Major Staines, of what you have done with your very excellent chances?"

Winn shook his head doubtfully. He had not, as a matter of fact, thought much lately about these particular chances.

"Ah," said Dr. Gurnet, "then I regret to inform you that you have simply walked through them,—or, in your case, I should be inclined to imagine, tobogganed,—and you have come out the other side. You have n't got any chances now."

Winn did not say anything for a moment or two; then he observed:

"I 'm afraid I 've rather wasted your time."

"Pray don't mention it," said Dr. Gurnet. "It is so small a thing compared with what you have done with your own."

Winn laughed.

"You rather have me there," he admitted; "I suppose I have been rather an ass."

"My dear fellow," said Dr. Gurnet, more kindly, "I 'm really annoyed about this, extremely annoyed. I had booked you to get well. I expected it. What have you been doing with yourself? You 've broken down that right lung badly; the infection has spread to the left. It was not the natural progress of the disease, which was in process of being checked; it is owing to a very great and undue physical strain, and absolutely no attempt to take precautions after it. Also you have, I should say, complicated this by a great nervous shock."

"Nonsense!" said Winn, briefly. "I don't go in for nerves."

"You must allow me to correct you," said Dr. Gurnet, gently. "You are a human being, and all human beings are open to the effects of shock."

"I 'm afraid I have n't quite played the game," Winn confessed, after a short pause. "I had n't meant to let you down like this, Doctor Gurnet. I think it is due to me to tell you that I should n't have come to you for orders if I had intended at the time to shirk them. You 're quite right about the tobogganing: I had a go at the Cresta. I know it shook me up a bit, but I did n't spill. Perhaps something went wrong then."

"And why, may I ask, did you do it?" Dr. Gurnet asked ironically. "You did not act solely, I presume, from an idea of thwarting my suggestions?"

Winn's eyes moved away from the gimlets opposite them.

"I found time dragging on my hands, rather," he explained a trifle lamely.

"Ah," said Dr. Gurnet, "you should have done what I told you—you should have flirted; then you would n't have found time hanging on your hands."

Winn held his peace. He thought Dr. Gurnet had a right to be annoyed, so he gave him his head; but he had an uncomfortable feeling that Dr. Gurnet would make a very thorough use of this concession.

Dr. Gurnet watched Winn silently for a few moments, then he said:

"People who don't wish to get well don't get well; but, on the other hand, it is very rare that people who wish to die die. They merely get very ill and give everybody a great deal of highly unnecessary trouble."

"I 'm not really seedy yet," Winn said apologetically. "I suppose you could n't give me any idea of how things are going to go—I mean how long I 've—" he hesitated for a few seconds; he felt as if he 'd been brought up curiously short—"I 've got to live," he finished firmly.

"I can give you some idea, of course," said Dr. Gurnet; "but if you take any more violent or irregular plunges, you may very greatly shorten your time. Should you insist on remaining in your regiment and doing your work, you have, I fancy, about two years more before a complete breakdown. You are a very strong man, and your lung-tissue is tough. Should you remain here under my care,

you will live indefinitely, but I can hold out no hope of an ultimate recovery. If you return to England as an invalid, you will most undoubtedly kill yourself from boredom, though I have a suggestion to make to you which I hope may prevent this termination to your career. On the whole, though I fear advice is wasted upon you, I should recommend you to remain in the army. It is what I should do myself if I were unfortunate enough to have your temperament while retaining my own brains."

"Oh, yes," said Winn, rising to go; "of course I sha'n't chuck the army. I quite see that 's the only sensible thing to do."

"Pray sit down again," said Dr. Gurnet, blandly, "and do not run away with the idea that I think any course you are likely to pursue sensible in itself. If you were a sensible man, you would not take personal disappointment as if it were prussic acid."

Winn started.

"It is n't disappointment," he said quickly; "it was the only thing to do."

"Ah, well," said Dr. Gurnet, "Heaven forbid that I should enter into a controversy with any one who believes in moral finality! Sensible people compromise, Major Staines; but do not be offended, for I have every reason to believe that sensible people do not make the best soldiers. I am asking you to remain for a few minutes further because there is one other point to which I wish to draw your attention should you be able to spare me the time."

"All right," said Winn, with a short laugh; "I 've got time enough, according to you; I 've got two years."

"Well, yes," said Dr. Gurnet, drawing the tips of his fingers carefully together. "And, Major Staines, according to me you will—er—need them."

Winn sat up.

"What d' you mean?" he asked quickly.

"Men in my position," replied Dr. Gurnet, guardedly, "have very interesting little side-lights into the mentality of other nations. I don't know whether you remember my asking you if you knew German?"

"Yes," said Winn. "It went out of my head; but now you speak of it, I do remember."

"I am delighted," said Dr. Gurnet, blandly, "to have reconstructed your brain-tissue up to that point. I had a certain reason for asking you this question. I have a good many German patients, some French ones, and a most excellent Belgian professor has placed himself under my care."

"Well, what about it?" asked Winn with some sharpness. He had an idea that this queer fellow before him meant something.

"The Germans are an interesting nation," Dr. Gurnet proceeded without hurrying, "and they have a universal hobby. I don't know whether you have noticed, Major Staines, but a universal hobby is a very powerful thing. I am sometimes rather sorry that with us it has wholly taken the form of athletic sports. I dare say you are going to tell me that with you it is not golf, but polo; even this enlarged idea does not wholly alter my depression.

"With the Germans, you see, the hobby happens to be manœuvers—military manœuvers. I understand that this spring Alsace and Lorraine have taken on the aspect of one gigantic camp. Now, Belgium," Dr. Gurnet proceeded, tapping Winn's knee with his forefinger, "is a small, flat, undefended country, and one of my French patients informs me that the French Government have culpably neglected their northern line of forts.

"I hear from my other friend, the Belgian professor, that three years ago the Belgian Government ordered big fortress guns from Krupp. They have not got them yet; but I do not believe Krupp is incapable of turning out guns. On the contrary, I hear that Krupp has, in a still shorter time, entirely renovated the artillery of the Austrian army."

Winn leaned forward excitedly.

"I say, sir," he exclaimed, "you ought to be in the intelligence-office."

"God forbid!" said Dr. Gurnet,

piously. "Not that I believe in God," he added; "but I cling to the formulated expletives.

"I should be extremely uncomfortable in any office. Besides, I have my doubts as to the value of intelligence in England. It is so very rare and so un-English. One suspects occasional un-English qualities drawn together for Government purposes.

"I merely mentioned these interesting national traits because I had an idea, partly that you would respond to them, and partly that they are going in an exceedingly short time to become manifest to the world at large."

"You think we are going to have war?" asked Winn, his eyes sparkling. "War!" He said the word as if he loved it.

Dr. Gurnet shrugged his shoulders and sighed, and spread out his rather fat little hands.

"Yes, Major Staines," he said dryly, "I quite think we are going to have war."

"Then I must get back to my regiment as quickly as possible," said Winn, rising.

"I should n't do that if I were you," said Dr. Gurnet. "I should advise your remaining in England for three months; I think you will be used quicker if you do that. War is unlikely to begin in India, and the climate is deleterious in the summer months. And might I suggest the carrying out of a few minor precautions? If you are to live efficiently for two years, it will be highly necessary for you to carry them out."

Winn turned toward him eagerly.

"I 'll do any bally thing you tell me to now," he said quickly.

Dr. Gurnet laughed, then he said:

"Go back to England, study German, and await your chance. Don't play any more heavy games, don't lose your temper or try your heart, don't drink or smoke or play billiards or sit in a room with a shut window. Take plenty of good plain food and a certain amount of exercise. You are going to be needed."

Winn drew a deep breath.

"It 's a funny thing," he said, turning toward the door, "but somehow I believe in you."

Dr. Gurnet shook hands with him cordially.

"In a sense I may say," he observed, "in spite of your extremely disappointing behavior, that I return the compliment. I believe in you, Major Staines; only—" Dr. Gurnet finished the rest of the sentence after the door had shut behind his patient. "Unfortunately, I am not sure if there are quite enough of you."

CHAPTER XXV

Ideals successfully attained are very disintegrating. They have a way of cheapening the rest of life; what should be a sustaining force becomes more often a sting in the tail of the next attack. Winn had lived up to his ideal of Claire, but he was unfortunately under the impression that it would enable him to get on rather better with Estelle. It did not. He took her with Peter to the seaside for a fierce, vulgar, and ineffectual month. Estelle did n't know anything about Winn's ideals, but she thought him fussy about his health and worse tempered than ever. Both were relieved by an invitation to spend the rest of the summer at Staines Court.

Lady Staines might dislike her daughter-in-law, but she knew what was due to her and she kept Winn occupied. She and Winn began fighting at breakfast, and sparred whenever they met throughout the twenty-four hours. Sir Peter brought up heavier artillery at meal-times, but he was more or less occupied during the day in dictating his highly flavored reminiscences to a cowering secretary.

"Before you leave us," Lady Staines announced one morning at breakfast, "I intend to give a garden-party. I shall invite the whole neighborhood. Winn, I shall expect you to look after the village sports. The usual kind, and, mind, no cock-fighting. We have had enough disturbances lately with the vicar."

"Of all the silly, idiotic things I ever heard of," said Sir Peter, banging his fist down on the table, "a garden-party is the worst. What does anybody want with

"'You 've got to live,' said Winn, bending grimly over him; 'you 've got to live'"

somebody else's garden? It would be a damned sight more sensible to have a *stable* party, and ask 'em all into the stables. Every one takes some interest in horses. But gardens! They don't dress for it, either. If they want a garden-party, why don't the women wear short skirts and bring trowels? Besides, unless you want rain, it 's tempting Providence; nothing 'll keep rain off a garden-party except prayers in church during a drought. I know what it 'll mean, a whole lot of damned fools scuttling about all over my library like so many rabbits, eating us out of house and home. Why the hell don't you get a Punch and Judy show down and be done with it?"

"I will get a Punch and Judy show down with pleasure, if it will be any amusement to you," replied Lady Staines, graciously. "Now, Winn, what are you looking so disagreeable about? I suppose you can see after a few country sports without bringing the house down about our ears like your father?"

"Of course," said Winn, with studied calm, "if you wish to start up an infernal nuisance, no one could be better fitted than you are for carrying it out; but I don't see what you want to drag me into it for. Charles is the eldest. Why not get Charles, or James, who is, I believe, supposed to be the athlete of the family? I don't like my fellow-neighbors. I don't wish to provide sports for them. I think they are incapable of sport, and I know that they prefer beer. Why not give 'em beer and let 'em swill themselves in it at the public house, where they 'd be no trouble to anybody and really enjoy themselves?"

"You are immoral," said his mother. "Besides, we must do something for other people sometimes, whether they like it or not. That 's what we are here for; it 's the responsibility of our position. Quite absurd, I know; but, then, most people's responsibilities are quite absurd. What 's the matter with you, Peter?"

"Matter?" roared Sir Peter. "Do you know what I 'm drinking?"

"I 've just handed you your second cup of coffee," said his wife. "I can't, of course, answer as to what use you have put it."

"It 's *not* coffee, I tell you," shouted Sir Peter. "It 's peptonized mud; it 's sheer, rank, unadulterated poison. You call yourself a housekeeper, and you 've no more control of your cook than if she was a weevil in a ship's biscuit! She 's been putting chicory into the coffee; that 's what she 's done. Send her up to me at ten o'clock this morning, and I 'll take the hair off her head. What use you women think you are as housekeepers has me beat. A fat-headed hen could teach you. At least she knows how to provide something, if it 's only an egg."

"Ah," said Winn, "rather a good idea that, talkin' to the cook. She 'll go, and then I suppose mother will have to give up the party."

Lady Staines glanced at him.

"No," she said, "it won't have that effect, Winn. I don't let things slip as easily into my hands and out of them again, as you do."

Winn got up abruptly and left the room.

"What do you suppose he 's done that for?" growled Sir Peter. "Most unaccountable he 's been since he went to that infernal cold hole you picked out for him —Davos! God-forsaken foreign place! It 's stuck a lot of maggots into his head and done him no manner of good. Shooting out of the room like that in the middle of a nice, quiet talk! What d' you suppose he means by it, Estelle? You 're his wife."

"I don't know," said Estelle, with a plaintive sigh. "You must n't ask me to explain him, either of you. He has such a peculiar temper and flies out so violently at nothing! I sometimes wonder whether he 's quite right in his head. People can have tuberculosis of the brain, can't they?"

"They have to have brains first," said Sir Peter, defiantly. "I never knew a soldier yet who had a brain. But don't you run away, my girl, with the notion of underestimating that husband of yours.

That 's not the right line for a wife to take, and you 'll do no good by it, especially as you 've been married nigh on four years already and have nothing but a handful of nerves and one child to show for it. What you ought to have had is four children and no nerves; then you might have talked! Don't begin to cry. I 'm not attacking you; I 'm cheering you up. There 's nothing wrong with Winn that you can't set right yourself if you set to work about it in the proper spirit. You ask your mother-in-law what I mean; she 'll tell you."

Sir Peter left the room hastily. Lady Staines gave a short laugh, but she made no effort to explain to her daughter-in-law the path of conduct Sir Peter had indicated.

Estelle leaned back in her chair and played with a piece of toast.

"Winn really is rather odd," she said at length. "Have n't you noticed? He keeps going to church and taking long walks by himself, and he 's always going off with Peter. Of course he spoiled the child before, but he 's worse than ever now. He 's quite silly about him, and yet nobody can say he 's any nicer to me. I don't like to complain, of course; but you can see for yourself he never speaks to me if he can help it, and he 's perfectly absurd about open windows, glasses of milk, and fussy things about his health."

Lady Staines moved uneasily in her seat.

"Yes," she said after a pause—"yes; and is that all you 've noticed about him, Estelle?"

Estelle shrugged her shoulders; she had enjoyed pointing out Winn's defects to her mother-in-law, and she was surprised by the undemonstrative meekness with which Lady Staines had received them. It encouraged her further; she had noticed nothing but his defects.

"I don't know," she said, "that I 've seen anything more queer about him except his temper. Of course I suppose he can't help that."

Lady Staines ignored this taunt. She looked curiously at Estelle.

"You ought to have gone with him," she said unexpectedly; "my dear, you ought to have gone with him!"

"What do you mean?" asked Estelle, in some astonishment; but Lady Staines gave her no answer. She pushed back her chair and followed her husband out of the room. The Staines as a family usually ended by leaving Estelle alone. Fortunately she preferred it.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE garden-party was, if not a great success, at least a great crowd. Charles and James appeared for it, and Isabella and her husband. The neighborhood were seldom asked to Staines Court, and they came indiscriminately in all possible varieties of costume and class. The villagers were entertained chiefly in tents at the top of a large square field. Winn was better than his word about the sports; he was a born organizer, and the men liked him.

He had never been known to give anybody any advice, whereas he had quite often presented surprised inhabitants with half a crown. He had been willing to fight with anybody in the village upon any provocation quite without class distinction, and he was fair in a dispute; he had frequently been heard to say that if either combatant had not had enough, he would take him on with pleasure himself afterward. On this occasion he moved indefatigably about among the villagers, with Peter perched on his shoulder. It was noticed by everybody that he had never been so affable or had so many spare half-crowns.

Lady Staines in a stiff purple satin strode uncomfortably up and down the herbaceous borders. She had groups of fellow-gardeners with her, but on the whole she thought very little of them. She despised women gardeners who did not dig, and she revealed their ignorance to them in a series of piercing questions.

Charles flirted outrageously in an arbor with a series of pretty girls. He said his system was ten compliments to a kiss; but it was n't such a strain as you 'd think,

because he always used the same compliments.

James drank brandy and water with some selected friends in the stables; he approved of a garden-party: it afforded far more opportunities than a drawing-room for getting away quietly for a little betting.

Sir Peter remained in the library with the windows open, firmly shouting out from time to time his belief in rain and his contempt for garden-parties. Several of his old friends joined him, and they talked about Ulster. Everybody was at this time talking about Ulster. Most of them talked about it as people talk of a terrible tidal wave in China. They did not exactly wish the tidal wave to destroy the whole of China, but they would all have felt a little annoyed if it had withdrawn without drowning anybody.

A few of them were really bitterly alarmed, and they were all without exception against any kind of freedom for anybody except themselves. What they wanted for other people, like Nationalists and trades-union men, was submission, discipline, and order. They cited with admiration the benefits of the Prussian system; it must be said for them that they had not at that time had the opportunity of experiencing these particular benefits, and within a few months some of them were to give their inconsistent, gallant lives in order to avoid them.

The strawberries were an immense size this season, and parties were banded together and led through the kitchen garden to inspect them. It was a very hot, bright day. Estelle, in the most diaphanous of muslins, held a little court under a gigantic mulberry-tree. She had always intended marrying a Staines to be like this. There were county people all about her, and they all knew who she was. Many of them spoke to her in a curt, friendly way as if she were one of themselves. They took mysteriously for granted that she had been out the winter before to Switzerland with Winn. When Estelle said she had n't been to Davos because she thought consumption rather infectious, they looked at her in a strange way and began talking about something else.

None of them seemed to understand Estelle. They were a type who made coarse jokes, and had a curious way of hanging together when one of them was ill; but whatever they were like, they had the right names.

It was only Lady Staines who noticed the arrival of the telegrams.

Charles received his first. He was bobbing cherries with one of the vicar's daughters, and after he had read the telegram he said:

"Damme! I 've swallowed the stone!"

There was nothing peculiar in the exclamation, for Charles had known, and intermittently loved, the vicar's daughter since they were children; besides, she had been heard to say "damn" herself. But it was curious that he had swallowed the cherry-stone, for nobody could bob cherries more unerringly than Charles.

Lady Staines was taking some people over to see the sports, so that she came on Winn in the act of receiving another telegram. Peter seized the envelop, but Winn stuck the contents rather carefully away into his pocket. He looked curiously relieved and pleased.

"Rather a jolly sack-race on," he informed his mother with what seemed to Lady Staines, who disliked sack-races, unnecessary effusion. She left her group with him, and hastened away to the stables, where she knew instinctively she should find James.

James had already received his despatch and put it away before she got there. She looked at him warily. James was an imperturbable liar. "Jolly lemonade you have this afternoon, Mother," he said persuasively. "I 've just been putting away my sixth glass of it."

"Strikingly alcoholic lemons!" said Lady Staines, grimly. "I must speak to cook about them." Then she looked severely at a wire-haired terrier searching for fleas. "You got your telegram, I hope, all right?" she asked carelessly.

The terrier rattled his leg helplessly on the cobbles under her inhospitable eye.

He had given up the fleas, but felt too nervous to keep still.

"Yes," said James, unsuspectingly. "I think I must go up to town to-night to see my tailor. Infernal fool needs pitching into. I 've nothing decent to wear for our dance."

"You can shut that dog up now," said Lady Staines, briefly. "If you don't, he 'll get into the garden, and there are two Pekingese he is certain to kill if he does. Not that I should mind on principle their being killed, but it would be out of place at a party."

"All right, Mother," said James, almost too agreeably for the terrier.

Lady Staines went back meditatively into the garden. Sir Peter had advanced to the middle of the lawn; he was examining it foot by foot to see how much harm had been done to the turf by high heels. He was still talking about Ulster.

"The Government has been weak," he said truculently to the wife of a Liberal member—"as weak as a soft-boiled egg. What Ireland wants is a firm hand, and if that 's not enough, apply a swift kick after it. Concession! Who wants a concession? A sensible man does n't make concessions unless he 's trying to bluff you into thinking he 's got what he has n't got, or get out of you what he has n't any right to get. But nobody 's got any right importing arms. I 'll go as far as that, whether it 's one side or the other; it ought to be stopped. There 'll be a row, of course, a healthy, blood-letting hell of a row. I beg your pardon, Madam, but I 'm accustomed to plain speaking. But I don't approve of firearms being let loose all over the place; it 's un-English. It only shows what the poor devils at Ulster must have suffered, and be *afraid* of suffering, to resort to it.

"People have been talking about the Balkans this afternoon. That sort of thing is all very well in the Balkans. Let 'em fight! They got the Turk down once, all of 'em together, and he was the only person that could keep 'em quiet. Now Austria 's at it. What they want to make a fuss about an assassination in that family for I can't think. I should look upon it as an hereditary disease myself, and leave it at that. There 's no need for us to worry about Austria. What 's the danger of a country that talks thirteen languages and gets beat whenever it fights? Have you eaten my strawberries? I don't say *seen* 'em, because I shall never believe that people want to see what grows in other people's kitchen gardens; it 's against nature. But on the table 's different. Have you got your second crop of hay in? No? Then what the devil 's your husband thinking of? Tell him not to shilly-shally with the English climate; only dangerous thing we 've got. Ah, there 's Sarah! Here you are, Sarah, leaving me to do all the entertaining as usual. Take Mrs. Howell away and give her something to eat. She don't want to live on tea-roses alone, garden-party or *no* garden-party."

The garden-party drifted slowly away, the long golden twilight drew to a close, the swallows swooped and swirled above the heavy, darkened elms, the flowers had a fragile look in the colorless, soft air.

Peter's head hung lower and lower, his ecstatic grasp of his father's neck gradually loosened, he stopped saying, "More! more!" at the end of every race. Winn carried him in to bed.

When he came down-stairs again he found the family assembled in the library. Isabella's husband and Estelle were believed to be having a sympathetic controversy on the subject of incense in the drawing-room.

Sir Peter was smoking a cigar to get, as he averred, the smell of patchouli out of the room. Nobody knew how it had ever got there, as only Sir Peter and a few of his chosen cronies had passed its sacred portals.

Lady Staines took off her gloves and her purple bonnet and looked in turn at each of her three sons.

"Are you going to town, too?" she inquired suavely of Winn as he entered the room.

"Yes; got to see a man about a dog," said Winn, glibly.

Charles yawned and looked at the ceiling. "I 'm going up to see a show at the Oxford," he remarked dreamily, "and if you half had any spunk in you, Isabella, you 'd come, too. I hear they have some pretty hot stuff on there just now; must have a look in before the censor smells it out."

"If the Oxford is a music-hall, as I suppose it is, or you would n't wish to go to it," said his sister, firmly, "I think they are most immoral, and likely to destroy all the finest tissue of our English manhood."

"Herbert been there much?" asked James, with a chuckle. "Something a bit off about his tissue, is n't there? Hard lines on you, Isabella, I 'm sure."

"James," said Sir Peter, sternly, "have I or have I not said I refused to allow the clergy to be mocked at in my house?"

"Never mind, Peter," said Lady Staines, quietly. "The clergy at present are merely being used as a red herring; that won't hurt them. If you *are* my sons," she added to the three on the hearth-rug, "I must say you make uncommonly poor liars. Why don't you have one story for the lot of you, and stick to it?"

Sir Peter looked up sharply.

"What 's that?" he asked. "What 's that? Been telling lies, have they? A nice way you 've brought them up, Sarah. What have they been lying about? A woman? Because, if they have, I won't hear any more about it. Lies about a woman are perfectly correct, though I 'm hanged if I can see how they can all three be lying about *one* woman. That seems a bit thick, I must say."

"Nonsense!" said Lady Staines. "It would n't be of the slightest consequence if they were. They 're only trying to hide the fact that they have received mobilization orders and that we are going to have a European war."

Nobody spoke for a moment, and then Winn said quietly:

"I would n't let that supposition go any further if I were you, Mother."

Sir Peter said:

"My God! and I 'm too old!" and wandered away into the shadows.

Through the open windows they could hear the distant voices of the villagers still playing in the field.

It was a singularly quiet summer evening; the scent of the new-mown hay and the mysterious sweetness of the starry white tobacco-plant crept into the room.

James lighted a cigarette, and Charles said:

"Now we 'll see what submarines can do. 'Member the Japs?"

And Isabella said firmly:

"I shall make Herbert go out as a chaplain, of course, and drive a motor-ambulance myself. I shall go to the War Office about it as soon as war is declared, and stand no nonsense from them."

Lady Staines looked straight at her second son.

"Winn," she said, "before you 're off, say good-by to your wife."

Winn frowned, then he said:

"All right, Mother," and left the room.

Lady Staines went over to Sir Peter. He was looking savagely out into the still garden. She did not touch him, but she stood by his side.

"We have three to send," she said gently.

Winn had not been to Estelle's room for some time. He found her lying down, and looking extraordinarily frail and pretty in a shell-pink rest-gown. He sat down by the sofa and fingered the tassels at her waist.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked coldly.

He had only himself to thank that she was cold; he knew that. He saw plainly now all the mistakes he 'd made; the ones that Estelle had made receded into the distance. He 'd never been gentle to her. Even when he thought he loved her he was n't really gentle.

Gentleness was superlative kindness, and no woman who had not had just that sort of kindness from the man she married could help being rather nasty. He had owed it to Estelle, no matter whether she told him the truth or not.

"Look here, Estelle," he began, "I want our boy to go to Charterhouse."

It was n't exactly what he meant to say, but it was something; he had never called Peter "our boy" before. Estelle did not notice it.

"Of course I should prefer Eton," she said, "but I suppose you will do as you like, as usual."

Winn dropped the piece of tassel, but he persevered.

"I say," he began again, "don't you think we 've got rather off the track? I know it 's not your fault, but your being ill and my being away and all that. I don't want you to feel sore about it, you know. I want you to realize that I know I 've been rather a beast to you. I don't think I 'm fitted for domestic life."

"Fitted for it!" said Estelle, tragically. "I have never known one happy moment with you! You seem incapable of any kind of chivalry. I never would have believed a man could exist who knew *less* how to make a woman happy. It 's too late to talk of it all now; I 've made my supreme sacrifice. I 've offered up my broken heart. I am living now upon a higher plane. You would never understand anything that was n't coarse, brutal, and low; so I sha'n't explain it to you. I know my duty, but I don't think, after the way you have behaved, I really need consider myself under any obligation to live with you again. Father Anselm thinks not, too."

Winn laughed.

"Don't you worry about that," he hastened to assure her, "or Father Anselm either. There is n't the least necessity, and it was n't what I meant."

Estelle looked annoyed. It plainly should have been what Winn meant.

"Have as much of the higher plane as you like," he went on, "only look after the boy. I 'm off to London to-night; there 's probably going to be some work of a kind that I can do. I may n't be back directly. Hope you 'll be all right. We can write about plans."

He stood up, hesitating a little. He had an idea that it would make him feel less strange if she kissed him. Of course it was absurd, because just to have a woman's arms round his neck was n't going to be the least like Claire. But he had a curious feeling that perhaps he might never be alone with a woman again, and he wanted to part friends with Estelle.

"I wonder," he said, leaning toward her, "would you mind very much if I kissed you?"

Estelle turned her head away with a little gesture of aversion.

"I am sorry," she said; "I shall not willingly allow you to kiss me, but you are my husband. I am in your power."

"By Jove!" said Winn, unexpectedly, "what a little cat you are!"

They were the last words he ever said to her.

CHAPTER XXVII

For a time he could do nothing but think of his luck; it was astounding how obstacles had been swept aside for him. The best he had expected in the hurry of things was to get back to India without a medical examination, in the hopes that his regiment would be used later. But the staff college had given him a leg up,—a man conveniently died,—and Winn appeared at the right moment, and within twenty-four hours of the receipt of his telegram he was attached for staff-duty to a British division.

Then work closed over his head. He found himself becoming a railway time-table, a lost-luggage office, a registrar, a store commissioner, and a special providence, with all the disadvantages of being readily held accountable, so skilfully evaded by the higher powers. Junior officers flew to him for orders as belated ladies fly to their pin-cushions for pins.

He ate when it was distinctly necessary, and slept two hours out of the forty-eight. He left nothing undone which he could do himself, but when he gave orders he saw that they were carried out. People listened when he made suggestions and found it convenient to answer with accuracy his sudden questions. They hurried to obey his infrequent, but final, or-

ders. When he said, "I think you 'd better," almost everybody seemed to find they 'd better.

When he came across exceptions, he did not give them any orders. Winn had a theory that exceptional people were not useful until they had proved it, and he preferred their proving it somewhere else; but out of the ordinary men he worked miracles.

The division slipped off like cream without impediment or hitch. There were no delays; the men found their railway-carriages and had acquired their kit. The trains swept in velvet softness out of the darkened London station through the sweet, quiet summer night into a sleepless Folkestone. The division went straight on to the right transports; there was n't a man, a horse, or a gun out of place.

Winn heaved a sigh of relief as he stepped on board. His troubles as a staff-officer had only just begun; but they had begun, as troubles should always begin, by being adequately met.

He did not think of Claire until he stood on deck and saw the lights receding and the shadow that was England passing out of his sight. He remembered her then with a little pang of joy, for suddenly he knew that he was free to think of her. He had thought of her before as a man registers a fact that is always present to him, but in the interval since he had seen her his consciousness of her had been increasingly troubled. Now the trouble seemed to have receded as England receded, as his old life receded. He had a sense that he had been let off and finally freed. It was not like seeing her again, but it was like not having to see anything else.

Winn had known many campaigns, he had lived through rough jungle tussles in mud swamps, maddened by insects, thirst, and fever in Ashanti; he had fought in colder, cleaner dangers above the Khyber Pass; and he had gone through the episodic scientific flurries of South Africa: but he had never started a campaign before in a country like a garden, met by flowers and fruit and welcoming populations, and surrounded by ripening harvest-fields. It made him feel sick.

The other places were the proper ones for war. He did not try to think what was before them. It would, like all great emergencies, like all immense calamities, keep to its moment.

The only thing that worried him, and continued to worry him, was the villages. He kept trying to put them out of his head, but they came back, pleasant, smiling villages, the little church towers in the middle, the cobbled streets, the steep-pitched, gray roofs, and the white, sunny walls. Carnations and geraniums leaned out of the windows, and all the people, the reliable, bright-faced people, had a greeting for their khaki guests.

Winn found himself shrinking from their welcoming eyes. He thought he had n't had enough sleep, but when he slept in the corner of the hot, jolting railway-train, he dreamed of the villages.

He knew that they were to attack as soon as they arrived. By the time they had reached their destination he knew more. He had gathered up the flung messages by telegram and telephone by car, and from breathless despatch-riders on wheels, and he knew what they meant.

He knew they had no chance; from the first, not a ghost of a chance. They were to hold on as long as they could, and then retreat. Part of the line had gone already. The French had gone. No reinforcements were coming up. There were no reinforcements.

They were to retreat, turn, and turn about; meantime they must hold. It maddened Winn not to be a regimental officer, and in it with his men. He had work enough as it was, danger enough of a kind; but it was n't what he wanted. He would have given anything at the moment to stand in the loosely built, low trenches and hold his men. They were in the background of his mind as he worked fiercely and feverishly at plans to extricate them. He heard far off the distant sound of the guns, the calling, echoing voices. They came nearer, and the sky filled with white puffs of smoke that

looked like glittering sunset clouds, and were not clouds.

Overhead the larks sang incessantly, undisturbed even by the occasional drilling of an aëroplane. In the plains that lay beneath their point of observation they could see the dim, blue lines of the enemy debouching. They made Winn think of locusts. He had seen a plague once in Egypt. They came on like the Germans, a gray mass that never broke, that could not break, because behind it there were more and still more locusts, thick as clouds, as impenetrable as clouds.

You killed and killed and killed, and yet there were more clouds.

That was all that Winn could think of, locusts, and every now and then it ran through his mind like a flame that they would spread, this loathsome, living cloud, over the happy little villages of France.

Fortunately there was no time to think; there was merely the different ways of meeting the question of holding on. It was like an attempt to keep back a tide with a teaspoon. Their guns did what they could, they did more than it seemed possible guns could do. The men in control of them worked like maniacs; they knew what depended on impossibilities.

It was not a time to think of what people could do. The men were falling like leaves off a tree. The skylarks and the swallows vanished before the villainous occupation of the air. The infantry in the loosely built trenches held on, breathless, broken, like a battered boat in a hurricane, stout against the oncoming waves.

The stars came out, and night fell—night rent and tortured, darkness assaulted, and broken by a myriad lights of death, but still merciful, reassuring darkness. The moment for the retreat had come.

It was a never-ending business, a stumbling, pitiful business, so many needed help, so few could get it. The guns roared on, holding open indefatigably and without cessation the way of their escape. Much later they got away themselves, dashing blindly in the wake of their exhausted little army, ready to turn at command and hold again, and escape again, and once more hold, the endless blue lines, with their unnumbered guns, slowly unwinding like an endless serpent in their rear.

For the first time in his career Winn wished that he had been a gunner; but it did not now irk him so much being on the staff, the staff were too involved in the chaos of retreat for any security. On them fell at once the responsibility and the danger. They were in it as much as the rest, and they alone could work the way out. Winn would n't have exchanged his work then for any job on earth.

The morning showed them still retreating. Sometimes they were miles ahead, and could see nothing but the strangely different, barred, and shivering villages. There were no flowers flung upon them now, and no greetings beyond the terrified questions: "Are they coming? How far are they away?" Sometimes the army sat comfortably for half an hour at a time in hedges and ate, or meant to eat, and slept between the bites.

At other times they surprised small bands of wandering Uhlans, and, if there was time, took them prisoners; and if there was not, shot them in rows against white walls.

Once they met a troop out of one of their own divisions, led by a solitary subaltern of nineteen, with queer, fixed eyes, who did n't know where he was. Sometimes one of their own regiments went astray. Despatch-riders hurled themselves upon the staff with orders; very often they had conflicting orders; and they always had dust, trouble with horses, trouble with motor-ambulances, trouble with transport. Enraged, heroic surgeons, managing hourly miracles, implored with tears to be given impossible things like time. Of course they could n't have time.

Then in the midst of chaos orders would come to hold. The guns unlimbered, the transport tore madly ahead, everything that could be cleared off down the road was cleared off, more rough trenches were dug, more hot and sullen hours of waiting followed, and then once more the noise, the helpless slaughter, the

steady, dogged line, and the vast unnumbered horde of locusts came on again, eating up the fields of France. Sometimes whole regiments entrained under the care of French railway officials, curiously liable to hysteria on ordinary excursion-days, but now as calm as Egyptian Pyramids in the face of national disaster. They pieced together with marvelous ingenuity the broken thread of speech presented to them by the occasional French scholars upon the British staff, but more often still they shook polite and emphatic heads, and explained that there quite simply were no trains. The possible, yes; but the impossible, no. One could not improvise trains. So the men went on marching.

They did not like retreating, but they moved as if they were on parade in front of Buckingham Palace, and when they held, they fought as winners fight. It was not until they approached the Marne that Winn had time to write to Claire. He wrote:

We are getting on very nicely; I hope you are not worrying about us. We have plenty to eat, though we have to take our meals a little hurriedly. There is a good deal of work to do. This war is the best thing that ever happened to me, bar one. I feel quite free to write to you now. I do not think there can be any harm in it, so I hope you won't mind. If things do not seem to be going very well with us at first, you will remember that they never do. Every campaign I ever went in for we were short-handed to start with, and had to fight against odds; which does n't matter really if you have the right men, but always takes longer and looks disappointing to outsiders. The men are very good, and I am glad the War Office let me commandeer the boots I wanted; the ordinary kind would not have done at all for this kind of work. It is rather hard not being with the men more, but the work is very absorbing, so I do not mind as much as I did. Besides, I think the regiment will come out later, and they have promised to let me go back into it. I am sorry about the villages. It 's a pity the Germans slopped over into France at all.

I found two Uhlans yesterday in a farmyard; they had been behaving badly, and I did them both in. I really liked doing it. I hope you won't mind, but I thought they had better be killed. It is not a thing that is at all likely to happen again, as one very seldom sees any of them, worse luck! I hope you are taking great care of yourself and not worrying.

Your Loving Winn.

In the weeks that followed Claire got many letters. They were short letters, written in flying motors, in barns, in outhouses, in romantic châteaux, but they all began in the same reassuring way: "Darling, I am very well, and we are getting on quite nicely."

The allied line was being flung out in wild curves and swoops like the flight of a dove before a hawk; from Soissons up toward Calais they fenced and circled. They retook Rheims, they seized Amiens. Lille fell from them and Laon. The battle of the Aisne passed by slow degrees out of their hands, and the English found themselves fighting their extraordinary first fight for Ypres. They stood between the Germans and the channel ports as thinly as a Japanese screen between England and the Atlantic. The very camp cooks were in the trenches. Time fled like a long thunderous hour. It was a storm that flashed and fell and returned.

Winn was beginning to feel tired now; he hardly slept at night, and by day his brain moved as if it were made of red-hot steel, flying rapidly from expedient to expedient, facing the horrible problems of the wild and wet October, how to keep men alive who never rested, who were too few, who took the place of guns.

Fortunately, all Englishmen are born with a curious pioneer instinct, and being the least adaptable people in the world, they adapt, to meet themselves, the changes of the hour. So they now remade their external world; they remade it at the cost of their lives in Flanders, in the face of incredulous enemies and criticizing neutrals, painstakingly, without sci-

ence, doggedly out of their unfettered wills.

They held Ypres by a thread, and when it seemed that nothing could keep it, one cold and awful day along the Menin road, first one group and then another of tall, dark people, as silent-footed as falling leaves, turbaned black faces, eyes of an appalling and unearthly gravity, hearts half like a rock and half like a child, alien captive people of another blood, took their place beside them, silently, regiment by regiment blocking up the awful gaps with their guns, their rifles, and the free gift of their lives.

CHAPTER XXVIII

It was some time before they spoke of Claire. They talked at first absorbingly of the regiment and the war; these two things filled the exacting hours. Blackened and water-clogged and weary they spent three weeks on end in the trenches. It was the darkest time of a dark December. The water was up to their waists; there was no draining the treacherous clay surfaces; the men needed constant care and watching, hot food, rubbing, the bulwarking of body and of mind.

Beyond the actual trench work there was the need of explaining to the men that they were not dealing with the supernatural; there really was an enemy, though they could not see him. There were solid people who ate sausages behind the strange lights and noises heralding death. They were not required to give up their lives to spirits in a land that worshiped idols. One or two small parties, led in night attacks, overcame the worst of their fears. The men came back elated and reassured. Their weapons had been used in the silent strife they knew and loved, man against man, steel against steel; after all, these white enemies could die like other men, and what you could kill you need not fear. Later on, when the mud dried, they could kill more; in the end all would be killed, and they would return with much honor to their land of sunshine. It was difficult to believe in any sun, but their sahibs who talked their language helped them, and understood what they needed. Also, no man's caste was broken nor his food polluted.

To the officers who moved among them, absorbed in the questions of their care, there was never any silence or peace, and yet there was a strange content in the huddled, altered life of their wet ditch. Every power of the will, every nerve of the body, was being definitely used. It brought on in both Winn and Lionel a strange mood of exaltation.

It seemed as if there was nothing they could not attack and overcome. They found no question insoluble, and no difficulty that could not be thought out and curtailed. Only from time to time the casualties dropped in upon them, grimly impervious to human ingenuity. They objected to casualties as to something careless let in upon a perfect scheme of things. In the quieter hours of the night they crouched side by side, formulating fresh schemes or going over, one by one, the weak points of their case.

It was certainly not as it stood the very strongest of cases; they had n't enough guns or any reinforcements, they had no dry clothes, the men were not accustomed to wet climates, they wanted more sandbags and more bombs, and it would certainly be better for human beings not to be in trenches for three weeks at a time in the rain. They sat there pitting their brains against these obstacles, creating the miraculous ingenuity of war. It was Winn who generally thought out the best methods of attack, and Lionel from whom came the cleverest readjustments of defenses. Lionel had no less courage than Winn, but his mind always ran quickest to resist the element of danger. Whenever he could, he eliminated it, as a careful housemaid eliminates dust; when he could not, he faced it soberly, and looked for the way out. To Winn, on the other hand, danger was in itself a delight. He had no wish to resist it; on the contrary, he wanted to make it, to perfect it, and to strike with it. He looked upon success not as an end in itself, but as a fortunate

prelude to fresh dangers. When between them they had evolved a new scheme, they took it, as children take treasures to their mothers, to the colonel, who exchanged his theories with theirs. They were sure of his "Yes, I see. Very good; try it."

In the pauses between the big attacks their small trench schemes put new heart into their men and kept their own alive. But behind his incessant watchfulness of daily trench necessities Winn was aware of a wish to speak to Lionel about Claire.

There were two things he wanted Lionel to realize: that for Winn himself there was n't going to be any future, and that for Claire there must be; and Lionel must be her future. Neither of them might, of course, in the natural order of things, get through. The chances were, in fact, very like ten to one against it.

Out of the thirteen officers in their regiment nine were already accounted for. Still, Winn had an instinct against giving way to chances. If you saw what you wanted, and went for it, you often got it, and you had, even if you failed, your run for your money. Winn was anxious that Lionel should not neglect this privilege.

But it was difficult to begin this talk about Claire, for Lionel had not mentioned her name. He had met Winn with all his old, simple comradeship. There had been no strain or mistrust in his clear eyes. He looked, perhaps, a little older, and like one who has already met, and passed, expectancy; but he had accepted without question the fact that Winn and Claire had met again and parted. It did not occur to Lionel as possible to doubt Winn or to cease to love Claire.

They were to be relieved the next day; the men were so worn out they could hardly move. Lionel and Winn were aware that their own bodies were difficult to control. They had become heavy and inert with stiffness and want of sleep, but their minds were alive and worked with feverish swiftness, like the minds of people in a long illness whose consciousness creeps above the level of pain. Winn had just returned from his evening round of the trenches. Lionel was supposed to be resting in his dug-out; but he was not resting. He knew Winn's approach by the sound of his short, hard cough.

Winn bent double and squatted down behind him silently.

"Well," said Lionel, "to-morrow we 'll be out of this."

"Yes," said Winn, a little regretfully, "I suppose so. The men have had enough, certainly. It 's a wonder how they stick to it; personally, I could do with a bit more myself."

"Your cough 's bad," said Lionel, doubtfully. "Are you going to report and have it seen to? I 'm sure you 've got fever."

Winn shook his head.

"No," he said; "I 'm not such a fool as to spoil my fun. Look here, Lionel, I 've got something to say to you."

There was a silence for a moment. Their ears were always awake registering sounds from the sodden, death-dealing fields beneath them and above, but everything seemed safe; there was nothing but the drip of the rain, an occasional groan from a man tortured with rheumatism, and the faint, long-drawn sighing of the wind across the flats.

"My idea is," said Winn, "not to go back. I 've had tremendous luck one way and another, and I don't know how to put it quite, but I feel safe now. I mean I 've seen how jolly things could be. The kind of thing you meant when you told me about your father and mother. You see, the truth is I did n't believe much in women. I thought there were good sorts, of course, but I did n't believe you could get the two things together, liking 'em, you know, and wanting them. I believe that now, and I appreciate goodness; I see its point. Not that I 'd have kept clear for a moment by myself; I hope you quite understand that. I 've been a blackguard, and I 'd have been a worse one if I 'd had the chance. Only, you see, I did n't; and what I mean now is I 'm glad I did n't have the chance. It makes me feel as if I could fight clean. I don't know that I 'm explaining myself properly; but you know

what she 's like—that 's all I mean. Thank God! I could n't alter her!" He was silent for a moment, then Lionel said:

"You 're an old duffer, Winn. D' you suppose I don't know you did n't *try* to alter her? It 's no use your trying to stuff me. It was a tight place for both of you; but you 're the right man for a tight place, and she 's the right woman. I have n't said much about it, because I thought it was n't necessary. I can see what you 've been through, and I can guess, as well as a man can guess about a woman, what she has. I don't see why you want to get killed though; there 's going to be a lot to do for a long time."

Winn moved, then he said abruptly:

"Look here, I hope I shall get killed. You see, I 'm dying. I was wrong before when I asked you to step in instead of me, but I 'm not wrong now. You can take it from me, she 'll marry you in the end. She 's given me a lot, but not all she 's got to give. It 's a queer thing how badly women want to give! She 's young; be patient with her. It 's worth your waiting for, it 's worth any man's waiting for; and when it comes, take it, that 's all."

The guns sounded nearer, a machine-gun rattled sharply in their ears as if it had let off behind their dug-out.

"I should n't be surprised if they attacked to-night," Lionel said. "They always smell out our last night, when the men are at their lowest, uncanny brutes!"

"Well," said Winn, "we 're on the look-out for them; they can come if they like. Have you got that straight what I 've been telling you? Remember, it 's not your chance I 'm urging; it 's her chance. Nobody wants to have a lonely life, if they can help it."

"I sha'n't care for anybody else," said Lionel, "and I shall wait all my life for her. Is that what you wanted me to say?"

"Yes," said Winn, consideringly; "only don't get killed if you can help it, and keep away from me if you think I 'm getting into trouble. Because I sha'n't be getting into it, but out of it. D' you see?"

It came very quickly and confusedly toward dawn. The silence was torn across like a piece of broken silk. The crash of bombs, the peppery, sharp detonation of rifles, broke up the sodden air.

Out of the dark, vague shapes loomed up, and harsh sounds, broken by deep breathing and the shriek of sudden pain, filled the trench. Death and mud and darkness were together.

It was all over in half an hour. The attack was driven out, and the men moved uncertainly about trying to discover and relieve their wounded. The dawn was gray, and in the half-light Winn saw Lionel's eyes open and shut. The blood was pouring from a hideous wound in his side.

"You 've got to live," said Winn, bending grimly over him; "you 've got to live."

Lionel's eyes closed again. He knew nothing more of the rough bandaging, the endless waiting in the sodden trench till darkness fell again and he was carried out. In the hours of the interminable journey he roused himself sometimes, and heard again, like a perpetual song, "You 've got to live." The motor-ambulances jarred and bumped it, the wheels of the train jerked it, the engines of the boat more mildly echoed it through the fever in his brain, and he awoke in England knowing that he was going to live.

He was too ill to be told that the regiment, after five-days' rest, had returned again to the trenches, and attacked.

Winn led them with the last of his strength and in the fierceness of his rage with life. He got his men over, under the cover of a heavy mist, and they fought like demons, strange shapes in the fog, with here and there, as the flares shot up, the flash of their black faces, set to kill.

They heard Winn's voice from time to time above the racket of the guns; he rallied and held them like an unseen power. They took the trench at last and kept it, till the sun came out and showed them all they had won and what they had lost.

Winn lay peacefully between the old trench and the new, beyond resentment, beyond confusion, in the simplicity of death.

THE END

Golden Death

By JAMES OPPENHEIM

Decorations by Charles Cullen

I

ALAS! that what I hold in my arms shall crumble,
That these lips shall fall into dust,
And these eyes gaze no more!
Where shall I look for my darling and my adored one,
O beautiful Beloved,
When no youth remembers her,
And only my heart forgets not?

Only this: that I, too, I, too, shall die.

II

Merciless surge of time, who on thy tide has strewed us?
Why are we scattered in scenes of earth?
To the brief and vivid awakening
The Irresistible forced us
To love and the bonds of love, to love and the loss of love.

In thy dark hosts of numberless children, O Earth, she blossomed,
Ah, no less than the least sweet trailing honeysuckle;
And though she was hidden, I found her;
And though she was lost, I came on her.

How shall I unhand her to thee, O Death?
Oh, how release her?

III

She showed me a lock of her golden hair saved out of youth,
But she showed me not the golden-haired girl who lived so ardently.
Ah, where has that other gone, and where shall this one go?

IV

I catch her in embraces,
I hold her close and closer.
God! could I take her in my soul and be one with her,
A single dreaming, and a single passion,
And but one dying!

V

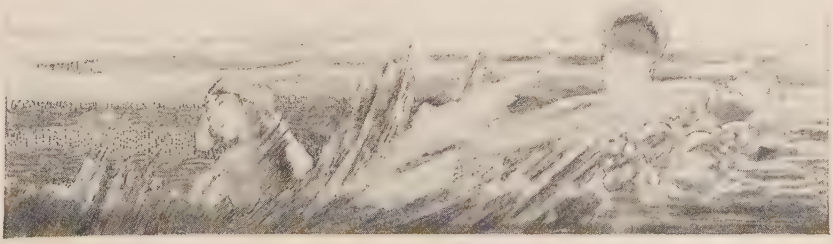
But the west wind sings of separation and scattering.
Death is abroad, taking the year;
Death is abroad, stealing the hours.
The shutters clatter, and the maples sing like the sea.
I will go out and give myself to the ruining,
Side by side with the bleak destroyer.

VI

Sunbursts through leaves, wild geese,
The grass like hair blown backward,
What can it mean?

Why are you not black, O leaves?
Why do you sing no dirges, O wind in the woods?
But hark, what clarions? what trumpets?
What rumor of grape-stained faces,
What dancing of dripping feet?
Can it be, my heart, can it be,
That hugged in the arms of unconquered Death
Golden October glories?

She glories: she goes out in shouts of color;
Woodland with woodland take hands,
Dancing mad bacchanals.
The plum is squeezed; and the apple is pressed;
The grapes are trampled.
Wine! wine! the west wind sings, flinging long garlands of leaves.



And the year that has greatly lived goes laughing to death.
She slays herself with the bright blade of the west wind
And with glittering shrapnel of the frost.
She decks herself for the burial in no funereal black,
But in royal crimson and gold.
Her leaves fall with a will.
The air is winy and brilliant.

Oh, sinks not the sun in splendor,
His down-going the glory of the day?
So sinks the year, with sunset colors, into the evening of winter,
Triumphant in defeat,
Victorious in death.

VII

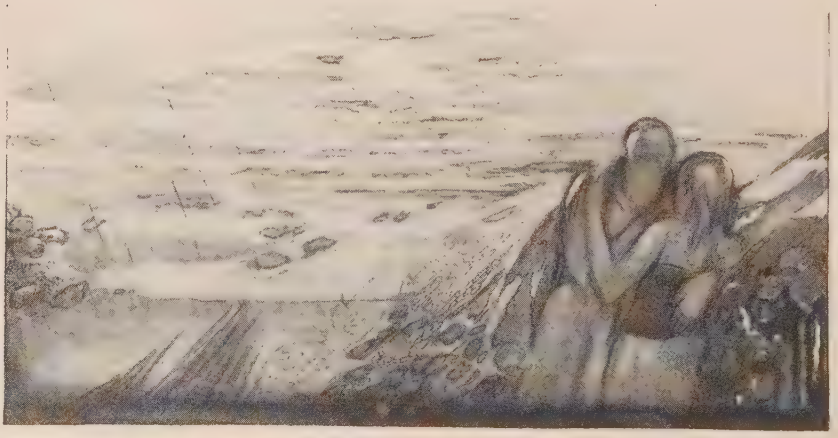
I am filled with the will of the earth
And the will of the sun.
I have found the answer to time;
I have found the answer to death.

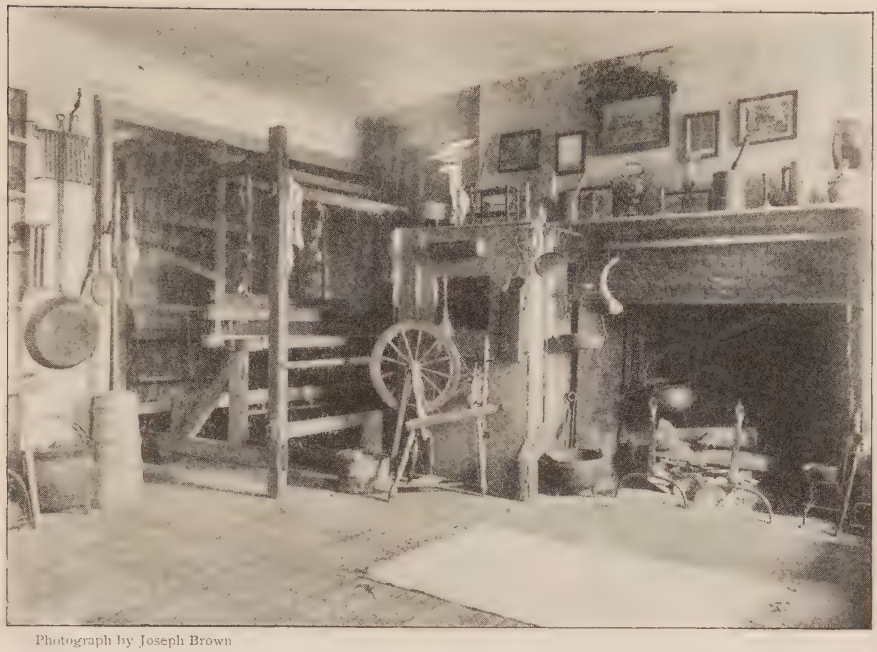
Come with me, Beloved, and put on raiment of joy!
The sun clothe us, and rain be on our lips,
And the blood of the fleet year be in our hearts.

Love overflows the perishing flesh.
Never a secret sorrow is thine, but, behold! I am sorrowful;
Never a joy is locked in thy heart, but I suddenly laugh.

We are one. Let us live to the full!
Let us go as the year!

Let us put forth flower and fruit to the uttermost strength,
Spend—spend inexhaustible love,
Till spent we seek sleep,
And, having lived greatly,
Go laughing to death!





Photograph by Joseph Brown

Old kitchen at Hearthside, Lincoln, Rhode Island. Residence of A. G. Talbot

American Craftsmen

By HAZEL H. ADLER

THROUGHOUT the entire European industrial art awakening in the latter part of the nineteenth and the early part of the twentieth century, wherein the great economic significance of the craftsman in furnishing models, ideals, and inspirations for the machine has been recognized, America has maintained a most surprising attitude of apathy and unconcern. In our manufacture of utilities capable of artistic expression we have been content to follow along as a weak and ineffectual echo of the great forward march of the arts abroad. This has not only barred us from international competition, but has crowded us out of the markets at home. Furthermore, we have been satisfied to depend almost entirely on the trained foreign workman for whatever skilled craftsmanship we did employ.

At present, when the prop of our European dependence is gradually slipping from beneath our feet, we are confronted with two alternatives: either we must suffer a falling off in the artistic quality of the objects of our daily surroundings to which we have become educated, or we must seize this opportunity to make one of those brilliant recoveries through which the consequences of American short-sightedness have frequently been evaded. The possibilities of the latter course depend, however, upon a much more intelligent comprehension and utilization of the craftsman resources in this country than already exists.

"There are real craftsmen living today, and in this country, and turning out exquisite work after the ancient fashion," says Mr. Ralph Adams Cram. In little shops up narrow, winding streets, in modest homes, in skylight studios, and murky back rooms of the city, there are American men and women dedicating their wholesouled efforts, fine intelligence, and broad artistic training to the making of beauti-

ful things,—things which are beginning to demonstrate to the older nations our possibilities of that independent and individual artistic expression in which they have long found us wanting, and which will do more to preserve for posterity those finer intimate qualities of our national character than all our architecture and painting,—and making them with what sacrifices and against what narrow and crushing impediments only inspired prophets of an unrecognized faith can know.

While almost every city has its points of craft interest, and Los Angeles, Chicago, Detroit, Minneapolis, Syracuse, and Philadelphia stand out as centers of certain unique and important activities, the greatest number of master craftsmen may be found in the small area that lies more or less definitely between New York and Boston.

As a starting-point, let us venture in the direction of that little spot of ghosts, memories, and Bohemians that a great city has enveloped without destroying—Greenwich Village. We find ourselves amid a queer maze of crooked streets and old houses, some renovated, with charming, apple-green doorways or ivory-painted porticos; some left tumbly and weather-beaten, projecting over the thoroughfares with the benevolent curiosity of the old houses of Amsterdam or Bruges.

Our objective point, the studio of Mr. Pieter Meyer, is on Tenth Street, opposite the building where the Society of American Painters and Sculptors was born. One hesitates a moment before plunging into the dark hallway and up the rickety stairs, but when the top is gained, light pours in reassuringly from above. If one knocks timidly, he may not be heard, for the studio preserves the cordial atmosphere of an Old World atelier, where work is freely interspersed with sociability, and where fellow-artists feel at liberty to drop in at any time for advice—or cigarettes. If the season is propitious, there will be interesting-looking girls in smocks engaged in carrying out some of Mr. Meyer's ideas in decorated furniture. But that is not at present the object of our quest.

When the object of our quest *is* made known to the sprightly mistress or the boyish-faced master, it causes considerable rummaging in an anteroom. Then across the studio is suddenly flung a fairy curtain of soft and lustrous silk representing a primitive garden wherein lithesome maidens sport with gentle fawns over the daisy-covered sward, or string garlands under the silver birch-trees; and another where an imperturbable goddess, mistress of the fates of men, gazes out across a sky of melting gold and blue; or where little houses mingle their pagoda roofs with the tree-tops, and hills and waterfalls form a panel for the sky.

They seem impossible, and Mr. Meyer smiles indulgently when asked how they are done. The process, called *batik,* he learned as a boy in Java, and is accomplished by painting out in molten beeswax various portions of the design before each separate immersion of the fabric in the dye-pot. The characteristic crackle, brought about by the cracking of the wax and the various colors breaking through, gives a strikingly beautiful effect, while the silk loses nothing of its quality or texture.

It had always been Mr. Meyer's ambition to bring a touch of romance and beauty into the modern home by the application of modern decorative ideas to the wonderful old decorative process, and a few years ago he embarked on the enthusiastic adventure in conjunction with Mr. Bertram Hartmann, a fellow-artist. While a few of the results found their way into the collections of men and women who appreciated their significance in the development of modern decorative art, and one furnished the inspiration for the decorative scheme of an entire residence, wherein it hangs lone sentinel of the great dining-hall, it was soon discovered that New York's appreciation of *batik* could not be aroused sufficiently to keep the studio kettle boiling or supply cigarettes to neighborly visitors. The beautiful fabrics were consigned to a shelf in the

Photograph by Joseph Brown

Side porch of Hearthside

anteroom, to make space for the painted furniture for which the city more readily unloosed its purse-strings.

It is in Tenth Street, too, that one will see the alluring sign that announces the studio of Marguerite and William Zorach, makers of fans painted on silk with charming freshness of color and design and also of beautifully blended chair-seats made by the old New England hooked rug process.

Gramercy Park is perhaps the oldest and most aristocratic art section in the city, and though its artists' colony has gradually deserted it, it still preserves a number of interesting old landmarks. Here, in the National Arts Club, are located the select show-rooms of the Na-

tional Society of Craftsmen, and here is the workshop of Miss Grace Hazen, setter of stones.

We must be prepared to reconstruct all our preconceived notions of jewelry as we step into the little room permeated with Miss Hazen's personality. Miss Hazen is young and energetic, with an infectious enthusiasm, and she has mastered the goldsmith's and lapidary's art in America, which means that she has already passed through the supreme test of her application, endurance, and resourcefulness.

As we pore over the work-bench under her guidance, examining the work in its various stages of completion, we begin to wonder how we could ever have conceived of a beautiful stone as a thing to be surrounded by so much gold or platinum in a design selected from a jeweler's book of stock patterns.

To the master stone-setter a stone has the same possibilities of an individual interpretation in its setting that a landscape has in paint or the human figure in marble. For it there can be one best setting, and one only. Sometimes this involves the holding of the stone for months before it is determined upon, as was the case of the big black opal which developed into the "Birth of Northern Lights" necklace; or, again, it may be reset over and over, which happened to the two pieces of clear green jade against the sides of which clusters of dripping seaweed now flap their golden sprays. Thus the complete jewel is achieved, a masterpiece for which there can be no duplication.

Such methods of work and uncertainty of output naturally do not lead to a swelling purse or to the growth of an American clientele, and we see the evidences of various other lines of work which must be resorted to for the purpose of eking out a livelihood; but as long as there is a stone in the making the artist goes cheerfully about her chores.

Across from the National Arts Club is the studio of Dorothea Warren O'Hara, whose charming and individual decoration of porcelain in brilliant enamels made in her own laboratory attracted attention and received a gold medal at the Panama Exposition, though her work has long been recognized by the galleries of Munich and London.

The daring beauty of the bowls and jars which peep out from the shadowy re-

Photograph by Dadmun Co.

Study-room in new dormitory, Wellesley College. Wood-carving by Mr. I. Kirchmeyer

Decorated porcelain by Dorothea Warren O'Hara

cesses of the long room gives one a feeling of the virility, aspiration, and hope which are surging beneath the hardened strata of American life, and which, Mrs. O'Hara optimistically assures us, are on the point of breaking through.

From among the many other interesting places in the city which clamor for our attention we select for our final visit the workshop of Mr. Harvey Chatfield, master bookbinder.

There is no way in which one can receive a better introduction to Mr. Chatfield than through one of his inimitable bindings. Whether it be the "Omar," stripped of its flaunting grapes or wine-cups of tradition and ornamented with a single design, neither round nor oval, but representing the full bloom of the rose; or the dignified "Rodin," bound in gray levant, with blind tooling; or the red and orange "Punch and Judy," with its chopped-up back and puppet-show tassels —all in their way show the thought, the tender care, and loving appreciation with which the art of one master has been brought to grace and preserve the works of another.

Of Mr. Chatfield's craftsmanship, one bibliopole has said:

These are books bound for use which lie flat when they are opened and remain shut when closed; all the squares true; joints that never break or drag on the corners; leather so treated as to show the natural beauty of the grain unweakened by heavy crushing or fine paring; blind tooling that is neither inked nor burned into the skin; gold line work so solid that it can neither break nor tarnish. Usage will never harm these bindings and age will only prove their strength and mellow their beauty. I take off my hat to the sincerity and dignity of their structural perfection.

Several years ago there came together a man and a woman interested in pottery. The woman, a dreamer, cherished visions of recreating some of the beauty which had come down from ancient times, the secrets of which had become lost. The man, a potter and son of a potter, was schooled through years of experience in the limitations and difficulties of the clay.

To the potter the woman's dreams were madness; to the woman the potter's facts were fetters. But the potter was also an artist and a craftsman who loved his craft, and there was faith in the woman's words. After five years of struggle, of soaring hopes and heartrending disappointment, which both the man and woman declare they would never have the courage to face again, Durant Kilns, the red chimneys of which rise pleasantly out of hills at Bedford, New York, have emerged heroically with productions that have received the hearty congratulations and approval of some of the greatest pottery experts in the world.

Bedford is in itself a point of interest. There is a prerevolutionary church still standing, and an old stone school-house with an historical museum where we learn that Bedford was twice devastated, once by the white man when it was an Indian village, and then again by Tarleton and

his fleeing men after the encounter with Revolutionary forces at Pound Ridge.

Green signs point the way to the kilns, and their approach is marked by a bungalow with emerald-colored window-frames from behind which peek orange curtains, the home of Leon Volkmar. A little beyond stands a renovated farm-house, the home of Jeanne Durant Rice. Between the two, set so low that its chimneys are just visible above the hilltop, nestle the three little buildings of the pottery.

As we descend the green slope at the back of the house we catch a glimpse, through the many windows with their pink geranium boxes, of people at work in the central building, and, entering by the far door, come into the laboratory of Mr. Volkmar. The room is bare except for a table and a bench and a stove on which newly tinted jugs and saucers are drying. On a broad shelf close to the ceiling are a clutter of objects covered with newspaper —the army of the rejected, those things which some minute flaw, sometimes visible only to the eyes of the makers, dooms to eventual destruction, but which the potter often clings to with the lingering tenderness of a mother for her erring children.

In the next room a man is pounding and kneading great wads of clay, and a woman sits before a high table building up, with skilful fingers, the sides of a bowl on a potter's-wheel. Sunlight pours in through the windows, which, to the east, frame a broad expanse of rolling Westchester country, and stillness pervades except for the rhythmic thud of the clay and the gentle whir of the wheel.

The clay, the wheel, and the man painting jugs and saucers—all seems so primitive, so rudimentary that one wonders in this age, and then all reflections are arrested by the flash of color from the shelf above the woman's head—turquoise like the lingering end of the rainbow, the sapphire of the evening sky, rich egg-plant, jade greens and yellows, and the delicate pink of the fluting of a shell.

Perhaps it is the big Persian blue vase, with its dignified and masterly lines, that first elicits our uncontrolled admiration, and then the little woman, getting down from her stool, will explain that that was the one which the Persian minister wept over because it reminded him of the lost art of his country, or that the superb white majolica fruit-dish was copied by some clever Italian potters and sent back to this country in a flood of reproductions.

When the sun has approached much closer to the pinnacles of the distant hills, we walk up the green slope to the house, accompanied by the man and the woman.

The stern, uncompromising exterior of the house prepares us in no way for the delight which awaits us within. As one follows the hostess through the dining-room, with its Mediterranean blue walls and green refectory-table, into the reception-room of imprisoned sunlight, yellow woodwork, and warm, brown furniture, and then into the great green-latticed living-room, with its home-made table, benches, and rugs, its green linen hangings and India print upholstery, one bows again in recognition of that spirit which renders the impossible possible through the courage of its dreams.

Old Deerfield, Massachusetts, lies beautifully situated in the embrace of broad green meadows and wooded heights, with here and there a glimpse of silver from the sinuous river, its single street of ancient houses shadowed by towering elms hoary with age.

We remember that here in 1704 took place one of the most sanguinary massacres by the French and Indians in American history, which left only fourteen of the forty-one houses standing, and after which many of the leading citizens were taken prisoners to Canada.

We pause at a little unpainted house with a green door, above which an old spinning-wheel sign is suspended by a wrought-iron support. It is one of the newer houses, having been built after the massacre, the home of Miss Ellen Miller and the shop of the Blue and White Society, founded by Miss Miller and Miss Margaret Whiting twenty years ago.

In the diminutive show-rooms we are initiated into a new kind of embroidery—

an embroidery which serves a distinct decorative function and is not made for the sake of the stitchery. From the high chest of drawers are brought out curtains, panels, and squares of soft and beautifully blended shades, with designs of quaint significance, pure rhythm, or fancy. On one the full moon is seen through a group of bare trees, shining on a circle of gray-green moss—the fairy ring. On another two gay plumaged hoopoe birds are perched, saucily facing each other on the tops of conventionalized trees, against a background of gray and magenta.

Gradually we learn that the two friends started out together in New York to become landscape-painters, but, returning to Deerfield for a summer vacation, perceived through the light of their superior training that, owing to the poorness of their designs and material, there was a great waste of good labor on the part of the village women in the handicrafts which they pursued in their homes.

In attempting to resurrect some of the excellent early colonial designs for the needlewomen, the friends became interested in the quaintness and beauty of the old colonial embroidery, and felt keenly the gradual decadence of an art the roots of which had been deeply imbedded in American soil and which offered many possibilities in the decoration of the modern home. Abandoning visions of an artistic career, they went into the study of dyeing, and little by little attempted the regeneration of the old patterns along modern lines, supplying the materials and designs for the village needlewomen to execute. At first they restricted their work to the blue and white, but, fascinated with their experiments in color, came to the free and harmonious use of it for which their embroidery is distinguished to-day.

Mrs. Jeanne Durant Rice at work at the Durant Kilns

A group of pottery with Persian blue, violet, and aubergine glazes from the Durant Kilns

Such was the history of the founding of the Blue and White Society, which has bravely persevered in its original purpose for twenty years, although lack of recognition and appreciation of the importance of its work, either historically or ar-

tistically, has often made its existence precarious.

But the influence of the Blue and White Society did not rest here. Its far-reaching effects are felt in every one of the frugal little homes on the village street, where the death of husbands and fathers and the departure of the sons to mills and factories—for industrial progress has made a wide circuit around Deerfield, leaving little beside its past—have shifted the economic burden more and more to the shoulders of the women. Whether it be in the homes of the basket-makers, the rug-weavers, the embroiderers, or the photographers, one is impressed with the wonder of this broad new New England culture, which leans more to New York than to Boston, more toward Italian freedom than toward Puritan restraint, and as much to the new as to the old.

One cannot leave Deerfield, of course, without a visit to its oldest house, the old fort well, the Albany Road, and Memorial Hall, with its colonial bedroom and kitchen, its Parson Williams's cupboard, and the little shoes in which Mary Hawks walked home from Canada.

Journeying eastward over the gently sloping Connecticut valley to high and hilly Gardner, we come to the workshop adjoining the home of Mr. Arthur Stone, master silversmith.

Standing in the little office, we catch a glimpse through the open doorway of a large, pleasant room in which the master is seated at the same work-bench with his men, each absorbed in his own occupation. The men are beating with small-headed hammers small bars of silver destined to become spoons and forks and the graceful handles of pitchers. The master is tinkering with small, fine-pointed instruments at some triangular pieces, the corners of an elaborate book.

Now the master selects from the rack a particular wooden mallet and, placing a dull disk of silver on the anvil, with clear, true, ringing strokes proceeds to raise it before our marveling eyes into the shape of a bowl. Beating it until it is no longer malleable, he plunges it into a bath of fire, and then revolves and beats again, while it gradually assumes proportions of geometrical exactitude, consistent thickness, and with strength where strength is needed, in the firm, even edge.

It may be that our intelligent appreciation has been intensified by a knowledge of the processes involved, or that there is something in even the humblest of us which responds unconsciously to that magic touch which the master hand imparts to inanimate matter, but as piece after piece of the finished work is tenderly unwrapped and laid in our hands, we know that we can never again feel the same about silver, and that all the shining, flawless pieces in the silver-shop windows fade before the beauty and distinction of these pieces, where every part is wrought by cherishing fingers and the beaten surface wonderfully catches and holds the light.

Now and then we catch a glimpse of some of the pieces of the very remarkable silver service which Mrs. E. H. Sothern is having made for a gift to her husband and a great lasting tribute to the art of two masters, the maker and the one for whose use it is designed. Many happy months have already been lavished on the making, with the prospect of years before the whole work will be done, but it is one of those accomplishments which will probably go down in history to the glorification of our age and land.

Boston was the first important center of the craft movement in this country. In 1897, Charles Eliot Norton, intimate American friend of Ruskin and editor of his letters, organized the Boston Society of Arts and Crafts, which bound together the isolated workers throughout New England. In almost all of the suburban towns grouped thickly around the city there are small bodies of craft-workers engaged in some particular industry. Hingham is noted for its toys, the workers of Dorchester turn out an interesting kind of china and glass luster ware, Duxbury has a colony of jewelry-workers, and Dedham is a center for pottery.

In Boston our first objective point was

the workshop of Elizabeth Copeland, enameler. Entering the dim room on the second floor back of an old building, we came upon a tall woman, garbed in an all-inclusive apron, moving with business-like precision between two long tables laden with an assortment of tools and broken bits of colored glass and wires.

As we approached one table we saw a little silver box the cover and sides of which were being filled with brilliant, translucent enamels of such colorful and imaginative charm that for a moment we almost imagined that we were looking at the opalescent green lights in the depths of the sea or the blue of deep evening or the purple shadows of the moon.

One needs to know very little about enamel to feel the spontaneity and beauty of this work, but when one stops to consider that enamel is one of the most difficult means of artistic expression and has deteriorated gradually since its high-water mark in the fifteenth century, we turn to look again at this retiring New England woman whose art rivals some of the glorious achievements of the Renaissance.

Mrs. Robineau at her wheel

Perforated lantern and two vases with carved decoration by Mrs. Robineau

The story of Miss Copeland's life is touched with many of the romantic qualities which lie in her work. From the endless duties of a rural household she managed with great effort to escape once a week during four years to come up to Boston to an art school, without hope or possibility of ever increasing her vision or powers beyond what this school had to give her. In the fourth year she entered the metal-working class, and there attracted the attention of Mrs. J. M. Sears, a patron of enamels and herself an enameler. Through her sym-

pathetic understanding and beneficence the gate of opportunity was suddenly flung open to the unbelieving girl, and she was sent abroad to study enameling under the greatest teachers the time afforded.

Making herself independent of Mrs. Sears's generosity as soon as possible, although her kindness is still a source of inspiration for every new piece of work, she established herself in the little back room in Boylston Street, and worked away day after day from early morning until evening, evolving new ideas and new possibilities, knowing her existence will never be long enough to achieve them all. Some of her work has found its way into Mrs. Sothern's notable collection of American craftsmanship, and into a few of our most progressive American art museums.

The next morning we set out in the direction of Cambridge to the wood-carving shop of Mr. I. Kirchmeyer. In a big loft stored with boards at the top of a building in one of the unbeautiful parts of Cambridge we found him, a gray-haired man with a long, active body and shaggy brows beneath which a pair of keen eyes peered out at us with the suggestion of a twinkle.

Mr. Kirchmeyer is a carver of reredoses, choir-stalls, and various parts of church interiors. He is also a carver of religious figures, in which capacity Mr. Cram, his discoverer, has referred to him as Peter Vischer restored to life, so we must not be surprised if we come suddenly face to face in some dim corner, amid panels and fretted borders, with the figure of a little saint from whose clasped hands the folds of her garments fall primly graceful and upon whose lovely wooden features rests a strange brooding silence.

In far-off Oberammergau, amid its religious traditions and close enough to Switzerland to come under the inspiration of its carving, he learned to whittle at his father's knee, helping him with the little wooden figures, animals, and scenes from the village which he carved on pipe-bowl and clock-case during the long winter evenings.

As the master ran his finger along the inside of a delicate piece of scrollwork, as smooth and finished there as where it is visible to the eye, the twinkle changed to a steady glow of pride, but it returned again when, slyly beckoning us to a corner, he drew from its hiding-place the little piece of ivory which he was carving as a surprise for his wife.

We turn next toward Newton Center, to the home and workshop of the Misses Morse, apostles of modern wood-carving.

The Morse house was found after some difficulty, a simple, unpretentious New England cottage standing out from a charming rural background at the end of an indefinite, grass-grown lane called Morseland Avenue.

Seated in the Morse front room, between the white-haired, delicately flushed Miss Carrie and the energetic Miss Mary, we felt for all the world as if we had strayed into the pages of one of Mrs.

Hand-wrought silver tea-service by Mr. Arthur Stone

Freeman's stories, so impossible did it seem that these slender women, with their long, slender fingers, should have gone in for so sturdy a craft as the carving of wood.

We learn that many years ago Miss Carrie was an invalid and a source of continual anxiety to her sister, all of whose odd pence went toward buying prints of masterpieces, the collecting of which seemed to be the invalid's one source of interest. In the reading which she did in connection with her collection she came across one day a description of some wonderful old Italian wood-carving, and astonished her sister that evening by manifesting a desire to take it up. The necessary implements were procured, and the two sisters took it up together, and so great was Miss Carrie's interest that her indisposition passed away. In the course of their work they came to the attention of Giovanni Triccolli, the Italian artist and wood-carver, who recognized in them the steadfastness of purpose and painstaking sincerity which characterized the craftsmen of old, and for them he opened new fields of ideas and inspirations.

Filigree silver plate. Designed and executed by Miss Knight of Boston

Their work consists principally of delicately carved and gilded frames and mirrors, and, more elaborate oak and mahogany trays, in which the selection of ornament and its adaptation to the structure make them little masterpieces of the carver's art.

It is not surprising that the Morse sisters should be craftswomen, for the house is filled with examples of the handicrafts of their mother and grandmother, and in the hall hangs the framed corner of a piece of carpet made by one of their ancestors and attested by the Massachusetts Historical Society to be the first carpet woven by a woman in the State, and for which she received a prize of five dollars at one of the harvest festivals.

The handicraft shop and Miss Sears's complete bookbindery are among other important points of interest in Boston proper. The handicraft shop is an attempt on the part of several silversmiths to establish a place where they could work together under conditions similar to those in the old gilds. Here one may find Miss Knight, whose beautiful filigree work astonishes all who view it. Miss Sears's bindery occupies the two upper floors of her delightful studio in Newbury Street, and is given over to the teaching of bookbinding to classes of young men and women.

Near Providence one may visit the old Rhode Island mansion of the Talbots, where the New England art of handweaving is being revived. The house, Hearthside, is indeed everything which its name implies, spacious, comfortable, and hospitable, its great rooms filled with the discriminating collections of several generations of Talbots through whose possession the house has passed. Above the fireplace of old delf tiles in the dining-room hangs the portrait of Commodore Silas Talbot, of Revolutionary fame, painted by Benjamin West. On an opposite wall hangs Welcome Arnold, the Friend, who, while he could not fight in the Revolution, showed his public spirit by endowing Providence with its first hospital. In the back drawing-room we come

across the third piano brought into the city, and in one corner of the commodious old kitchen into which we are finally ushered there is enough "junk" to turn a Colonial Dame green with envy.

The experiments in weaving were begun about twelve years ago, when Mr. Talbot was engaged in business in Providence. Several old hand-made looms had fallen into his possession which inspired him with the desire to try his skill at the old craft. After the mechanisms were mastered, he and his wife became very much interested in restoring the old colonial crafts which had been passed down from memory and were in a state of confusion and partial loss. The work gradually became so absorbing, as the beautiful old homespun fabrics, such as had not been turned out in this country for over a hundred years, came from the looms, that Mr. Talbot gave up his business to devote all of his time to the work.

That hand-weaving is an anachronism is certainly disproved by the products of the Talbots' looms. For durability and texture no power-woven materials can compare with homespun, for the very nature of the machine process involves the pressing out of the life of the goods. But in addition to the old delicacy and stoutness of workmanship, the Talbots have achieved all that modern artistic taste has evolved in color, design, and finish.

Our little craftsman pilgrimage is ended in Cos Cob, Connecticut, where we visited the artist's bungalow of Clara Wakeman, whose beautiful orange luster ware has brought joy into many households.

The journey was not aimed to include all the points of craft interest in the area through which it passed, and it can give one only a small idea of the great craftsman resources in this country. In 1911 an American woman, Adelaide Alsop Robineau, sent an exquisite collection of high-fire porcelains to the International Exposition in Turin, Italy, where they were awarded the grand prize, the highest award that could be given, and against the best modern porcelain manufactories in the world. In recognition of her great contribution to the ceramic art of the world, both France and Italy awarded her the highest honors in their power, and yet her work in this country is unglorified and unknown, and some of the rarest pieces for which collectors hereafter will pay fabulous sums have had to be sacrificed to provide for the bare means of sustenance.

It may not be in accordance with the democratic principles of this country to achieve a Sèvres, a Gobelin, or a Dresden, and so far certainly the National Government has been more interested in the raising of pigs than in the making of porcelains, but it is high time that our manufacturers awaken to the economic significance of the American craftsman, and undertake that public-spirited recognition and intelligent utilization of his powers which raised Germany's art products from a position of scorn to the conquest of the markets of the world.

The Master of his Fate

By FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

Author of "They Both Needed It," etc.

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

"I 'VE nothing suitable to wear on my head," concluded Miss Marye. She tossed a flower-trimmed hat on the bed.

"Wait a minute," said Mary. She ran across the hall to her brother Roddy's room, came back, and said, "Here, try on this."

"I don't like to," said Miss Marye. She tried it on.

"It 's awfully becoming," said Mary.

"W-well," agreed Miss Marye. She went down, wearing Roddy's cap.

Roddy was a person of uncommon self-command, but he had to turn his back on the group descending the porch steps in order to conceal his delight.

"I don't believe your brother likes my wearing his cap," murmured Miss Marye in an aside.

"He 's tickled to death," said Mary, carelessly.

Roddy had turned now, and was advancing to say:

"We are to go in the dog-cart, Miss Marye."

"Let me put Miss Marye in the cart," said his father, coming up.

Roddy stood aside with an indulgent air, and Ivor helped Miss Marye into the cart in his gallant manner.

"Be good to my boy," said Ivor as they drove off.

"What a delightful man your father is!" commented Miss Marye.

"Dandy," said Roddy. He flicked a fly from Rustum's flank, and the cart accelerated its speed.

"Won't we reach wherever it is we are to picnic a whole lot ahead of the others?"

"That 's all right," explained Roddy. "We are to stop along the way and fish the creek."

He presently halted Rustum in the shallows beneath a clump of young willows where, lulled by the ever-passing roar of the mountain creek, a trout pool slept in the morning coolness. Here Roddy cast a sober fly. It deftly avoided entangling branches and hovered delicately above the calm pool. There was a flicker, a flash, and a shining, many-colored object, scattering sunlit rain-drops, described a magnificent arc in the air, and descended into the basket at Roddy's feet.

"How beautifully you did that!" exclaimed Miss Marye.

"Well," said Roddy, a pleased expression stealing over his boyish face, "I 've been doing it all my life, you see." He offered her the rod. "Perhaps *you 've* the hand for it. Mary has." He pronounced it Murry.

Miss Marye smiled.

"*Mary,*" Roddy corrected himself seriously.

"After all," said Miss Marye, with an air of having considered the matter, "I rather like to hear you say Murry. Why don't you call me Miss Murye?"

"Miss *Murye,*" said Roddy, thoughtfully and experimentally.

The line jumped. Miss Marye, who had not been attending to her business or who had, we may say, been attending too fervently to her business, jumped, too.

"It 's a big one," she exulted. Roddy took it from the hook while she watched, uttering girlish cries of admiration and pity the while.

"It 's a beauty," said Roddy, showing it to her. Then, instead of placing it in the basket, he very calmly threw it back into the pool.

"Why did you do that?" asked Miss Marye, dazedly.

Roddy's gaze at her was rather blank.

"Why, I don't know," he said. Then he added amazingly: "Yes, I do. You are too sweet to kill things."

During the somewhat silent half-hour

which ensued Roddy filled the basket until it overflowed like a jar of jewels in an Arabian Nights picture, and Miss Marye sat beside him with a far-away expression in her eyes and thought of the man she had loved and lost in the spring. Sometimes she looked at Roddy, gravely about his business of catching enough trout for dinner. She honestly thought him the most beautiful human creature she had ever set eyes on; but he was obviously such a boy. She sighed unconsciously. Roddy glanced around.

"You 're tired of this," he said, with compunction. "We 'll go on now."

The mountain creek foamed down beside them as they drove. The morning shade was as deep as a well and as cool as well-water. Roddy's soft hat lay in the bottom of the cart. He held his splendid bare head as if he owned the earth, and struck up a song.

Miss Marye joined in, and they sang together and laughed together, and Miss Marye did not look twenty-six and crossed in love. She looked twenty and victorious.

Roddy kept stealing glances at her. She had pale-brown hair which, when unbound, came heavily to her knees. She had the candid blue eyes which should go with such hair as that. Her skin was as fair as a magnolia petal and as indestructible as ivory. She wore a rather deeply hued blue sweater coat. She had taken off Roddy's cap of a darker blue, and her pale hair, so full of light, wound and spun itself about her small head in a glorified cocoon such as Roddy had never before looked upon. Her brows were flawless beneath it.

"Mr. Ivor," she began, and paused, waiting. He had patently started to speak.

"Why don't you call me Roddy?" he asked bluntly.

"I don't know you well enough," replied Miss Marye.

"My brother's sister-in-law is almost the same as a relation," said Roddy, sensibly. "What is the use of being formal when you are to be in the house with us —for a long time, I hope," said Roddy, meeting her eyes and smiling in a coaxing way.

"That 's nice of you," said Miss Marye, smiling back, "and it 's lovely to be adopted in this manner by Dexter's people. I *will* call you—" she thought about it—"Roderick."

Roddy's lips twitched.

"Please don't."

"Why?" inquired Miss Marye, somewhat coldly.

"Because no one ever called me that in my life except my father—when he was coming down on me like a ton of bricks."

"Then I 'll call you by your middle name," compromised Miss Marye, "if you 'll tell me what it is."

Roddy blushed vividly.

"I 'd rather not."

"It must be something dreadful."

"Oh—just a family name."

"I 'll ask Murry." She mimicked him adorably.

There was a grim moment of silence.

"Maude," said Roddy, desperately.

"Oh," said Miss Marye, faintly. She clasped her long, lovely, white fingers around her blue-serge knees and continued, "Well, I certainly can't call you—"

Roddy stirred nervously.

"Mau—"

Roddy looked almost sulky.

"Roddy," said Miss Marye, just above her breath.

Roddy glanced at her so quickly that she caught the tenderness in his eyes.

"Would you like to call me Susy?"

"I 'd be a cheeky beggar doing that," said Roddy, "just because you 're kind."

An odd pause followed. Roddy resumed speech, though not of the subject.

"Don't you like the creek here? There is a fall by the arbor-vitæ yonder. Shall we go over?"

Miss Marye meekly agreed to explore the fall, and Roddy assisted her across the rocks to the ledge which divided the tumbling water. She peered over the ten-foot descent, restrained by his respectful fingers, while he related mountain legends of the depth of the pool below.

"It makes me dizzy," she told him at last, retreating beyond the spray to a seat on a fallen tree. Roddy sat with his legs dangling over the flat ledge, watching her, and playing with the blue cap miraculously turned hers.

It was beginning to be warm. Hot sunbeams wandered about, and came to rest on Miss Marye's hair, changing its spun brown to spun gold. She rolled up her white silk sleeves.

"Your elbows have dimples in them," announced Roddy in the accurate tone of the scientific discoverer.

It tickled the Miss Marye who was twenty-six. She laughed helplessly.

Roddy viewed her merriment with his indulgent smile; but he was inwardly flustered, and gave the cap a twirl suited only to a boomerang. As the cap was not a boomerang, it went over the fall.

"Idiot!" exclaimed Roddy in a low tone full of vexation, and went over after it.

Miss Marye screamed. There was a great splashing for a moment, then a great trampling through bushes, and Roddy emerged on the opposite side of the creek, dripping like a trout in the air, but waving the cap. He crossed to her, leaping from stone to stone, sometimes in the water and sometimes out, and hung the cap on a sycamore limb beside her blue sweater.

"She had fled to the rustic seat by the creek with her letters"

"What in the world made you do that?" asked Miss Marye.

"You made me, laughing at me like that."

"I mean going over into the water like a fish."

"Oh, that was to get the cap."

"Why could n't you go around and get it?"

"There is a small whirlpool there. I did n't have time to go around. It would have been sucked down."

"What difference would that have made?" demanded Miss Marye, still petulant and nerve-shaken. "Are you so fond of that old cap?"

"Yes," said Roddy, gazing at it steadily.

Miss Marye turned a deep pink. She rose, putting out her hand to take down her sweater at the same moment as Roddy. Their hands and eyes met.

"Sorry I frightened you," said Roddy. "I forgot you were a town girl."

Miss Marye smiled a little tremulously at him.

"You take my hat," said Roddy. He crammed on the wet cap.

He helped Miss Marye into the cart,

but walked by it himself, explaining that he was too wet to get in by her.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Marye.

"All right," said Roddy, continuing to walk by the cart.

They plodded for another mile at a slant toward the sky; suddenly they slid over the top of the rise, and there below them the road had come to an end in a tiny mountain meadow overgrown with long grass as bright and fine as a mermaid's tresses, and bowed as if by the washing of waves across its surface. The great creek embraced it on two sides, and on all sides the forest rose, and beyond the forest towered the mountains, heavenly blue and beautiful.

Miss Marye gazed as if rapt by beauty. For the first time the man whom she had loved and lost became a little and faraway and negligible memory. Quietness and healing stole into her heart, and its wounded pride was stilled. Her face was very sweet as she turned to Roddy.

"Roddy," she said, making one of those unconsidered confidences which flatter the masculine recipient, "I 've been terribly unhappy, but some way I feel happy now." Roddy stood very still, just looking at her. "But you can't understand. You 've never been unhappy in your life, have you?"

"I 've been unhappier than you could ever have been," replied Roddy, astonishingly, "and I know what you mean about —all this." He glanced around him and out to the peaks.

"You?" said Miss Marye, disbelievingly.

"I acted badly once. I was unworthy," said Roddy, quaintly, but from his heart. "You could never have had that unhappiness. You have always been good and beautiful."

"Some one I loved was unworthy," sighed Miss Marye.

A great wave of warm, protective feeling surged up in Roddy's heart.

"The creek looks dangerous," said Miss Marye, nervously.

"Oh, just a little swift. Shall we go out into the river and around the island?"

"I don't believe you can make it around the island."

"Don't you?"

He smiled at her as he helped her into the skiff. She was awkward about this business of getting into a plunging boat, and Roddy's palms tingled from the contact of fluttering, frightened fingers. He picked up the oars, just holding them, and instinctively avoiding snags as they drifted riverward.

"Better than loafing in the house," said Roddy.

The brimming creek was indeed delicious that morning. They floated soundlessly beneath an arch of young willow branches toward the tumultuous foaming of the river. Miss Marye put back a straying filament of the brown hair and looked at Roddy with assent in her contented eyes. She bloomed, a human flower, amid all that gray greenery.

"Yes, it is," she said belatedly.

Coming around the upper end of the island gave Roddy his chance. The current here ran like a mill-race, and he bent to his oars and fought with the river. In the narrow stretch between island and shore the river rose up and fought back. Some of the wild water fell in the boat. Miss Marye uttered a cry of alarm.

Beads of diamond dew flecked Roddy's temples. His lips were a bitten line. The dark flush of exhausting effort overspread him. He thought:

"I can do it, but I 'm just an idiot—showing off."

With a final mighty pull he swung the skiff into a shallow among the eddies at the mouth of the creek.

"How strong you are!" said Miss Marye in an awed tone.

"How silly I am!" panted Roddy. "I 'd no business trying to make that with a girl in the boat."

"But you made it," said Miss Marye.

Roddy could n't help preening himself.

When they reached the house, after dallying along the creek path, they paused to examine the mail lying on a hall table.

"Most of it is yours," said Roddy, offering her several letters.

They went on through to the front porch, and Miss Marye sat down on a step to read her letters. Roddy, on the railing above, opened his one letter, which was from his freshman chum. It was full of boy stuff, and he chuckled over it, forgetting for the moment that he now inhabited the Land of Lovers, so much farther on toward the end of all than Jock's Boy Country. When next he turned to speak to Miss Marye she was not there.

She had fled to the rustic seat by the creek with her letters, there to weep over the one which told her that her lost lover was lost indeed, engaged, in fact, to a girl whom she had always distrusted and detested. Miss Marye had, perhaps, cherished dreams of regaining her lost lover. At any rate, she now wept bitterly and as one without hope, forgetting all about Roddy.

That evening at dinner, however, she was very gay, and after dinner she sauntered with Roddy in the starlight on the lawn, and found a certain consolation in his boy's face gazing at her with so sweet a wonder.

"We 'll have a climb in the morning," said Roddy.

Half-way up the Slide next morning, where the great round boulders the devil spilled many ages back were thickest, they stopped to rest. Miss Marye's cheeks matched her pink flower-colored tie.

"You look like a little girl," said Roddy, delightedly, "and you can climb like one, too."

He now went before her, for it grew much steeper, and they really climbed. Roddy had to keep reaching a hand back to her. This occurred so frequently that he said:

"Just you swing on to me until we reach the top."

"How strong you are!" said Miss Marye again when, breathless and glowing, they stood with the world dropping away from them in every direction.

"Look!" said Roddy in a confusion of tremors and masterfulness. "The river looks like a creek in a wide meadow."

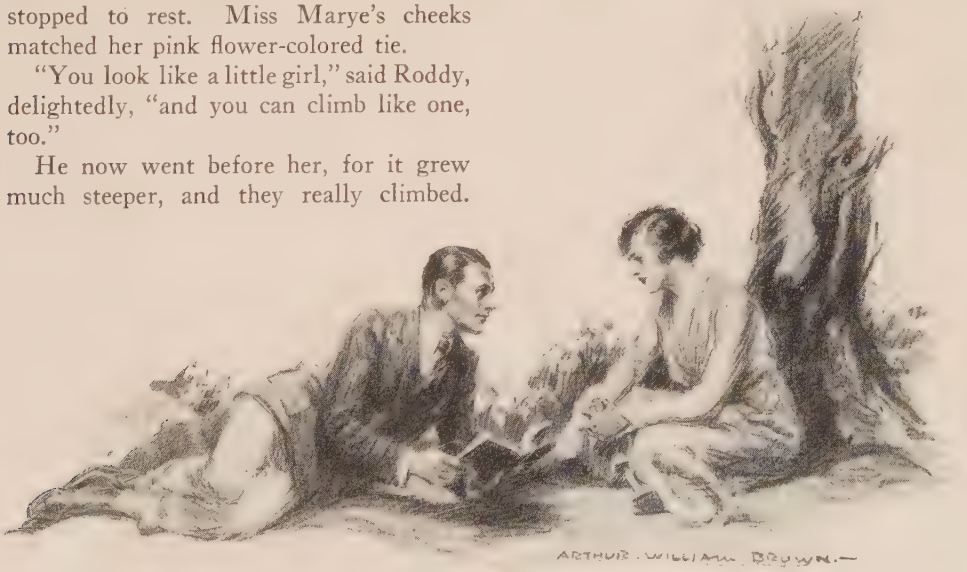
"It does, exactly. And your home—how far away it seems in the shadow of the hills!" Some light in Roddy's face made her add, "You must be very fond of Cedarcliff, it 's such a lovely old place."

"Yes," said Roddy, eagerly. "I like that about the English, the way they keep up a home from age to age. I 'd like to be the one to keep up my home."

"I 've lived in a good many places," said Miss Marye, "but my father never let us stay anywhere long enough to make a real home."

Roddy heard this plaint with tempered pity.

"It does n't make so much difference to a girl. No matter how much she cares for her home, she leaves it."



"'Are you thinking that I am a foolish boy?' asked Roddy, with his little air of indulgence"

"Gets married, you mean?"

Roddy nodded, coloring, a reddening, as of sunrise, all over his smooth forehead and throat.

She sat down beneath a tall pine, and he lay on the slope at her feet, his close-clipped, dazzling, dark head almost touching her knee. Her glance wandered over it.

"Your hair has little sparkles in it," said Miss Marye, idly.

"Guess it 's trying to be red," said Roddy.

He opened the small volume of poems they had brought along, and read the first thing that came to sight, with some indefinite intention of ridding himself of the self-consciousness suddenly obsessing him when the talk turned on home and marriage.

" 'I am the captain of my soul,' " read Roddy. It happened that he had never read the poem before. It rang a bell in his soul. "I 'd just about thought it out that way myself," said Roddy, his brilliant gaze on the row of blue peaks across the river, "the time I mentioned to you, when I 'd acted so badly. My father sent me off by myself to a little hunting-camp we have back in the mountain yonder. I was up there alone for a week, and I had all the time there was to think myself out in. I found out then that the most important thing in the world was never to be a coward about anything." Miss Marye was enveloping Roddy in a wondering attention. She did not know precisely what to do with this line of conversation, so she did nothing, and after a glance back and up into her intent blue eyes, Roddy continued, "And ever since then I 've known what I meant to do with my life." He looked back to the book.

"Tell me, Roddy," invited Miss Marye, really curious.

"Oh," said Roddy, catching the note of curiosity, "it 's nothing startling. I 'm just going to stay here and help run the place if my father will have me; and I 'm going to marry some day," went on Roddy, with a mysterious smile at the blue peaks, "and I am going to lead the life of a Christian gentleman," he concluded in a firm and unembarrassed voice.

But it is safe to say that no collocation of words could have startled Miss Marye more or have been more totally unexpected. Then she felt ashamed of herself for being startled and surprised. After all, though it sounded queer to hear a boy speak like that, she recalled having read in biographies that some very famous men had been Christian gentlemen; that this was, in fact, an epithet of honor—in a biography. She concluded that it was meeting with it out of its book which made it sound queer. She smiled at her thought.

"Are you thinking that I am a foolish boy?" asked Roddy, with his little air of indulgence.

"Ah," said Miss Marye, "now you are thinking that I am a foolish girl, Roddy."

Roddy gave her a starry and adoring glance, then stooped and laid his lips, unkissed as yet by love, to the hem of Miss Marye's soft, silky-textured skirt.

"That 's what you are to me," flamed Roddy.

Afterward he dropped his dizzy head in his arm on his knee.

The shining, vibrating silence lay between them like sharp sunlight across streaming water. Miss Marye sat while the moments flowed, and gazed at Roddy's bowed head and wondered what dreams spun through it. But whatever they were, she knew that love had come to her again in this guise of a boy with the flowers of wonder and worship fresh in his hands. She could not help finding it sweet. At the summer's end she meant to go her way. In the meanwhile she shrank from the loveless days. She bent rather uncertainly, and touched Roddy on the head.

It came up. He returned her look, humbly waiting.

Tears came to the girl's blue eyes. When she bent to Roddy and kissed him on the forehead it was the most unconsidered action of all her unconsidering little life.

To Roddy it was an accolade. He shone so with happiness that she turned her eyes away, dismayed, ashamed.

What he said to her was unexpected. as usual.

"Look at your home down there," said Roddy, "all in the sun now."

WHEN Miss Marye opened the door of her room she found Mary in it, arranging flowers and spreading lace scarfs on the tops of things.

"Have a nice climb?" asked Mary, pleasantly.

"A nice climb?" echoed Miss Marye. "Why, yes. What a charming view of the house one gets up there!"

She kissed Mary as she spoke, putting both arms around her from behind. At this unexpected caress Mary looked around sharply. She read her companion like a love-story. She said in a casual manner, as she replaced a small calendar on the dresser:

"Just think, Roddy will be nineteen tomorrow."

"Nineteen," repeated Miss Marye in an odd voice. She had thought Roddy twenty-one at least.

"Yes," said Mary; "there 's not much difference between us." She glanced back from the door to add, "Breck came home while you were out."

"Breck—is he the brother who went West?"

"No; he is the one papa sent South."

She vouchsafed no further information for Miss Marye's guidance, but betook herself to her mother's room.

"Susy 's got Roddy making love to her, Mama," said Mary, without preamble.

Her mother accepted the news tranquilly.

"Might n't it as well be Susy? Roddy won't expect to marry Susy."

"You don't know Roddy, Mama. If he ever kissed a girl, he would expect to marry her."

"Not without her consent, I trust," said her mother, still tranquilly.

"You won't be serious about anything, Mama."

"Why should I be serious, now that Breck 's home?"

"Breck may think he must n't meddle."

"If it were Croy, yes; but he looks on Roddy as a mere infant."

"I don't see how he can now."

"Well, he will pretend that he does. I think I may say that I know my own little stepson. Where is he now, by the way?"

"In the library with father. Father 's angry at his coming home before the doctors said he might."

"No use hurting his feelings now he *is* here. Run down, Mary, and rescue him."

Mary left her incurably light-hearted and ridiculously young mother, but she did not intrude on the men in the library.

Breck heard her pass the door and hoped she was coming in to create a diversion. He sat on the edge of the library table, looking sulky.

"You promised me to stick it out," said Ivor. "Why did n't you keep your word?"

"I 'm all right, Father," pleaded Breck. "I feel fine; honest, I do. Those old grafters just want to make off you. I 'm all right."

"Never want a drink, eh?"

"Well, I 'm not going to take one if I do."

"Same old thing to go through with in six months. I 've a mind to pack you straight back. I don't know now why you are here."

"I got so damned homesick, if you want to know," said Breck, in an unusual outburst of unaffected candor. Nervous tears blurred his eyes. He looked away.

"All right," said Ivor, after a pause. His voice was kind and understanding as he added, "But no drinking, Breck; get that in your head."

"Certainly not, Father," said Breck, cheering up.

He stood up as if to go, but lingered. Ivor studied him for a while before handing him a letter. Breck read it through with eyes filled with oaths.

"Sorry," said Ivor; "doctor's orders, you see. Show me that you mean to behave yourself, and you can have money."

Breck turned pale with anger. He took a step toward the door. Ivor halted him.

"And, Breck,"—Breck looked around,—"no borrowing from Roddy."

Breck flared scarlet.

"Damn it! I 'll get work somewhere."

"Bully for you, Breck!" said Ivor in a sad sort of irony. Still he jumped up and strode after Breck, stopping him at the door. "You know perfectly well that it is only for your own good that I make myself disagreeable," he said. "You know I want you home."

"No, I don't," said Breck, in a petulant outburst; "I don't know that at all."

"Oh, yes, you do, old fellow," said Ivor, smiling. He stood thinking, and there was a weak spot, rather than a tender one, in his heart for Breck that presently made him say, "If I take it upon myself to disobey orders, will you play fair?"

"Yes, Father," said Breck, with downcast eyes.

"Well, come back here." He sat down at his desk and made out a generous check. "No use doing things half-way," he thought.

Breck, Ivor was certain, had for the space of a second, perhaps, an impulse to hand back the check, to admit that he must n't be trusted with money yet. But the impulse, if there, came to nothing, and he put the check into his pocket instead, saying with some feeling:

"You are very good to me, Father, and I 'll do my best to play fair." After a decent pause he changed the subject.

"Who is the girl staying here? I caught a glimpse of her on the stair."

"Miss Marye, Dexter's sister-in-law."

"Oh, is *that* Miss Marye? Yes, Dexter wrote me about her."

He went on out, irrepressibly more jaunty in bearing.

Roddy was in a hurry. He was to meet Miss Marye and take her for a row that afternoon. Passing by a barn in process of construction, his attention was diverted. Near some scaffolding, about a horse, evidently injured, stood a group composed of Ivor, Breck, and a scared-looking negro boy. Approaching closer, Roddy perceived the animal to be a young mare that they had been pasturing to accommodate a neighbor, a new man recently settled among them.

"What 's up?" asked Roddy.

"This damned boy left the pasture gate open last night," said Ivor, "and the mare strayed in here and had a fall."

"Foreleg broken," added Breck.

Roddy stooped, examining the leg.

"You 're the very chap I want, Roddy," said Ivor. "You go right on over to Carson's and buy his confounded horse of him. Pay what he asks and keep your mouth shut. This is nothing I could have helped, but naturally he won't see it so. I 'm putting it off on you because I 'd probably have to knock him down if I went myself, and I 'm trying to keep the peace nowadays." He grinned rather reluctantly at Roddy.

"All right, Father," said Roddy, grinning back, though somewhat soberly. He put the signed blank check in his pocket and departed, not fancying his job in the least, disappointed at not getting his row with Miss Marye, and certain that Breck would carry her off walking and flirt with her.

He went through the hall, looking into various rooms, but he encountered only Cassie, the housemaid, from whom he learned that the girls had strolled to the post-office. He left a hastily scribbled note with Cassie, who promptly laid it down and forgot all about it.

Breck was on the porch when Miss Marye returned, and made himself agreeable.

"I wonder what became of Roddy," she said presently in a careless tone. "He was going to row me to Green Cove."

"Roddy?" said Breck. "Why, I saw Roddy going across the river half an hour back."

Miss Marye's head went up.

"Oh," said Breck in an indulgent tone, "Roddy 's nothing but a big kid. What he does or does n't do is n't of the least importance to grown-up persons."

"I don't mind Roddy not coming to take me rowing," explained Miss Marye; "I merely object to being ignored."

"If you 'll come for a walk, I 'll promise not to ignore you," Breck said laughingly.

Roddy, glancing up when midway in his dusty ride, beheld a bit of blue on the ridge overlooking Devil's Slide. He was too sensitively in love not to know at once that it was Miss Marye's parasol, and that the white speck beside it was Breck's Panama.

As he entered the front door on his return, Miss Marye, apparently unaware of his presence, was disappearing up a stairway. Roddy hesitated a second, then, catching sight of Ivor out back, went to report.

They talked business until interrupted by Breck.

"Breck," said Roddy, "I hope you explained to Miss Marye why I failed to keep my engagement with her." He added, "I saw you two on the ridge above the Slide."

"I don't think you need apologize, Roddy," said Breck. "I think Miss Marye enjoys the society of a grown man occasionally."

Roddy's eyes turned black. His fingers flew shut. Ivor, who had been immersed in some reflections of his own, roused at the sound of Breck's sneering words. His eyes fell on Roddy's fist. He put a prompt hand over it.

"None of that!" he said sharply. Roddy remained silent, and his fist turned back to a hand. "What 's it about, anyway?" Ivor added.

"I don't know," said Breck. "You 'll have to ask Roddy."

Ivor addressed Roddy:

"If you had an engagement to take Miss Marye somewhere, why did n't you say so?"

"That was all right, Father," said Roddy, "or it would have been if Breck had played fair."

"Well, you boys must n't quarrel," said Ivor. "I won't have it."

"I 'm not quarreling," said Roddy, disdainfully. "I simply asked Breck a question."

"No, then!" said Breck, explosively.

Ivor, his hand still on Roddy's, looked from one to the other.

"Roddy 's nothing but an overgrown kid," went on Breck, turning to Ivor. "He bores Miss Marye to death. She 's too kind-hearted to let on, but you can see for yourself, Father, that he would. He 's rather cheeky to expect to monopolize a pretty woman of twenty-six or seven. I know all about Roddy. He thinks Susy Marye a little angel. I 'll bet he 's never even kissed her all these weeks. Now, she 's not an angel at all. She 's a girl who has been sent to us to be distracted from an unhappy love-affair."

"Did n't know you fellows poached," said Ivor to Breck.

"I don't care a hang. It 's merely a matter of being nice to a visiting girl, and of doing what Dexter wrote me to do, cheering up Miss Marye. As for poaching, if Roddy were grown up, I 'd never look at his girl; but he 's just a kid. Look at him now," said Breck, cruelly, "ready to cry because he 's heard the truth."

Ivor's hand lifted quickly from Roddy's; but Roddy had other matters in mind at the moment. That faint quiver, as of wind on still water, which Breck had misread, really indicated exultation. "A pretty woman of twenty-six or seven," and Roddy had supposed her not more than twenty. His head reeled.

"Tease away, old Breck!" said Roddy, striding off.

Ivor gazed after him in some bewilderment.

"I hoped the kid was going to knock you down," he said to Breck.

"I knew why you let him go," grinned Breck.

"*Were* you just teasing?" asked Ivor, thoughtfully.

"Not a bit of it, Father," answered Breck, too carelessly to be lying. "It 's all true. He does bore Miss Marye. I 'd like to give her a good time if he would get out of the road occasionally."

"He did n't seem to bore her before you came. And," added Ivor, "I should think Roddy could hold his own with a girl."

"He could," admitted Breck, "if he was n't a blithering idiot."

"How do you know he does n't make love to her?"

"Oh, he does, I suppose, of a sort. Gets her off in a boat and reads poetry to her. Nice way to amuse a charming woman of—"

"Well," interrupted Ivor, abruptly, "I hope all my boys were once decent enough to think all women angels, Breck. Roddy will find out soon enough that they all are n't. Keep your hands off, can't you?"

Roddy had Miss Marye cornered on the stair-landing.

"Did you get my note?" he demanded.

"What note?"

"Then you did n't, and it 's all right," said Roddy, shining down on her. He explained at length.

"Of course, what your father wished came first," agreed Miss Marye.

"I knew you would think so," said Roddy, never seeing for a moment that she considered it at least a debatable proposition. "Did you have a nice time with Breck? I saw you, you know, up on the ridge. I knew your blue parasol. I wanted awfully to be up there with you."

"Then I should n't have had Breck," teased Miss Marye.

"I guess I do bore you sometimes," said Roddy, humbly.

Evening light from the high stair-window slanted between them. Miss Marye, hands dropped along her summer gown, pale brown head back against the dove-gray panel, lifted her blue eyes and let them dwell on Roddy's beautiful, beseeching boy's face bent above her.

"Roddy," said Miss Marye, "I think you must be the very sweetest boy in the whole world. Don't you want to go rowing this evening—to make up?"

"I can't, Susy," stammered Roddy. His distress was evident. "You see, I 've got to get that mare swung up. I would n't let them shoot her,—you don't shoot a man when he breaks his leg,—but it is some job to get a horse swung just right. I 'll have to be at the stables all evening, I 'm afraid."

"Can't Breck see to the horse?"

"Why," said Roddy, "it 's my job. Father was going to have her shot, but I begged her off; and he told me to take her for keeps and not to let him hear anything more about her. So, you see?"

"Yes."

"And we 'll go rowing in the morning?"

"Oh, if you can get off."

"Now you are vexed," said Roddy, stooping to smile at her.

She could n't help smiling back.

"Only because I want you with me."

Roddy's next words amazed her.

"Are you twenty-six?" asked Roddy.

"Why?" she parried, though taken aback.

"It makes it more wonderful than ever," said Roddy.

"What?" asked Miss Marye, altogether at sea.

"That you could care for me," said Roddy in a pale passion of humility.

"Roddy," said Miss Marye again, "I do think you are the very sweetest boy in the world."

She had run away up the stairs before Roddy could make any sort of reply to a statement which was becoming rather familiar.

During the ensuing week Roddy was much occupied at the stables, and this left Miss Marye to Breck's devices.

Roddy said to himself that it was all right for Susy to amuse herself with old Breck; that he certainly did not expect her to mope unattended because the job of the mare's broken leg proved unexpectedly exacting and difficult. He tried to be philosophical over the situation and almost succeeded. It was not that he doubted Susy's good faith, he mused; it was rather that he had his own private man's opinion of Breck.

He had not mentioned this matter of Susy to Ivor, but that was merely because she had asked him not to mention it to any one. There was plenty of time, she said, and Roddy might change his mind. But this last had hurt Roddy so much that

"'You don't know Roddy, Mama. If he ever kissed a girl, he would expect to marry her'"

she had to pretend it to be a poor sort of jesting.

Still, he came very near mentioning it the evening he chanced on Ivor basking all alone in the moonlight on the upper porch.

"Did n't feel like coming down to-night," said Ivor, "but why are *you* here?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Roddy, pulling out a chair so that it faced Ivor's. He put his knee up, and his arms behind his head, and smiled at his father.

"How 's the mare?"

"She 's going to do all right, I think," said Roddy. He went into details. "You 'll want her back when I get her well."

"I guess you 'll have earned her by then," said Ivor, with his friendly little grin and glance.

"Well," said Roddy, speaking his thought almost unconsciously, "she 'll make a dandy mount for Miss Marye next summer."

"Oh," asked Ivor, "is she coming back?"

Something in Ivor's tone made Roddy ask, with a pause of heart:

"Don't you like her, Father?"

"Why, of course I like her," said Ivor. "I like her immensely. I consider her a most attractive and beautiful girl. I was only thinking that a city-bred girl must find it dull here."

Roddy smiled mysteriously. He longed to confide in Ivor then and there. He was, indeed, about to speak when his pretty mother appeared in the doorway. Both men jumped up, but Ivor pushed Roddy aside:

"She 'll have my chair."

"Goose!" said Kathy, taking it.

"I 'll have yours now," said Ivor to Roddy.

The long-chairs stretched side by side, and Roddy sat on the porch rug, his head against his mother's knee, her fingers playing with his hair.

Ivor secured her unengaged fingers.

"Mama 's got two sweethearts she can count on, anyway," said Ivor.

"Goodness! I have n't got Roddy," said Kathy. Amusement overflowed her soft way of speech. "Miss Marye 's got Roddy."

Roddy reached up and drew her palm against his lips.

"U-m-m!" murmured Kathy. She withdrew her hand, held it out in the moonlight, gazed from it to Ivor. Ivor chuckled, and got hold of that hand, too.

"Roddy," he said, "go on down and talk to Miss Marye. Can't you see that your mother wants me to make love to her?"

Roddy departed, smiling at his foolish elders. Only Kathy smiled back. Ivor had turned grave.

"You don't think the girl 's in earnest, do you?" he asked as Roddy vanished.

"That girl! Why, she 's already making up to Breck." She added, "But Roddy 's in earnest."

"Oh, yes," agreed Ivor, heavily.

"Don't you bother about Roddy. Roddy can run himself."

"He conveys that impression, certainly," said Ivor, glad to take this view of it. "But why do you think the girl is making up to Breck?"

"Saw her," said Kathy, succinctly, looking at him—"like this—under the honeysuckle on the porch. Breck was about to kiss her when I stepped out."

"How 'd you say she was looking at Breck?" asked Ivor.

"Just so," said Kathy, looking up at Ivor.

"Huh!" said Ivor, "if she looked anything like that I don't see how Breck kept from kissing her, even if you did step out, you little marplot!"

"Goose!" said Kathy, submerged and blushing.

Ivor released her. Their eyes met almost shyly. The two broke out laughing.

"But all the same, honey," said Ivor, turning serious again, "don't you know this staying sweethearts is the greatest thing in the world?"

Roddy went through the lower hall seeking silence and seclusion. The back porch, with its long, dim stretches of shade and pools of silver light, appeared to offer these, and he mounted on a railing and sat gazing with musing, brilliant eyes through the irregular opening in the vines which framed a mountain scene far away beyond many moonlit hills and valleys.

Roddy was in the exalted mood, immortalized for us by our essayist, in which the lover prefers his musings of the beloved to her actual presence.

In this mood reality was mixed with dream. He heard and did not hear, saw and did not see. It was so that he heard, yet did not hear, steps approaching along the path leading from the big rock by the creek where a rustic seat invited sentimental couples. The steps continued to approach. Roddy continued to muse and remain oblivious. They paused almost beneath him, and were replaced by voices. These voices penetrated Roddy's trance. He looked down, and very nearly beneath his railing beheld Breck and Miss Marye standing close together. She was looking up at Breck. Her face in the moonlight was very young. Breck, his slight, mocking smile more in evidence than usual, gazed down at Miss Marye.

"Getting pretty tired of the infant class, were n't you?" asked Breck, as if pursuing a topic.

She made a girlish little face of assent. Breck, laughing, bent rather impulsively, and kissed her derisive mouth.

In Roddy's heart something turned its face to the wall and died.

He must have given a low, involuntary cry of grief or of farewell, for the two looked quickly up, and Miss Marye stood transfixed. She had not meant to lose Roddy's worship; she had sense enough to know it a treasure well worth a woman's keeping. But Breck only said blithely:

"'If you 'll come for a walk, I 'll promise not to ignore you,' Breck said laughingly"

"Well, listeners, you know, old fellow."

He had, as Roddy knew now, known that Roddy was there all the time.

Roddy swung himself over the railing and down before them. He addressed Miss Marye.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I was mooning out here and did n't hear you two coming by."

He passed them, taking the path leading to the highroad. A few yards along this path he encountered Mary and a young man who was gathering Mary a rose for her hair.

"Murry," said Roddy, "if any one asks for me, say that I 've gone for a walk, will you?"

Mary assented absently. She did not look around. Only when he had almost disappeared from sight she said, glancing after him:

"Why, Roddy is by himself! How queer!"

Later that evening she found Miss Marye alone on the porch.

"O Mary," said Miss Marye, her voice breaking, "Roddy 's furious with me."

Mary waited, gazing at her in silence.

"H-he caught Breck kissing me," confessed Miss Marye, unhappily.

"I told you not to let Breck kiss you," said Mary. "Breck kisses any girl who will let him. He does n't mean a thing by it. I would n't lose Roddy for a dozen Brecks—I mean his good opinion," flashed Mary. "I don't mean that I ever expected anything to come of his loving you. There is too much difference in your ages."

Even under this Miss Marye was meek; but she flared out at Breck:

"I hate Breck for that. I 'm sure he knew Roddy was there."

"Oh," said Mary, scornfully, "you 'd better keep Breck. You won't get Roddy back."

She passed by Miss Marye, viewing her discomfiture with satisfaction, and, encountering Ivor in the hall, stopped to be kissed and complimented on the becomingness of the rose in her dark hair.

"By the way," said Ivor, "do you know where I can find Roddy? I 'm off to town early to-morrow, and I want to leave some directions with him."

"Roddy caught Breck kissing Susy," said Mary, with her appalling feminine frankness, "and he 's such a funny boy—he thought Susy a perfect angel, you know, Papa. He was awfully hurt about it, I guess. He went off toward the road."

"Did n't he say anything?"

"Yes; he called to me to say that he had gone for a walk if any one asked for him."

"Oh, well," said Ivor, "he will be in presently, I dare say."

He went on into his room, which he had down-stairs that summer. Its low windows opened on the back porch, and after he had smoked his pipe out he stepped through one of these windows and strolled down the path. At the gate he halted, listening for a time, then opened it, and strolled up the road toward the mountain.

A mile back it branched. Ivor stood for a good while at this branching of ways. Sometimes he looked long in one direction, sometimes long in the other, and sometimes up the mountain road, which now began to climb.

All three roads were innocent-looking pathways disappearing among infolding wreaths of shrubbery and taller tree foliage, but of them two led to places where an unhappy boy might seek an unworthy revenge on a too frail ideal.

Now, Ivor did not believe Roddy had gone to Worth's saloon. He looked down the other road. He had far rather Roddy had gone to Worth's saloon than down that other road. He sighed in his doubt, and looked up the mountain road once more. A few paces on something gleamed in a patch of moonlight. Ivor could have hurrahed over the little fraternity pin as he picked it up.

"I 'm a fool," thought Ivor.

He turned, and went back home and to bed. He rose early. He had not slept so soundly that he did not know Roddy had not come in. As he left the house to go to the stables a splash arrested his attention, and he turned instead to the rock by the creek. Some one had dived off the little bluff.

Ivor looked down on the fresh, swirling water where the willow tips dipped. Roddy's shining shoulder and dark, dazzling head divided the tiny waves. He flung up an arm to Ivor.

"Come in," he gestured.

Ivor shook his head vigorously, with a grimace for the icy morning water. He sat down beneath the pine to wait. In a few minutes Roddy appeared. Ivor had never seen him look gayer. He felt aggrieved.

"Come here, you darn kid," he said, "and give an account of yourself."

Roddy, a foot on the bench, strung up a shoe before he answered:

"Where do you wish me to begin, Father?" He began on the other shoe.

"You might begin from the time you dropped this," said Ivor. He passed the fraternity pin to Roddy.

"Glad you found it," said Roddy, im-

passively. "How far up did you come across it?"

"A few yards beyond the Three Roads."

"That 's a very good place to begin," said Roddy, "because it won't take long to tell from there on."

"It won't, eh?" said Ivor, looking curiously at Roddy.

"Why, no," said Roddy, standing up, and thrusting an arm into a sleeve, "I just went on up to camp, and sat on the steps for an hour or so. Then I came back home, and," said Roddy, accenting the otherwise unaccented words with a clear, direct gaze into Ivor's eyes, " 'washed the night off me.' " He stooped to pick up his belt, adding: "Sorry if you were bothered at all. I thought you 'd think I was able to take care of myself."

"Well, I did," said Ivor, thoughtfully —"I did after I found that pin."

"Why after?" asked Roddy. He stopped pulling at his belt to glance questioningly at Ivor.

Ivor said to himself:

"I *was* a fool." He answered aloud, "Oh, I just meant I knew where you 'd be apt to go."

"It 's a good old place to find oneself in," said Roddy. He hung his coat over his arm, and smiled at his father as at his friend. "May I brush my hair in your room?"

"Sure; why don't you have a nap there before breakfast?"

"Can't. I 've got to look after my horse."

Ivor postponed his trip to town for an hour, and they went down to the stables together. His most careful scrutiny could not discover in Roddy anything of the languishing lover. His voice, as he jollied the negro boy or coaxed the mare, rang cheerfully true. He whistled like a thrush as they obeyed the summons to breakfast.

The family group had assembled. Roddy kissed his mother good morning, greeted the others in a matter-of-fact tone, and drew out his chair. Breck looked at him hard, Mary curiously, and Miss Marve stole glances from beneath drooping lashes that resembled a couple of small, discouraged sunbeams.

"Why are you all so glum?" asked Roddy. He helped himself to bacon and eggs with a lavish hand. "Miss Marye, may I have the rolls by you there?"

Their hands met as she passed the platter. Roddy's hand was steady; Miss Marye's shook a tiny bit. Her lashes lifted long enough to let her blue glance plunge in Roddy's hazel glance.

"Nothing doing," said Roddy's hazel glance. It said this so plainly that Roddy might as well have uttered the words. She drew back as indignantly as if he had spoken, and became very lively with Breck. Roddy ate his breakfast with the unassumed nonchalance of a hungry boy at peace with the world.

Ivor put up his paper to conceal a grin, and later threw Kathy a glance that promised a confidence. Roddy, joining them on the upper porch half an hour afterward, caught them having it.

"Don't let *me* interrupt you," said Roddy.

Ivor's eyes twinkled.

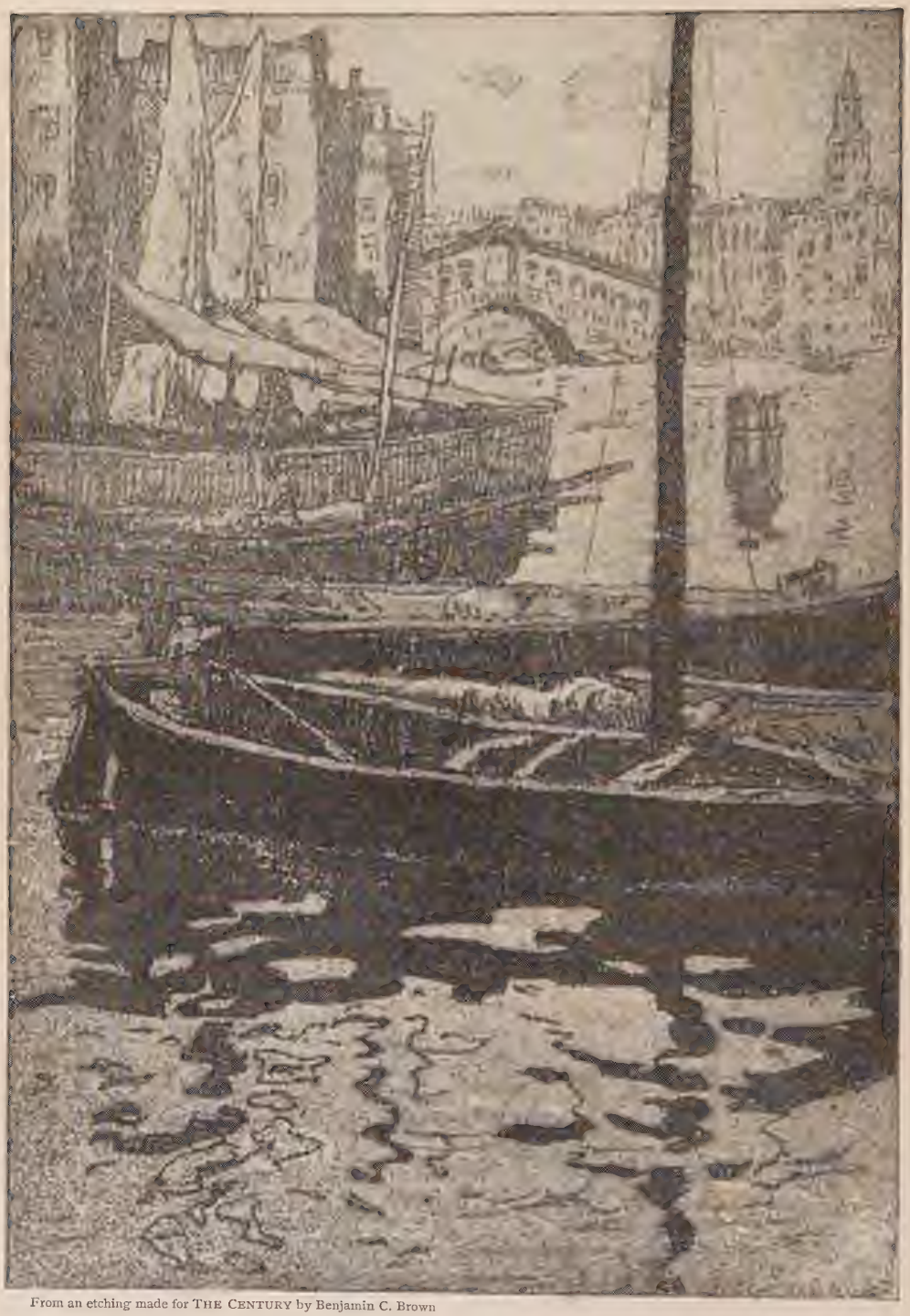
"Just through, thank you," he said. "Well, I 'm off."

He disappeared, laughing to himself, and Kathy and Roddy perched together on a railing among the wet vine leaves. Roddy pulled clematis sprays and tossed them to Kathy. She sat twining and binding these sprays into a wreath, which she presently flung on Roddy's unsuspecting head.

"Now you look like a young emperor in an ancient history," said Kathy.

"Stop making a monkey of your little boy," ordered Roddy, removing the wreath and holding it behind him. He added, "I guess you can have him back if you want him, Mama." Kathy's look pounced on Roddy. He did not evade it. He even let her see the empty place in his heart where that poor, beautiful dead thing had lain to be mourned for the space of a summer night.

"*But* I 'm all right, Mama," said Roddy. "When I 'm over a thing, I 'm over it. I 'm *all* right."



From an etching made for THE CENTURY by Benjamin C. Brown

"'Venetian boats—'
I had forgotten Venice!"

Venetian Boats

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

"VENETIAN boats—"
I had forgotten Venice!
I had stopped remembering it was there.
Blood and flame is what I have been thinking
Over there;
Flame and blood,
Famine, and the trenches, and the mud,
Soul-destroying mud
(Always they are telling of the mud).
Dreadful, mended faces I 've been thinking,
Ghoulish cripples;
Now I stare
At the placid pattern of the ripples.
It is *there!*
With a rush of memory returning,
Now I can remember,
And I know
What seems here a gentle, sallow silence
Is a quivering shimmer
And a glow,
Opalescent,
Silver,
Iridescent, ...
Colored like an abalone-shell.

Veronese,
Giorgione,
Titian,
Tiepolo, this is where they dwell!
I shall hold remembrance fast in future,
Clinging to the comfort I have caught;
It shall be a secret sanctuary
For my thought.
Sails of cream and crimson in the sunset,
Crumbling palaces of pinky pearl,
Lantern lights,
Dawns of gauze and days of silk and amber,
Velvet nights;
Sleepy slipping, slapping, of the water;
And my little cake shop's silly show!
Tintoretto's shy child, Virgin in the Temple,
Step by step ascending the great stair,
And a certain very grave young angel
In a whispering corner that I know.
"Venetian boats—"
I had forgotten Venice!
I had stopped remembering it was there

The Leatherwood God

By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

Author of "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "A Modern Instance," etc.

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

Part VII. Chapter XVI

REDFIELD came rather later than he had promised, excusing himself for his delay.

"I was afraid the frost had caught my tobacco last night; but it seems to be all right as far as I can see. I stayed till the sun was well up before I decided."

"It *was* a pretty sharp night, but I don't believe there was any frost," the squire said. "At least Dylks did n't complain of it."

"Dylks?" Redfield returned.

"Yes. Did n't you know he was out again?"

"No, I did n't. If I had that fellow by the scruff of the neck!"

The squire knew he meant the sleeping sentinel at the thicket where Dylks had been hidden, and not Dylks. But he said nothing, and again Redfield spoke:

"Look here, Squire Braile, I think you did a bad piece of business letting that fellow go."

"I know you do, Jim, but I expect you 'll think different when you 've seen him."

"Seen him? You mean you know where he is?"

"Yes."

"Well, all I 've got to say is that if I can lay hands on him he won't give me the slip again."

"Suppose we see," the squire said, and he opened the door into the room where Dylks was cowering, and remarked with a sort of casualness, as if the fact would perhaps interest them both: "Here 's one of the Lost, Dylks. I thought you might like to see him. Now sit down, both of you, and let 's talk this thing over."

He took a place on the side of the bed, and the enemies each faltered to their chairs in mutual amaze.

"Oh, sit down! sit down!" the squire insisted. "You might as well take it comfortably. Nobody 's going to kill either of you."

"I don't want to do anybody any harm," Dylks began.

"You 'd better not!" Redfield said between his set teeth; his hands had knotted themselves into fists at his side.

"I 'm all weak yet from the fever I had there, with nothing but water and berries," Dylks resumed in his self-pity. "I *did* think some of my friends might have come—"

"I took good care of that," Redfield said. "They did come at first, with something to eat, but they knew blame' well we 'd have wrung their necks if we 'd 'a' caught 'em. We meant to starve you out, that 's what, and we did it, and if it had n't been for that good-for-nothing whelp sleeping over his gun, you would n't have got out alive."

"Well, that 's all right now, Jim, and you 'd better forgive and forget, both of you," the squire interposed. "Dylks has reformed, he tells me; he 's sorry for having been a god, and he 's going to try to be a man, or as much of a man as he can. He 's going to tell the Little Flock so, and then he 's going to get out of Leatherwood right off—"

Dylks cleared his throat to ask tremulously:

"Did I say that, Squire Braile?"

"Yes, you did, my friend; and what 's more, you 're going to keep your word, painful as it may be to you. I 'll let you manage it your own way, but some way you 're going to do it; and in the meantime I 'm going to put you under the protection of Jim Redfield here—"

"*My* protection?" Redfield protested.

"Yes, I 've sworn you in as special constable, or I will have as soon as I can make out the oath and have you sign it. And Dylks will get out of the county as soon as he can—he tells me it won't be so easy as we would think; and when he does, it will be much more to the purpose than riding on a rail in a coat of tar and feathers. Why," he broke off, with a stare at Dylks, as if he saw his raggedness for the first time, "you 'll want a coat of *some* kind to show yourself to the Little Flock in; the Herd of the Lost won't mind; they don't want to be so proud of you. I must look up something for you, or perhaps send to Brother Hingston; he 's about your size. But that don't matter now. What I want is your promise, Jim Redfield,—and I know you 'll do what you say,—that you won't tell anybody that the Supreme Being is hiding in my loft here till I say so, and when I do, that you 'll see no harm comes to him from mortals—from Hounds and such like, or even the Herd of the Lost. Do you promise?"

Redfield hesitated.

"If he 'll leave the county, yes."

"And *you,* 'Jehovah, Jove, or Lord'?"

"I will as quick as I can, Squire Braile; I will, indeed."

The squire rose from the edge of the bed.

"Then this court stands adjourned," he said formally.

Redfield went out with him, leaving Dylks trembling behind. He said:

"I ain't sure you ain't making a fool of me, Squire Braile."

"Well, *I* am," the squire retorted. "And don't you make one of yourself, and then there won't be any."

Redfield still hesitated.

"I 'd just like to had another pull at that horse-tail of his," he said wistfully.

"Well, I knew old man Gillespie had n't quite the strength; but I thought maybe Hughey Blake helped pull—"

"Hughey Blake," Redfield returned scornfully, "had nothing to do with it."

"Well, anyway, I hear it 's converted Jane Gillespie, and she was worth it, though it was rather too much like scalping a live Indian."

"She 's worth more than all the other girls in this settlement put together," Redfield said, without comment on the phase of the act which had interested the squire, and went down the cabin steps into the lane.

Braile turned back, and opened the door of the room where Dylks was lurking.

"Better come out now," he said not ungently, "and get into a safe place before folks begin to be about much. Or wait—I 'll put the ladder up first." He brought the ladder from the kitchen, where he exchanged a fleeting joke with his wife, still at her work of clearing the breakfast things away, and set it against the wall under the trap-door of the loft. "Now, then!" he called, and Dylks came anxiously out.

"Ain't you afraid—" he began.

"No, but *you* are, and that 'll do for both of us. There 's nobody round, and if you 'll hurry, nobody 'll see you. Push the lid to one side, and get in, and you 'll be perfectly safe," he said as Dylks tremulously mounted the ladder. "I don't say you 'll be very comfortable. There 's a little window at one end, but it don't give much air, and this August sun is apt to get a little warm on the clapboards. And I don't suppose it smells very well in there; but the coon can't help that; it 's the way nature scented him; she had n't any sweetbrier handy at the time. And be careful not to step on him. He 's not very good-tempered, but I reckon he won't bite you if you don't bite *him.*"

The kitchen door opened, and Mrs. Braile put her head out. She saw the ladder and the two men. Then she came out into the porch.

"Well, Matthew Braile, I might have knowed from the sound of your voice that you was up to some mischief. Was you goin' to send that poor man up into that hot loft? Well, I can tell you you 're not." She went into the room they had left, and they heard her stirring vigorously about beyond its closed door, with a

noise of rapid steps and hard and soft thumpings. She came out again and said: "Go in there now, Mr. Dylks, and try to get some rest. I 've made up the bed for you, and *I 'll* see that nobody disturbs you. Matthew Braile, you send and tell Mr. Hingston,—or *go,* if you can't ketch anybody goin' past,—and tell him he 's here, and bring some decent clothes; he ain't fit to be seen."

"Well, he don't want to be," the squire said in the attempt to brave her onset. "But I reckon you 're right, Mother. I should probably have thought of it myself —in time. I 'll send Sally or Abel, if they go past,—and they nearly always do,—or some of the hands from the tobacco-patches. Or, as you say, I may go myself towards evening. He won't want to be troubled before then."

XVII

At the first meeting in the Temple after the open return of Dylks to his dispensation, the Little Flock had apparently suffered no loss in number. Some of his followers had left him, but his disciples had been busily preaching him during his abeyance, and the defection of old converts was more than made up by the number of proselytes. The room actually left by the Flock was filled by the Herd of the Lost, who occupied all the seats on one side of the Temple, with Matthew Braile and his wife in a foremost place, the lower sort of them worsening into the Hounds, who filled the doorway and hung about the outside of the Temple.

The whole assembly was orderly. Those of the Little Flock who conducted the services had a quelled air, which might have been imparted to them by the behavior of Dylks; he sat bowed and humble on the bench below the pulpit, while Enraghty preached above him. It was rumored that at the house-meetings the worship of Dylks had been renewed with the earlier ardor; there had been genuflections and prostrations before him, with prayers for pardon and hymns of praise, especially from the proselytes. Dylks was said to have accepted their adoration with a certain passivity, but to have done nothing to prevent it; there was not the more scandalous groveling at his feet which had stirred up the community to his arrest. There was as much decorum as could consist with the sacrilegious rites which were still practised with his apparent connivance.

He now sat without apparent restiveness under the eyes of the two men who had the greatest right to exact the fulfilment of his promise to forbid this idolatry, to end the infamy of its continuance, and to go out from among the people whose instincts and conventions his presence outraged. Near Redfield sat David Gillespie, with his eyes fixed on Dylks in a stare of hungry hate, and with him sat his daughter, who testified by her removal from the Little Flock her renunciation of her faith in him. Redfield looked a greater patience than Gillespie, and at times his eyes wandered to the face of the girl, who did not seem to feel them on her, but sat gazing at her forsaken idol in what might have seemed puzzle for him and wonder at herself. Others who had rejected him merely kept away; but she came as if she would face down the shame of her faith in him before the eyes of her little world. Sometimes Dylks involuntarily put his hand to the black silken cap which replaced the bandage Nancy Billings had tied over the place where the hair had been torn out. When he did this, the girl moved a little; her face hardened, and she stole a glance at Redfield.

The schoolmaster went on and on, preaching Dylks insistently, but not with the former defiance. He did not spare to speak of the cruel sufferings inflicted upon their Saviour and their God, who had borne it with the meekness of the Son and the mercy of the Father. The divine being who had come to sojourn among them at Leatherwood in the flesh for the purposes of his inscrutable wisdom might have blasted his enemies with a touch, a word, but he had spared them; he had borne insult and injury, but in the Last Day he would do justice, he the judge of all the earth. Till then let the Little Flock have

"They swarmed forward to the altar-place and flung themselves on the ground, and heaped the pulpit-steps with their bodies"

patience; let them have faith, sustained by the daily, hourly miracles which he had wrought among them since his return to their midst, and rest secure in the strong arms which he folded about them.

Dylks sat motionless.

"Well, Mother," Matthew Braile hoarsely whispered to his wife, "I reckon you 'd better have let me put him up with the coon. The heat might have tried the mischief out of him. He has n't kept his word."

"No, Matthew, he has n't," she whispered back, "and I think his lying to you so is almost the worst thing he 's done. The next time you may put him with the coon. Only, the coon 's too good for him. But Jim Redfield will look out for him."

"Jim 'll have to let him alone. We can't have any more mobbing, and there 's no law that can touch Dylks in the State of Ohio. We settled that the first time."

Enraghty abruptly closed his discourse with a demand for prayer, and addressed his supplication to the Saviour and the Judge incarnate there among them. The Little Flock sang the hymn which always opened and closed its devotions, and at the end, Hingston, who sat by Dylks on the bench below the pulpit, made a movement as if to rise. But Dylks put out his hand and stayed him. He welcomed Enraghty to the place which he left beside Hingston, and slowly, with the step of one in a dream, mounted the stairs of the pulpit, amidst the silent amaze of the people. He began without preamble in the blend of scriptural text and crude every-day parlance which he ordinarily used.

"Ye have heard it said aforetime that the New Jerusalem would come down here in Leatherwood, but I say unto you that all that has passed away, that the words which were spoken by the prophet might be fulfilled, 'Many are called, but few are chosen.' Verily, verily, I said unto you, that heaven and earth shall pass away, but the words I speak now shall not pass away. If the works which have been done in Leatherwood had been done in Tyre and Sidon, the New Jerusalem would have come down in both places, for they did not stone the prophets as the Herd of the Lost did in Leatherwood."

"He means that morning when he took up the pike and the fellows chased him into the tall timber," Braile whispered to his wife; "but *I* can't tell what he 's driving at."

"Be still!" she said.

Many of the Little Flock groaned and cried aloud; the Herd of the Lost, except for one shrill note of bitter laughter, were silent, and only those who sat near perceived that it was Jane Gillespie who had laughed. Redfield looked round at her, unconscious of his look.

"I go a long way off," Dylks proceeded, "and some of my beloved, even my Little Flock, cannot follow me; but though they cannot follow me, even the lame, halt, and blind shall be with me in the spirit, and shall behold the New Jerusalem where I will bring it down."

Many of the Little Flock at this cried out:

"Where will it be, Lord?" "Where will the New Jerusalem come down?" "How shall we see it?"

"With the eyes of faith, even as ye have seen the miracles I have wrought among ye, which were shown to babes and sucklings and were hidden from the wise of this world. But now I go from you, and my feet shall be upon the mountains and shall descend upon the other side, and there I will bring down the New Jerusalem, and there ye shall be, in the flesh or in the spirit, to behold the wonder of it."

Some of the Little Flock cried out again:

"Oh, don't leave us, Father!" "Take us all with you in the flesh!" "We want to be taken up with you!" and then some of them entreated, "Tell us about it; tell us what it will be like!"

Dylks lifted his eyes as if in the rapture of the vision.

" 'Its light shall eclipse the splendor of the sun. The temples thereof, and the residences of the faithful will be built of diamonds excelling the twinkling beauty of the stars. Its walls will be of solid gold, and its gates silver. The streets

will be covered with green velvet, richer in luster and fabric than mortal eye ever beheld. The gardens thereof will be filled with all manner of pleasant fruits, precious to the sight, and pleasant to the taste. The faithful shall ride in chariots of crimson, drawn by jet-black horses that need no drivers; and their joys shall go on increasing forever. The air of the city shall be scented with the smell of shrubs and flowers, and ten thousand different instruments all tuned to the songs of heaven shall fill the courts, and the streets and the temples, and the residences, and the gardens, with music like ear hath not heard, swelling the soul of the saved with perpetual delight.' "

Sighs and groans of ecstasy went up from the Flock at each of the studied pauses which Dylks made in recounting the wonders of the heavenly city, fancied one after another at the impulse of their expectation. At the end they swarmed forward to the altar-place and flung themselves on the ground, and heaped the pulpit-steps with their bodies.

"Take us with you, Lord!" they entreated. "Take us all with you in the flesh!" "Don't leave us here to perish among the heathen and the ungodly when you go!" Then some began to ask, as if he had already consented, "But what shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed on that far journey?"

Dylks leaned forward against the pulpit-desk, and showed a few coins drawn from the pocket of Hingston's pantaloons which he was wearing.

"These shall be enough, for out of these three rusty old coppers I can make millions of gold and silver dollars."

The frenzy mounted, and the Herd of the Lost, who began to tire of the sight, left the Temple. Redfield followed out behind Matthew Braile and his wife.

"That settles it," he said. "I 'll see to Mr. Dylks in the morning."

"Now, I look at it differently. He 's going, like he said he would, and we 've got to let him go in his own way, and bring down the New Jerusalem Over-the-Mountains, or anywhere else he pleases, so he don't bring it down in Leatherwood."

"I say so, too, Matthew. He 's keeping his word the best he can, poor lying soul! They would n't let him back out now."

"I don't want you to trouble him, Jim Redfield, till you have a warrant from me," Braile resumed, braced by his wife's support. "And I want you to keep the Hounds away, and give Dylks a fair start. You know the law won't let you touch him. Now do you hear?"

"I hear," Redfield said sullenly, with the consent which Braile read in his words. "But if there 's any more such goings on as we 've had here to-night, I won't answer for the rest of his scalp."

He hurried forward from the elderly couple and overtook the Gillespies, walking rapidly. Hughey Blake had just fallen away from them and stood disconsolately looking after them.

"Is that you, James Redfield?" David Gillespie asked, peering at him in the night's dimness. "This is the man that helped me to get you a lock of that scoundrel's hair," he said to his daughter.

She answered nothing in acknowledgment of the introduction, but Redfield said, coming round to her side and suiting his step to hers:

"I would like to go home with you till my road passes yours."

"Well," she said, "if you ain't ashamed to be seen with such a fool. Nobody *can* see you to-night," she added bitterly, including him in her self-scorn.

"You need n't imply that I like it to be in the dark. I would like to walk with you in broad day past all the houses in Leatherwood. But I don't suppose you 'd let me." She did not say anything, and he added, "I 'm going to ask you to the first chance." Still she did not say anything, though her father had fallen behind and left the talk wholly to them.

XVIII

NANCY sat at her door in the warm September evening, when the twilight was beginning to come earlier than in the August days, and her boy rushed round the

corner of the cabin in a boy's habitual breathlessness from running.

"O Mother, Mother!" he called to her, as if he were a great way off, "guess what!" He did not wait for her to guess. "The Good Old Man is goin' to leave Leatherwood and go Over-the-Mountains with the Little Flock, and he says he 's goin' to bring down the New Jerusalem at Philadelphy, and all that wants to go up with him kin go. Mr. Hingston 's goin' with him, and he 's goin' to let Benny. Benny don't know whether he can get to go up in the New Jerusalem or not, but he 's goin' to coax his father the hardest kind."

He stopped, panting at his mother's knees, where she sat on the cabin threshold nearly as high as he stood. She put up her hand and pushed the wet hair from his forehead.

"How you *do* sweat, Joey! Go round and wash your face at the bench. Maybe Jane will give you a drink of the milk, while it 's warm yet, before she lets it down in the well. She 's just through milkin'."

The boy tore himself away with a shout of "Oh, goody!" and his mother heard him at the well: "Wait a minute, Jane! Mother said I could have a drink before you let it down," and then she heard him, between gulps, recounting to the girl's silence the rumors she had already heard from him. He came running back, with a white circle of milk round his lips. "Mother," he began, "have you ever been Over-the-Mountains?"

"No, I 've never been anywhere but just here in the country, and where you was born, back where we moved from."

"Well, Mother, how old am I now?"

"You 're goin' on twelve, Joey dear."

"Yes, that 's what I thought. Benny ain't on'y ten, and he ain't as big for his age as what I am. He 's been to the circus, though; his father took him to it at Wheeling that time when he went on the steamboat. I wisht I could go to a circus."

"Well, maybe you kin when you grow up. Circuses ain't everything."

"No," the boy reluctantly. "Benny says the New Jerusalem will be a good deal like the circus. That 's the reason he coaxed his father to let him go. Is Philadelphy as far as Wheeling?"

"A good deal further, from what I 've heard tell," his mother said; she smiled at his innocently sinuous approach to his desire.

He broke out with it.

"Mother, what 's the reason I can't go with Benny and Mr. Hingston and the Little Flock? They 'd take good care of me, and I would n't make Mr. Hingston any trouble. Me 'n' Benny could sleep together. And the Good Old Man he 's always been very pleasant to me. Patted my head oncet, and ast me what my name was."

"Did you tell him it was Billings?" his mother asked uneasily.

"No, just Joseph; and he said, well, that was his name, too. Don't you think the Good Old Man is good?"

"We 're none of us as good as we ought to be, Joey. No, he ain't a good man, I 'm afraid."

"My!" the boy said, and then after a moment, "I don't want to go, Mother, unless you want to let me go."

His mother did not speak for a while, and it seemed as if she were not going to speak at all, so that the boy said, with a little sigh of renunciation:

"I did n't expect you would. But I 'd be as careful! And even if the Good Old Man ain't so very good, Mr. Hingston is, and he would n't let anything happen to me."

The woman put her hand under the boy's chin, and looked into his eager eyes, which had not ceased their pleading. At last she said:

"You can go, Joey."

"Mother!" He jumped to his feet from crouching at hers. "Oh, glory to God!"

"Hush, Joey! You must n't say things like that. It 's like swearing, dear."

"I know it is, and I did n't mean to. Of course it 's right in meetin', and it kind of slipped out when I was n't thinkin'. But I won't say any bad things; you

"'I would like to walk with you in broad day past all the houses in Leatherwood'"

need n't be afraid. Oh, I 'll be as good! But look a' here, Mother! Why can't you come, too?"

"And leave your little sister?" She smiled sadly.

"I did n't think of that. But could n't Jane take care of her? She 's always carryin' her around. And Uncle David could come here, and live with them. He would n't want to stay there without me or no one."

"It would n't do, Joey dear."

"No," the boy assented.

"You can go and tell Benny I said you might go, if his father will have you."

"Oh, he *will;* he said so; Benny 's ast him! And he said he 'd take good care of us both."

"I 'm not afraid. You know how to take care of yourself. And, Joey—"

She stopped, and the boy prompted her: "What, Mom?"

"When I said the Good Old Man was n't a good man, I did n't want to set you against him. I want you to be good to him."

"Yes, Mother," the boy assented in a puzzle. "But if he ain't good—"

"He ain't, Joey. He 's a wicked man. Sometimes I think he 's the wickedest man in the world. But I want you to watch out, and if ever you can help him or do anything for him, remember that I wanted you to do it: a boy can often help a man."

"I will, Mother. But I don't see the reason, if he 's so very wicked, why—"

"That 's the very reason, Joey dear. And go and tell Benny now that I let you go. And—don't tell him what I said about the Good Old Man."

"Oh, I woon't, I woon't, Mom! Oh, glory— Oh, I did n't mean to say it, and I did n't, really, did I? But I 'm so glad, and Benny 'll be, too! Can I tell him now? To-night?"

"Yes. Run along."

He hesitated; then he leaped into the air with a joyful yell, and vanished round the corner of the cabin into the dusk.

His mother did not leave her place on the threshold, but sat with her face bowed in her hands. By and by Jane Gillespie came to the door from within, and then Nancy lifted her head and made room for her to sit beside her. She told her what had passed, and Jane said:

"If I was a man, I would— Well, I know what I would do!"

She did not sit down, but stood behind Nancy and talked down over her shoulder.

"Yes," Nancy said, "that 's what I used to say when I was a girl. But now I 'm glad I ain't a man, for I would n't know what to do."

"Well, I would n't 'a' left a hair in his head. I 'd 'a'—I 'd 'a' half killed him! Oh, when I think what a fool that man made of me!"

"Don't let Jim Redfield make a fool of you, then."

"Who said I 'm letting him?" the girl demanded fiercely.

"Nobody. But don't."

"Aunt Nancy, if it was anybody but you said such a thing! But *I* know. It 's because you 're so set on Hughey Blake. Hughey Blake!" she ended scornfully, and went back into the cabin.

Nancy rose from her place with a sigh.

"Oh, I s'pose you 're right about my lettin' Joey go. *I* don't know why I let him."

(To be concluded)

Farmer Sleep's Savings

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Author of "Demeter's Daughter," etc.

Illustrations by W. T. Benda

THE Lord's hand goeth light here and heavy there, and His ways with man are full of mystery; for none can say why for He 'll be gentle with the wicked and hard with the virtuous man, or why for He chastens them He loves best, or lets the famous sinner flourish like the green bay-tree in the sight of the nation. But this I know from my own amazing experience, that He tackles good and bad in one fashion only, and that idden according to human manners and customs, but because He can see the end from the beginning, and knows the manner of mind we be molded in, and what firing each man and woman needs to make them useful crockery, so as they shall justify their existence in this world and save their souls in the next.

To look at me, an old chapel member and useful in the pulpit, a man well thought upon and known to be honest and patient and trustworthy, and a man ever ready to advise the young out of long experience, and a father of a grown family doing good work in the world—to look at me, Tobias Keat of St. Tid, you 'd think you saw an old chap as had been blessed with sense and religion and wise parents and a good disposition from his youth up; and yet if you thought so, you 'd think as wrong as could be. For till I was one and twenty years of age I 'd got no sense nor yet religion, but a proper wilful temper and a rebellious character, and did n't care no more about doing my duty to my neighbor than a tom-cat does. Right-down wicked, in fact. And as for my parents, they be underground now, and so enough said; but truth 's truth, and it won't hurt 'em to tell it, and the truth is that my father spent half his time locked up for poaching or worse, and my poor mother, as might have been good with another sort of man, was wicked with father, and she lost her self-respect and went down hill, and died afore she was fifty along of being intemperate. She took to the bottle to drown her sorrows, poor woman, and, as often happens with females, the bottle soon drowned her. So the people said I had bad blood in me, which was true, and when they turned me out of the quarries for no fault but laziness and slackness, it looked as if I should have to wait longer than I wanted to get more work.

My mother was dead then, and my father happened to be going straight for the minute and making a sort of living doing a bit of fish jowstering, and he cussed me for losing my job proper, and said I was a disgrace to him and such like. But I took no 'count of him, because it was his way to be cruel' virtuous between his lapses. What I had to do was to get work or go for an emigrant to Canada, and if it had n't been for a girl by the name of Betty Bake—one of the Bakes of Newhall Mill—I dare say I should have gone. Only seventeen year' old she was, but she and me were tokened on the quiet. Her mother never would have allowed it if she 'd knowed; but she did n't know, and nobody knew, because Betty liked mystery, so we kept company in secret, and meant to marry some day and surprise St. Tid. That could n't be, however, till I 'd scraped a bit of cash, and when I lost my quarry job, Betty pulled a face, and I was half afeared she 'd throw me over. Terrible fond of money she was, and no more particular than me how she comed by it; and if there 'd been any way at St. Tid for me to get a bit, little she 'd have cared how I did. But there were n't no doubtful silver to be picked up in our church town, for 't was

always a poor and God-fearing place, with more chapels than pubs in it. So, though I 'd have done wrong for money just as soon as right in them evil days of my youth, there did n't seem none to tempt me, and I wore out a pair of boots looking for honest work, and at last I found some along with Farmer William Sleep of Lanteglos Meadows.

A hundred acres and no more the man had, but it was his own, and he made a bare living out of it, and after getting a fortnight's job in the hay-fields, and working harder than ever I worked before, and behaving so good as gold, you may say, to gain my own ends, I asked him to let me stop, and swore he 'd never regret it if he did.

He was an old man, thin as a new-come woodcock, and rather bird-like himself, for that matter; for he had a pointed nose and a sloping brow and a bald head and a mouth like a slit in a money-box. An excitable, bird-witted sort of man. A suspicious chap, too, and would n't trust nobody. Easily scared off an opinion and prone to distrust his own judgment, and much given to fretting and grizzling and prophesying bad luck that never happened. And when some other old chap would laugh at him afterward, and point out how he 'd worried for naught, Farmer Sleep would say it was his undying custom to look on the dark side, because it was better not to be disappointed, and if things did n't fall out so bad as he feared, then he 'd get a mite of comfort, which was all to the good. A widow-man he was, and thought to be harmless enough.

"Why for did they chuck you from the quarries?" he asked me when I begged to be took on regular.

"Because I did n't neighbor to the work, Master," I told him. "I was a rock man, and I hated it, and my heart were n't in it. But I 'm properly fond of the land and very wishful to l'arn farming, for my nature goes out to it."

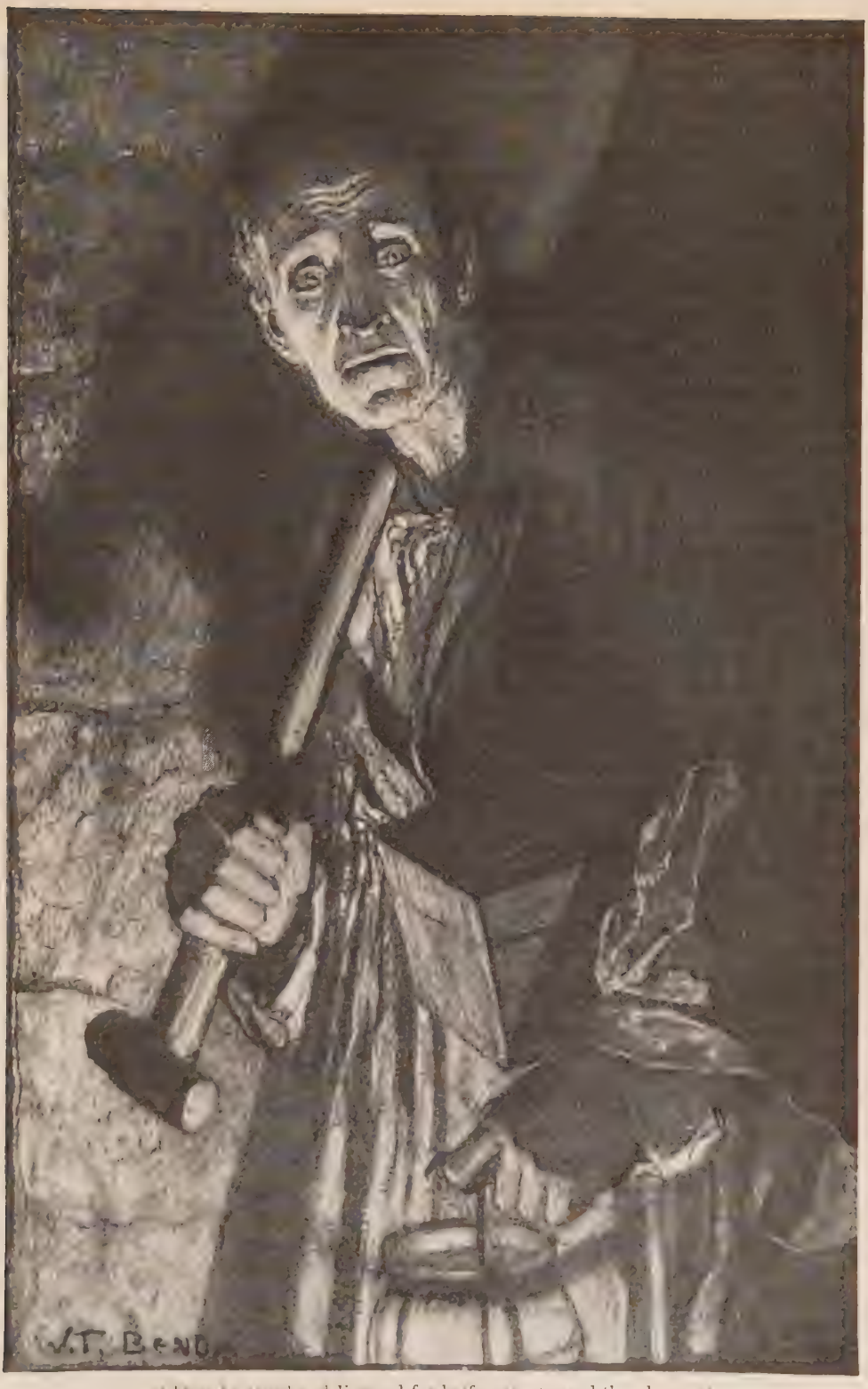
I discovered after that he 'd been in two minds for a good bit about sacking his second man; and as he believed my yarn and liked the look of me, he took me on. He drove a pretty tight bargain for a start, but he said, if I was so good as my promises, he 'd rise me after six months, so I left the room where I 'd lodged in St. Tid with my mother's sister, and took up my quarters in a little dormer attic in the roof of Lanteglos Meadows Farm. And I worked hard, and soon found that the way to please old Sleep was to keep my mouth shut and stick to my job.

I did n't get much time to play about, but me and Betty met Sundays, and I was always on the lookout on the quiet to find something with more money to it and less work. After six months I got fifteen shilling' a week, and after another six I got a pound, and when he gave it to me, farmer said I must n't count on no more rises for a month o' Sundays and more, because things were terrible tight and he 'd had proper bad luck with his lambs. Which was true.

And Betty was getting a bit restive and wondering if we could wed on fifty-two pound' a year, and I was half in a mind to try, when a bank broke, and I took to crooked ways and did evil in the sight of the Lord. The parties are all gone but me now, so I can tell the story, and seeing that I 'm the villain of the tale and covered with confusion and shame, you might very well wonder how I care to do it. But I do it for conscience' sake, and for a lesson to the young men and maidens to go straight and fear their Maker.

'T was Polwarn & Trelissick's bank that broke, a private affair, held so safe as the Bank of England by folk in north Cornwall; and it hit a lot of poor people cruel hard and frightened the rest. And Trelissick got two years in prison, for 't was proved he knew in good time what was coming and had n't been straight; but Polwarn was in his grave ten years before, so he was taken from the wrath to come.

Well, as I say, not only them that were hit, but them that escaped, found themselves in a rare flutter over this sad come-along-of-it, and nobody was in a greater terror than my master. He had n't lost a



"Then he stood and listened for half a minute and then he went off by the lane to the orchard"

penny, but he properly lost his nerve, and he declared most steadfast' that when one broke, 't was deathly certain you 'd very soon hear a lot more would follow after.

"No more banks for me," he said. "I 'll have my money where I know where to put my hands on it in future."

And the very next day he put on his market clothes and went to Launceston, and come back presently with a very heavy hand-bag what I had to carry for him from the station.

Then the silly old man had another fright, for no sooner was his cash safe hid somewhere—none knew where—than Orchard Farm, betwixt Lanteglos and St. Tid, was broke into by night, and a bit of money took, and some Sheffield plate.

It properly worried William Sleep, I do assure 'e; and if he 'd had any hair left, I doubt it would have turned white with fear.

Mrs. Tonkin, our housekeeper at Lanteglos Meadows, spoke to me about it.

"He 's between the dowl and the deep sea, poor soul," she said, "and his nerves be all over the place. For if he keeps his money, so like as not 't will be stolen from him, for they thieves always smell it out; and if he puts it in a bank, the bank will be sure to break. So he 's in a proper tantara; and that shows money 's a cuss, whichever way you look at it, and the more cash the more worrit."

"How much might he have, ma'am?" I asked.

"He might have a million from the way it frets him," she told me. "But what 't is I don't know and don't want to know."

Farmer fussed and fumed for two days and was always running up to his sleeping-room at all sorts of odd times; then a terrible queer thing happened, and my troubles and temptations began.

There were n't no blind to my window, and I was lying awake one night bothering about Betty Bake, for we 'd had words, when I see a light flash up against the ceiling over my head. The clock down-stairs had just gone two, so that I knew that no common thing was afoot, and as the light moved and disappeared, I went to my little window and looked out. 'T was rainy, with a hidden moon, and I very clearly saw a man moving below, and thought as the burglar had found us at last. But in a minute I saw 't was no burglar, but Farmer Sleep himself. He carried a lantern in one hand and a lump of something in t' other, and I saw him go across the farm-yard into a byre, where the hand tools was kept, and a minute later he came out with a spade. Then he stood and listened for half a minute, and then he went off by the lane to the orchard.

Of course I guessed very quick what he was up to, and the spirit of adventure got hold on me; so I pulled on my trousers and my coat and took my boots in my hand and slipped down-house and out. He 'd shut the front door after him, but I went in the scullery and out o' the window as quiet as an owl. Then I got on my boots, and very soon was in the orchard. I stood still for a bit, and presently, a good ways off, heard the old man digging. So I crept forward on my hands and knees, and soon saw he was very busy under an old walnut-tree that stood in the corner of the orchard. There was a pile of "deads" and rubbish under the tree, as had been there time out of mind. 'T was a corner no good for nothing, and us went there but once a year, when the walnuts was ripe, to beat the tree and gather 'em.

I watched, and did n't have to wait long, for the old chap had soon dug a hole a yard into the rubbish-heap. And that done, he thrust in his parcel, and rammed it home with his foot, and made all same as it was before. He held up his lantern then to see that everything was suent, and evidently felt he 'd done a mighty clever thing, for he gave a grunt, which he only did when he was pleased, and then he douted the lantern and crept back home. Not ten yards did he walk away from me; but I was lying curled up like a hedgehog, and silent as a stone, you may be sure.

I gave him a long start back and sat and thought a mighty good while as to

what I should do next. God forgive me! 't was no fear of wrong-doing that restrained me, but only wicked cunning to know how I could best get his savings and be off to safety.

I decided that I 'd leave it for the minute and have a tell with my Betty; because in such a matter she 'd be cleverer than me. And so when I reckoned farmer was safe to bed and asleep, I went back through the window and hitched it after me and crept up to my chamber so quiet as a beetle.

And the next Sunday I see Betty Bake and let her in the secret.

It came in the nick of time, you might say, for by signs and tokens I had got to see of late that my girl was properly tired of courting. I would n't say she was cooling off exactly, but I did know she began to grow a bit fretful and impatient with me. And once and again she threw the name of another chap at me, a man in the quarries who stood pretty high, and was likely to get a foreman's job afore long. Teddy Lobb was his name, and after she 'd mentioned him once or twice, I got nasty and told her I did n't want to hear no more on that score and reminded her of a thing or two she 'd forgot. We came in sight of a quarrel, in fact, and so I was very glad the next time we met to distract her mind with the tale about Farmer Sleep's savings.

Betty was terrible interested and said, wicked creature, that no doubt 't was my lucky star had kept me awake that night and not her sharp tongue, as I thought. And she did n't advise me to take the money; she ordered me to do it.

"There 's hundreds so like as not," she said, "and all us have got to do is to help ourselves. There 's no power on earth will ever guess 't was you, and very like when he goes that way and sees the rubbish-heap all right, he 'll not seek the stuff till we 've took it beyond his reach for evermore."

For plotting you never saw that girl's equal! Her mind moved as quick as thought, and she planned it all and worked out the details that clever you 'd have thought she 'd been doing such like sinful crimes all her life.

Farmer went to Launceston market every second Saturday, and he was due to be off three days from that time, so 't was settled on that afternoon, if the coast was clear, I would see what he had put away in his box, and hide it careful somewheres else till I 'd told Betty about it.

And that was what I did do, for the place was lonesome as the top of Brown Willy, and I picked my way, so as not to bruise a nettle, and got to the rubbish-heap, and soon fetched out the treasure with naught but a blackbird on a bough to see me do it. A heavy box it was that opened with a hasp, and in half a minute it lay open in my lap, and I see more money than ever I 'd see' before. Two hundred pounds and ten was in the box, and half was in gold, and half in five-pound notes. I properly gasped, but knew it was a time to keep my nerve well in hand, and so in ten minutes or less I 'd made the place look same as it did before to a dead stick. And the box I wrapped up very careful in a newspaper and put it under my arm and went my way to a little wood not fifty yard' from the high road to Camelford. And there I hid the stuff in a drain-pipe, where I could find it in the dark, if need be.

My brain properly reeled after that, but the feeling soon wore off, and I kept saying to myself, "You be worth two hundred and ten pounds, Toby Keat, and the world 's yours to conquer!"

Farmer Sleep was home by supper-time in a very cheerful frame of mind. He 'd sold a score of sheep to great advantage, and he 'd had an extra drop on the strength of it and seemed wonderful pleased with himself, which was a bit unusual. But the next morning the drink got home on him, and he 'd changed his tune; so I was glad 't was Sunday and but little work calling to be done. I guessed that he might have a look to his money during the day, but it did n't seem very likely he 'd do it till nightfall, and, anyway, there were n't no danger for me; so I went to see Betty Bake as usual and

brought her the glad news. And she was proper' pleased, and full of plots in a minute. Her great idea was to cut and run for it.

"With a dollop of money like that," she said, "there 's nothing beyond our power. And we 'll go to Liverpool and sail to America or Canada, where you can take up a bit of land and get out of this stuffy hole; for I 'm sick to death of it and want to live in a larger world. And if we can slip it pretty quick and get clear afore he gets to his money-box again, so much the better."

As to my giving a month's warning, she would n't hear of it.

"If not to-night, then to-morrow night," she said, "and not a day later. We 'll catch the early morning train to Okehampton, and then get to Exeter, and change there for Bristol, and change to Bristol for Liverpool, and then be on the way to foreign parts the first moment we can."

She 'd thought it all out, you see, and when I reminded her we were n't married, she said that did n't matter a button, and we 'd be brother and sister till we got to America and then get married there. I could n't but admire her cleverness, and afore we parted 't was all settled that o' Monday night I should meet her at a cross-roads not far from where the money was hid, and we 'd tramp it to Camelford and pick up the workmen's train. It looked good, and any doubt I might have felt was soon swept away by her confidence and pluck. For a maiden not eighteen I reckon she was the hardest piece of goods you might have found in Cornwall, and I was filled with admiration at her; but if she amazed me then, 't was nothing like what she did after.

Farmer Sleep were n't home to supper, for he spent Sunday in St. Tid as a rule, and we was gone to bed afore he came home. And somehow I fancied that he 'd go out to his treasure that night, so I kept awake till the small hours, expecting to see his light on my ceiling and mark him sneak off to the orchard; but he did n't stir, and with light I went to sleep, and slept that sound that the head-man, Sam Nute, came up over the stairs to call me.

Farmer laughed at me for a sluggard and said he 'd take an alarm-clock out of my wages if I was late again. He 'd got over his extra drop of whisky by now, and talked as usual, and, to my amazement, he spoke of his savings. To Sam he spoke, for he thought a lot of Sam, as had been with him ten year'; but I could n't help hearing while I ate my breakfast.

"No more trouble with my money now, Nute," he said. "'T is safe at last, and a great weight off my mind."

"Very glad of it," answered Samuel, "for 't was on your nerves a lot."

"It was," confessed farmer; "but I 've made a bit of an experiment since I drawed it out of the bank, and the experiment have been very successful. I hid half my cash in a mighty snug place, Sam, to see how it would affect my mind, and the moment 't was done, I got a lot calmer and felt a proper weight off my chest. And some fine night afore very long I shall put t' other half with the rest, and then, I believe, I sha'n't have a care."

"A very clever thought," said Samuel Nute in his slow way; "but there 's a danger to it, because if you was took sudden', as the best of us may be, nobody would know where the money was to, and it might be lost."

Farmer Sleep nodded.

"I never thought on that," he said. "But if anybody knowed where the money was, my peace would be gone."

"You did ought to write it down and lock up the writing, only to be oped when you be dead," suggested Nute, and master allowed it was a very witty thought.

"I 'll do that," he promised, "and put the secret place in a sealed envelop, only to be broken when I 'm took. And thank you for the tip, Sam; and I may tell you you 're down for a momentum in my will when the time comes."

"I 'm very near so old as you," said Samuel, "and just as like to go first."

This talk was n't meant for me, of course, but I took it in, and it cheered me a good bit, because it showed the old man

"Betty Lake turned round [illegible] and [illegible]d cruel words"

had n't been to his treasure since I had, and evidently did n't mean to go to it for a bit; but it also showed me he 'd be visiting the rubbish-heap under the walnut-tree before very long, so I was glad Betty and me had fixed that night to be off.

'T was long coming; but come it did, and at three in the morning I rose up and put on my best clothes and took my mother's photograph, which was the only thing in the world I valued, and slipped out by the scullery window. They 'd think I was oversleeping again, no doubt, and Sam would come up and call me at half after five; but by that time me and Betty would be in the train on the way to Okehampton.

So it looked then; yet, strange to relate, I had n't been at the cross-roads half an hour along with my girl before all was changed, and her lightning-quick mind made another plan far more brilliant than the last.

We met at the appointed place, and then I went in the little wood and found the money, and then we sat and talked for a bit, because we 'd got nearly two hour' to go four miles, and there were n't no hurry. And I told Betty about old Sleep and what a lucky thing it was that I 'd heard him talking to Samuel. She listened very quiet, and then she started up all of a tremble with excitement. An owl was hooting in the trees over our heads, and I shall think of that moment all my life when I hear one of them night-birds hollering.

"Good gracious!" cried out Betty so loud that the owl went off in a hurry. "D' you mean to say you 're going off with me after hearing that?"

"Of course," I said, "and the sooner the better."

"You silly gawk!" she answered me. "You must be three parts a fool. Here 's money properly flung at your head, and you turn your back on it."

I could n't see for my life what she was driving at, but she very soon made it clear.

"Why, the old man 's going to put two hundred more in his rubbish-heap, ain't he?"

"Yes," I said, "and when he does, he 'll find the rest have took wing."

"For two pins, Toby, I 'd throw you over," she declared, much to my amazement. "Why, can't you see? You 've got to go back this instant moment and put this here box where you took it from. And then, come presently, instead of us having two hundred-odd pounds, we 'll have four hundred!"

I fairly gasped with astonishment.

"You marvel!" I said, "I never should 'a' thought of that."

"If I am going to marry a fool," said Betty, "I 'd better think twice afore I do it."

But it were n't, of course, that I was a fool; only that she was a wonder and far beyond the common pattern of clever girl.

"I 'm no fool," I said, "and to show you I 'm not, we 'll nip back this instant moment afore dawn breaks, and I 'll pop the box in its place and get up to bed afore cock-light. And the sooner we go the better."

So it fell out that not an hour later she was running home to Newhall Mill like a lapwing, and I was in the orchard. I 'd soon got the money back in the rubbish-heap and was in my bed again, and such was my presence of mind that I did n't even forget my mother's picture, but put it on the mantel-shelf afore I turned in. And I were n't late rising, either, but got up with the birds, and was down-house afore Samuel Nute or the master.

And then come the time of waiting, and I never wish to go through nothing like it again. For three nights I made myself bide awake, hoping to hear William Sleep go out in the small hours to add to his treasure; and then I remembered that he might do it just as easy by day as by night, for nothing ever called me or Nute to the back end of the orchard. And then after a Sunday talk with Betty, she said 't was very certain by now the balance of the cash was stored and we must try our luck again. So the night was fixed, and once more we set out, and once more we went home again, for the adventure came to naught. On the second time of asking a

proper' fearful thing fell upon us, at least so it seemed, and our plans and projects was cut short in a very crushing manner. All went well at the start, and I did n't take two bites at the cherry next time; but left the farmer's saving till the very night I was going to run away. And then I went, as before, and the weight of the box told me I 'd got the lot sure enough.

And there was Betty with her bag, and 't was her thought to ope the box there and then and fill our pockets with the money and hide the box careful', so as no clue should ever be found against us. She lighted a match, and I scat open the box—and it was full of stones!

Not a penny, but only the stones and a piece of paper with five words from Scripture, "Go and sin no more."

The perspiration properly burst out on me, and Betty very near fainted, for anybody could see 't was a wicked plot against us, and that farmer, finding his money was gone, had hit on this dirty trick to get it back. And he 'd catched me; and, if you 'll believe it, Betty Bake, instead of comforting me as a woman should against such a shattering misfortune, turned round on me, and said cruel words, and called me a slack-twisted fool and a gawk and a gaby and everything else she could put her tongue to!

"Shut your mouth!" I said to her, getting pretty savage by then. " 'S truth!" I said, " 't is you be to blame, not me, for 't was your notion to put the money back, and I never should have thought on any such plan myself. So you be the fool; and now you 've overreached yourself, you grasping creature, and so like as not I shall lie in clink to-morrow."

"And I hope you will," she dared to say. "You 'm the man, and you ought to have had the sense, and now you put the blame on a poor girl, like the mean coward you are; and never you speak to me again so long as you live. And if you try to drag me in, I 'll have the law on you."

Well, that showed me bitter clear that Betty were n't what I thought, and I went so far as to tell her so on the spot. In fact, I got her in a proper rage, and she 'd have liked to scratch my eyes out. But the dawn had broke by then, and so she just picked up her bag and turned her back upon me and went home; and 't was many a long year after that before I passed the time of day with her again.

And meantime she married Teddy Lobb. Within three months of the fatal night she took him! And such was the power of that man and his way of handling her, that by all accounts she made him a very useful wife and mother, and turned into the narrow path, and never had a breath against her at St. Tid.

But as for me, I went home sick at heart, and a great shame came upon me, and the still small voice woke, and afore breakfast-time, such is the amazing contrariness of human nature, I was glad that the thing had happened. I knew I was a wicked rogue at last, and the discovery made me feel lighter-hearted than I 'd felt for a month of Sundays. For you must n't think I 'd had no bad moments over the job. I had; and now that Providence had saved me from myself in a manner of speaking, I saw my escape, and felt that I could n't be too thankful to my Maker for His great and undeserved goodness.

But I knew I could n't leave it at that if I was to put the job right with Heaven, and it was borne in upon me I must confess all and take the consequences. I did n't rise to such a height of virtue all in a minute, however, and it were n't, in fact, till I thought upon the text as Farmer Sleep had left in his box for the thief that I decided to make a clean breast of it. For it seemed to me that out of gratitude for getting his money back farmer might find himself in a very Christian frame of mind, and might even forgive, though 't was beyond reason to ask him to forget.

So I owned up to him, and he were n't much surprised, either.

"I thought 't was you," he said, "and I 'm very glad that God have put it into your heart to confess your wicked crime. And I 'll ax you one question, Tobias Keat, if you please. How did you find out?"

"I see your lantern light on my bed-

room ceiling, Master; and with that I rose up and followed you."

"I won't pretend I was clever enough to catch you out," he answered; "but Uncle Retallack to St. Tid was the man. When I found out on a Saturday night, going to put in another ten pound', that I 'd been robbed, I went to Uncle Retallack with the trouble, and he told me how I might very like get back my money, for though the devil 's a clever party, there 's quite as clever as him, if not more so; and so he was bested, and the wit of man and the will of God have come between you and your damnation, Tobias."

"I 'm a changed creature from this moment," I said to Farmer Sleep; "and if you don't give me up to justice, I 'll richly reward you."

"What did my text in the box say?" he asked.

" 'Go and sin no more,' " I answered.

"Then you can do it," he said. "You can go this instant moment, for I 've done with you; but I won't take no action, and I won't tell nobody but Uncle Retallack, who has a right to hear how his cleverness was rewarded. You go and seek other work far ways off from here, and get your soul right with God, and thank Him many times on your knees for His long-suffering mercy. The way of the sinner be hard most times, but in your case it 's been cruel' easy, and the least you can do is to thank your Maker for your luck. And if so be as you reform and justify your existence and save a bit of money, don't you hide it in no rubbish-heap for the first knave to find, but take it to Uncle Retallack or some other sensible man who understands what to do with it. I was a fool and deserved to lose my stuff, and you were a wicked rascal and deserved a lot more than you 're getting, so we 've both good cause to be thankful; and you can be gone by midday, if you please."

So I went, and though 't is too much to say that I was so good as the holy text and sinned no more from that day to this,—for who can say they 've been sinless from one and twenty to seventy and three?—yet I 'm known to-day as a straight old man, with a good wife and good children, and money in the bank, and very well thought on as a lay preacher for miles around. I was brought to the fold by an easy path, sure enough, and never shall be sufficiently thankful it was so.

Five year' after I left Lanteglos Meadows I met Betty Lobb, so she was then, at a wedding, and had a minute's talk with the woman. A mother of three by that time she had become, and so good a chapel member, thanks to her husband, as I myself.

"Things have changed with us, Betty," I said, "since the bitter night when we thought to do wickedness and was saved by the watching Lord."

And she looked through me like a pane of glass and said, "What bee 's in your bonnet, Toby Keat? I don't know from Adam what you be talking about. But if you 're trying to make out that I ever did a wrong thing or thought a wrong thing, or anything like that, you 'd better tell my husband and hear what he 's got to say about it."

Defiant like she spoke, with a flash in her eyes; so I just shrugged my shoulders and went my way, and felt sorry the woman were n't so near grace as I could have wished.

The Capitol in 1814

As Others Saw Us

Our Nation in the Building

By HELEN NICOLAY

Author of "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln"

Part VII

AT the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century the change in scale and standards of living was apparent even in the rural districts. Though the old coach and four, with its liveried servants, had passed out of existence, more people rode in carriages than ever before. Cooking-stoves had displaced the old crane and kettle and Dutch oven; wherever the first one appeared, it drew as many visitors to the house as a funeral or a bride would have drawn. People recklessly ignited lucifer matches despite the cost, instead of making fire with the good old flint and steel or running to a neighbor's to borrow a shovel of coals. Many new contrivances now added to the expense, and the comfort, of living; but in town and country alike there were conservatives who held out for the old ways of doing things, and particularly for the old scale of paying for them. Nowhere was this more true than in paying for public service.

The only time Henry Clay had trouble with his Kentucky constituents was over a question of this kind, in 1816, when he voted to change the salary of congressmen to fifteen hundred dollars a year from the six dollars *per diem* then the rule. The impossibility of making both ends meet in Washington on that basis seemed to him and his fellow-congressmen a logical ground for the change; but to hard-working farmers fifteen hundred dollars for sitting in cushioned comfort a few months "with nothin' to do but vote" appeared ruinously extravagant.

It was a far cry from the Methodist banquet described by Amos Kendall to the frugal, but substantial, table of the elder Adams, where for many years a "pudding" of boiled Indian meal had been served before the roast in the interest of economy, and hungry boys were deceitfully urged to partake of the former, a prize of a second helping of meat being offered to the one who ate most pudding.

But that was in New England, where careful management was essential, the ground being so poor, according to Southern scoffers, that you had to plant a herring in every hill of corn in order to raise a crop at all. There had always been careless prodigality in the South under slavery. The banquets described in detail by the guests of General and Mrs. Washington were almost as lavish as those of President Jackson's day. And in the newly turned loam of the West corn grew rank, even while venison and wild turkeys strayed within rifle-shot of the cabin.

The low price of meat and game in America, compared with food-stuffs of any kind in famine-gnawed Europe, astonished travelers of all classes. Immigrants listened incredulously to farmers who assured them that it was the custom of even poor people to satisfy hunger three times a day. More wealthy sojourners noted not only that the woods were full of game, but that the waters of stream and inlet were covered with wild fowl and their depths rich in "shell-fish called clams" and other aquatic dainties. James Stuart, who came over at this time, deemed it worthy of entry in his diary, as it certainly would be if a like incident happened to-day, that he ordered a chop at a Baltimore hotel before setting out on his journey, "but canvasback ducks are so abundant here that I found one of them prepared for my dinner without extra charge."

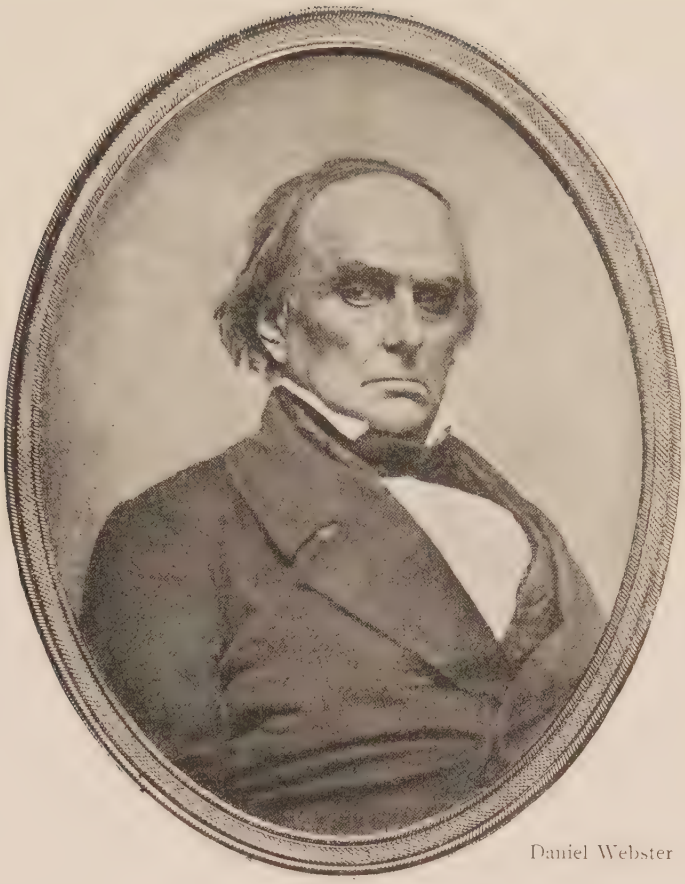
Food and fire were two things that any one could have almost for the asking. In the forbidding winters of New England these essentials were provided for as in a siege. The woodpile was of incredible size, and the supply of "durable" vegetables—turnips, potatoes, and pumpkins—they had few others—was stored indoors or buried deep in the earth to keep them from freezing. Housewives baked a prodigious number of pies and deliberately froze them for preservation, to be thawed out and presented to expectant households as needed. The size of this toothsome, if indigestible, store was a matter of family pride. One dear old lady whose memory stretched well back toward the beginning of the century told the writer, a flush still mounting to her cheeks at thought of it, how ashamed she felt one autumn nearly eighty years before when a boastful little schoolmate asked how many pies her mother had baked for the winter, asserting in the same breath that at her house they had 115; and truth wrenched from the other a reluctant admission that her mother had made only ninety-seven.

With food so plentiful and the more obvious creature comforts within the reach of all, theft was rare. Even so, there was plenty of scheming and sharp practice in pursuit of wealth. Mrs. Trollope, who sought our shores for the avowed purpose of gain, complained that every class was occupied in getting money and no class in spending it. According to her, Americans could never converse together without pronouncing the word "dollar. Such unity of purpose, such sympathy of feeling, can, I believe, be found nowhere else, except perhaps in an ant nest."

The code of business ethics, though so narrow in some places, was strangely broad in others. Smartness and honesty appeared to be two separate and distinct business qualities. In communities where bounties were still paid for the scalps of wolves, honesty required that a whole bona-fide scalp be produced for every bounty claimed. But smartness did not forbid deliberately breeding wolves for the market. That was merely a form of speculation, exciting and involving a certain risk, as speculation must.

Some of our visitors thought the country speculation mad. "From Maine to the Red River," wrote Chevalier, "the whole country has become an immense Rue Quincampoix. . . . I said that everything has become an object of speculation. I was mistaken. The American, essentially practical in his views, will never speculate in tulips—even in New York!"

The American sense of equality, the way men engaged in the humblest occupation said "our President" and "we did" so and so, identifying themselves with the governing power, struck foreigners as both



Daniel Webster

humorous and amazing. Even before landing they were apt, if they crossed on an American vessel, to moralize on the fact that every member of the crew could read and write and converse intelligently upon the history, laws, and future prospects of his country. Every man, indeed, seemed to feel himself quite capable, on demand, of leading the country through any crisis likely to arise; a state of mind that is perhaps the quintessence of Americanism, and that was shared, it will be remembered, by Lincoln, who told an Indiana regiment that competent men could be found in any volunteer regiment in the service to fill all the important offices of government.

Visitors who came to the United States before the days of steam were impressed with the number of swift little rowboats, manned by slim oarsmen with piercing eyes and keen, intelligent faces, that darted out to hail the newly arrived ship with a friendly "All 's well?" followed by a volley of questions about the voyage and the latest news from Europe, interspersed with laconic remarks on politics, the harvest, and the health of the city. After all these were disposed of, casually and as a side issue, would come the query whether any one wished to go ashore. They appeared to be conferring a favor instead of earning a living, and the monarchy-steeped soul of the traveler was torn from the moment of landing until his departure between admiration of this high-headed attitude and resentment at the "coldness and indifference" with which they met his demands for personal service.

No matter where he went, he met that same aggressive American equality. He soon learned that the word "servant" was not to be tampered with. It meant slave, and there was no such thing in the free

States. The Dutch word "boss" was tolerated in the place of "master," but the employee took orders only grudgingly from him and not at all from his master's paying guests. Feeing the waiter, if by chance there happened to be a waiter, was more apt to result in making him want to fight you than in improved service. Usually it was the innkeeper's daughter who waited at table and the innkeeper's son who put up the horses. They did not scruple to show that they did it as equals, not as inferiors, and once the service was rendered, hastened away to take their part in local social activities. "Help" was a euphonious subterfuge whereby maid or man, if hired, saved their pride and pocketed their dollars for services more or less skilful, and less rather than more willingly given. Any attempt to run a household according to transatlantic traditions was foredoomed. Fanny Kemble wrote in 1835 that the task of managing six Republican servants was "enough to make a Quaker kick his mother," an American expression she had just learned and thought the acme of desperation.

But let the traveler approach these same persons on a different plane, the maid-servant would set down her basket and walk a block out of her way to direct his steps. The hired man who could not be hired to black his monarchical boots would put a broad shoulder to the wheel in more senses than one to help him out of trouble, and would discuss the present administration or the prospects of the next one until the cows came home and chickens went to roost. And despite the reputation Americans had for pursuing the fleeting dollar, a civil "thank you" in a tone of real friendliness, not of condescension, was all they desired or expected in return. Equality was their luxury, and with true sporting spirit they were willing to pay for it. The great trouble was that once this friendly footing was established, it endured. "I contradict an American at every word he says to show him that his conversation bores me: he instantly labors with fresh pertinacity to convince me; I preserve a dogged silence, and he thinks I am meditating deeply on the truths which he is uttering. . . . This man will never understand that he wearies me to extinction unless I tell him so; and the only way to get rid of him is to make him my enemy for life," Tocqueville has put on record.

If while the maid-servant was escorting him to the next turning the traveler cast apprehensive glances back toward her well-filled basket waiting unprotected on the curb, she quieted his fears. Nobody would touch it, she assured him; and before he had been many days in the land he was recording in his diary that she was right, and that "very little attention is paid to locking up at night." Soon he accepted honesty in this sense as a matter of course, but he never could bring himself to regard the feeling of equality as other than a grotesque perversion of nature. The fact that there was a broad land where master and man, provided both were white, might change places in the dance of fortune overnight was a source of never-ending wonder.

"The servant of a lawyer or physician," wrote one such traveler, "perceives no material difference between himself and his employer. . . . One brushes clothes, the other pleads a cause, or feels pulses or preaches or judges or governs—and all for money. . . . Let him fall ill or have a lawsuit, and he will give his custom to his master, pay him like anybody else, and consider himself *quoad* as having changed characters with him."

And this was no mere theory. "I spent an evening at the house of the president of Harvard University," wrote Miss Martineau. "The party was waited on at tea by a domestic of the president's who is also major of the horse. On cavalry days, when the guests are invited to dine with the regiment, the major in his regimentals takes the head of the table, and has the president at his right hand. He plays the host as freely as if no other relation existed between them. The toasts being all transacted, he goes home, doffs his regimentals, and waits on the president's guests at tea."

From the copy owned by Mr. Thomas E. V. Smith of the engraving after the painting by P. L. De Bucourt, dedicated to the citizen soldiers
Marquis de Lafayette, as commander-general of the National Parisian Guard

Our towns, even the oldest, seemed very bright and new and flimsy to foreign visitors, our "improvements" ephemeral beyond belief. Although scourges of yellow fever had fostered a certain amount of community spirit in street cleaning and sanitation, there was still much to be desired in these matters. Dickens in the forties noted that pigs worked as scavengers in the streets of New York, and years after his visit buzzards were doing the same friendly service in Southern towns. Statutes and ordinances regulating such matters were opposed as an infringement of private rights, just as Franklin's desire to substitute modern police for the old watch that used to wander through the night and inform the wake-

ful about the weather had been bitterly denounced as an "assault on liberty."

New York had no water-pipes or cisterns. Men drove about the city, as they did in Paris, with huge water-butts, leaving every house its daily supply. Fires were numerous, as was to be expected, and volunteer fire-companies, popular social organizations service in which for seven years exempted their members from militia and jury duty, ran through the streets at all hours of the day and night, dragging their inadequate apparatus after them, and shouting as though noise were as essential in putting out the blaze as the Chinese seem to find it in driving away an eclipse. Omnibuses with doors held close by a strap in the hands of the driver were the new means of public conveyance. Passengers paid not to get in, but to alight, passing the fare through a hole in the roof, when the hold upon the strap would be relaxed and the door fly open. When they were crowded, the men, with American gallantry, "stood, or took the ladies on their knees."

The streets were gay with people and movement. Chimney-sweeps walked about singing their peculiar song, "always agreeably, sometimes melodiously, so as to awaken ideas of cheerfulness and content." Locksmiths and bell-hangers passed with coils of wire over their shoulders and bunches of keys in their hands. Gentlemen wore picturesque full capes of black broadcloth, with velvet collars and rich tassels. The women, handsomer than the men, who looked pale and care-worn, were out in force, better dressed than seemed to the visitors quite justifiable. Signs and advertisements suspended over the sidewalks added color, and the rapid pace of pedestrians and the clatter of carts driven at a gallop over the rough pavements kept up an air of hurry and bustle from Monday morning till Saturday night, when suddenly all signs of life vanished, and nine tenths of the inhabitants might have been dead so great was the Sunday quiet that prevailed.

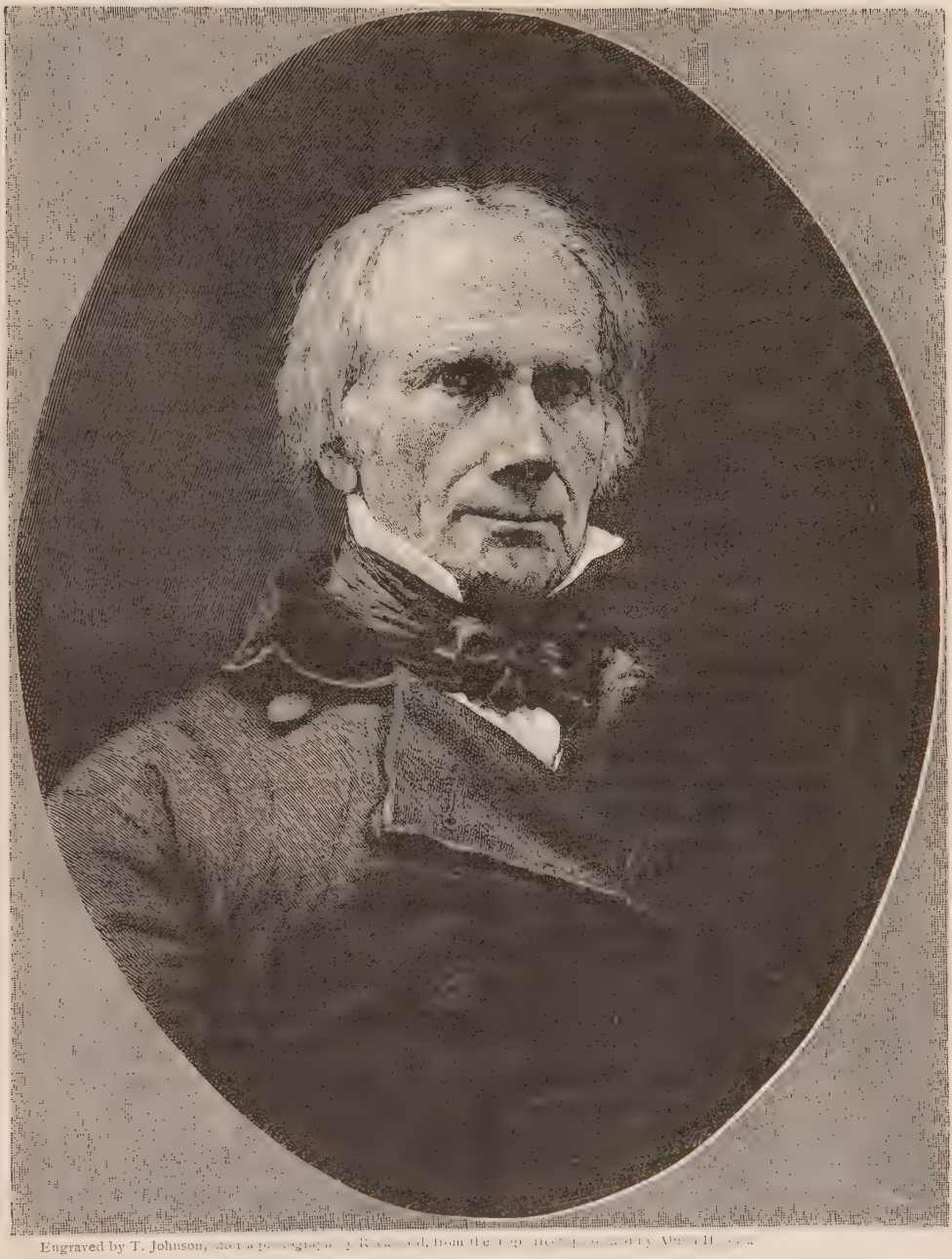
But early Monday morning the bustle began anew, and everybody seemed to be trying to make up for lost time. The national desire to get ahead impressed all these visitors. Restlessness and change not only with reason, but without it, appeared to them characteristic of our young and energetic people.

Captain Basil Hall, who traveled in this country in 1827–28, had the curiosity to visit the room in which the Declaration of Independence was signed. To his shocked surprise he found it much altered, presumably for the worse. "The unpleasant truth seems to be," he commented, "that nothing whatever is venerated in America merely on account of its age, or, indeed, on any other account. . . . The Turks who pounded the frieze of the Parthenon into mortar had an object in view; but I never could hear that the Americans had an equally good excuse for dismembering their Hall of Independence."

Tocqueville, more sympathetic, summed it up thus:

> America is a land of wonders, in which everything is in constant motion, and every movement seems an improvement. The idea of novelty is there indissolubly connected with the idea of amelioration . . . this perpetual change . . . keeps the minds of the citizens in a perpetual state of feverish agitation which admirably invigorates their exertion . . . the whole life of an American is passed like a game of chance, a revolutionary crisis, or a battle.

Those who penetrated to the "far West" of Cincinnati were astonished to find life moving at an even-accelerated pace, and to discover there hotels rivaling those of New York and a society resembling that of Boston. Cincinnati was perhaps the most progressive of the Western cities, and was made up largely of former residents of New England. Scattered here and there over our vast country were such unexpected oases of civilization. There were also marvels of natural scenery like Niagara, but dividing them were what appeared to the denizens of closely populated Europe endless stretches of bar-



Engraved by T. Johnson, [illegible]

Henry Clay

ren desolation, tangled woodland, and ill-cultivated fields. To go from town to town one had to travel for days and nights in boats or cars dangerously propelled by steam, or over bad roads by stages that stopped at impossible inns.

Every town had its characteristics that struck foreigners as oddly provincial. "In Boston smoking is forbidden in the streets," wrote Ampère. "You see them beating carpets in the public parks of Boston, as they dry clothes in those of New York. The people is at home—doing its housekeeping."

It did its housekeeping very openly, its business feverishly, its praying decorously, and went about its politics with wholehearted enthusiasm. Everywhere, from the halls of Congress to the cabin of the pioneer, where two or three were gathered together, you could hear discussions of politics, local and national. But the attitude of this energetic and warm-blooded young people toward relaxation puzzled Europeans even more. It was as though the whole nation had entered into a conspiracy to stifle a natural and perfectly legitimate longing, which it considered something to be ashamed of and not quite nice, if not actually sinful. "Even their drams they take standing!" was the comment of one on our haste and strange ways.

As for art and music and acting, they seemed to be waging an uphill battle against the ingrained Puritan notion that beauty must inevitably be an ally of the devil. They existed only on sufferance, and yet appealed to an ineradicable instinct. In this new country a civilization rich in old culture had been grafted upon the wilderness, but neither Puritan nor Cavalier could bring much worldly gear with him, and distrust of art as beguiling and morally dangerous added to the difficulty of transplanting the decorative features of life. A few pieces of furniture, a few books, a few cherished keepsakes and family miniatures found lodgment in the seaboard settlements, and became, for the women especially, precious and visible links with the old life across the sea. The little art we had was excused by sentiment. Pictures merely as art hardly existed, and statues, it will be remembered, remained "graven images" even to Whittier, who died not so very long ago.

Love of beauty, however, had been too strong for religious scruple or the restraining arm of circumstance. Little girls were encouraged to work their samplers and blend colors and contrive designs under the pretense of learning to make incredibly small, neat stitches. Maidens embroidered their romance into their wedding-clothes, and young mothers their hopes into a christening-robe. A box of precious hard cakes of water-color paints and the glossiest of Bristol-board and the smallest of brushes gave scope to family affection and love of craft in self-taught attempts at portraiture or flower-painting of artless sincerity. Shuttles were constrained to fly in patterns through looms, and after garments had served long and faithfully, in a descending scale of evolution from father's Sunday best to the youngest Joseph's much-patched coat, they found their apotheosis in a braided rug of many colors.

But manifestations of this very humble and domestic character were not likely to impress Europeans fresh from their galleries and art treasures. They found few works of art in our public buildings, and almost nothing to indicate that we knew which of those were good and which were bad. We had our group of painters in Revolutionary times who painted in the delightful manner of their English contemporaries, but whose works, particularly their portraits, were prized more for historical value than from any sense of their worth as art. We had developed a few artists since then whose canvases were interesting, psychologically at least, and lately some young men had discovered the glory of American landscape, and were celebrating it in the loving, if laborious, manner of the Hudson River school, trying to paint both sides of every leaf in a country full of red and yellow trees.

A few American sculptors had made their appearance, one in a watchmaker's shop out in Cincinnati, another in the family of a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. But graven images were even harder than pictures to reconcile with the lingering Puritan conception of virtue, and the sculptors lived, when they could, abroad.

Music we liked in theory. Young ladies were taught to play a little on the piano, and those who could sang a little. "But . . . as to expression," wrote a visiting Frenchman, "our ladies are too chaste to include that in their singing; so that the finest pieces assume in their mouths a tone of icy virginity." Oratorio

Drawn by E. M. Ashe. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

Jenny Lind at Castle Garden

societies reflected a more mature and serious musical taste of the day. Concerts were rare, and if a concert singer happened also to be an actress, halls and school auditoriums in the smaller towns might be closed to her; and the chances were that if she found a place in which to sing, her audience would dwindle because of her profession.

Perhaps three fourths of the people of the United States disapproved of actors and acting. Surely the evil fruit of the tree of knowledge was self-consciousness. Although religious emotion had found vent in dramatic movement since the acting out of the first dawn myth, after Protestant "conviction of sin" came into fashion, body and soul alike were forced into strait-jackets of conventional behavior. Those who claimed special knowledge of the will of Heaven put a ban upon harp and psaltery and dancing before the Lord or elsewhere. No instrument more melodious than a tuning-fork was allowed to invade the meeting-house, and no actions more enlivening than head-shakings to punctuate the long sermon. Yet the bodily contortions and broken ejaculations of our Western camp-meetings, and the singing or intoning that forms part of almost every ritual under the sun, testify how impossible it is to sever this relationship between muscles and emotion.

Commercialism was not slow to appropriate to its own baser use the instinct toward laughter and leaping and tears so unwisely disowned by the church. Though all the solemnity of Puritan denunciation was vented upon the stage, it managed to keep a foothold, and back in the days when Congress met in Philadelphia a theater of that city painted triumphantly above its stage the legend, "The Eagle suffers little birds to sing."

Disapproval was strongest in the middle classes, from which the greater part of our population was recruited. The "gentry" of colonial times went to the play, as did the more liberal of our later citizens, and all the early Presidents attended the theater, to see and to be seen as well as for relaxation; but the large majority thought it a questionable proceeding at best. It resolved itself finally into a matter of denomination. Catholics and Episcopalians attended without scruple. Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists, if they went occasionally, did so with the feeling that they were braving public opinion and the wrath of Heaven. Quakers never set foot inside a playhouse.

A fatal theater fire in Richmond on the day after Christmas, 1811, in which seventy perished, was looked upon as a merited judgment. A church was built upon the spot, and for seven years no other playhouse was opened in the town. In Massachusetts theatrical performances were forbidden for many years, and as late as 1830 their houses were dark and deserted on Saturday nights. In New York, about 1815, a committee "of substantial citizens" gathering money for the relief of the poor righteously refused a gift of a hundred dollars because it was offered them by the manager of a theater.

The century was well advanced before a native actor of prominence appeared, though every town had its stock company to support the stars, usually natives of Ireland or England, who followed erratic orbits from city to city as business dictated. In the early days manners were free and easy. Men kept on their hats in the boxes and took off their coats in the pit if so inclined. One hundred years ago box-seats cost a dollar each, those in the pit fifty and seventy-five cents. Servants were sent to hold them until the patrons arrived, and theater advertisements announced that servants positively could not remain during the performance. At that time, too, some of the larger theaters set aside proscenium-boxes for the use of women who had no reputation to lose, who thus sat in full view of the house, a spectacle that did much to foster prejudice and to explain the statement made by more than one traveler that "ladies of the first fashion do not go often to the theater," for though the custom died early, the prejudice remained.

Unless some well-known star was playing, the performance left much to be de-

Drawn by B. W. Clinedinst

A levee at the President's house in 1813

sired. "Dans ce pays lointain où on fait des machines que l'Europe admire, on ne sait pas faire de vaudeville," wrote Ampère. When the Duke of Saxe-Weimar saw "William Tell" performed at the Park Theater in New York, he had some difficulty in recognizing his old friend, the play had been so thoroughly "dressed in English taste," with plenty of battles; and whenever liberty was mentioned, the shirt-sleeved pit applauded by cries and vigorous stamping of feet.

Apparently good arguments, moral, social, and artistic, could be urged against attending the play. Only in ungodly New Orleans did the institution find unqualified support. There not only drama, but opera, which for some reason seemed wickeder than mere acting, flourished. Perhaps the blacker guilt of opera is to be explained by the fact that it supplements acting with the singing that even rigid Puritanism could not banish from the sanctuary, and thereby it adds insult to iniquity. New Orleans supported its annual season of French opera, and before 1815 every city of any size had experienced the seductive combination of sound, motion, and emotion, at least in English translation. But it was too exotic to take. About 1830, when New York supported no fewer than five theaters, Achille Murat wrote down the picturesque account that had been given him of the night upon which an opera with a *corps de ballet* dawned on New York. The sight of the dancers in their short skirts was startling enough, but at the very first pirouette, when the filmy things, weighted with lead at their edges, began to expand and mount rapidly heavenward, half the audience fled in alarm, while the rest rocked and sobbed with mirth, seeing no beauty, only the grotesque, in these strange gyrations.

Such exhibitions grew more shocking in retrospect than in actual experience. "The ascetic practice of taking care of one another's morals has gone to such length in Boston as to excite the frequent satire of some of its wisest citizens," wrote Miss Martineau. "When there was talk of attempting to set up Italian opera there, a gentleman observed that it would never do; people would be afraid of the very name. 'Oh,' said another, 'call it lectures on music, with illustrations, and everybody will come.' "

The satire was biting, but not undeserved, for the instinctive craving for amusement without loss of prestige in this world or the next tempted the ingenious Yankee mind to amazing invention and subterfuge. The law against play-acting by professionals, which closed all the theaters of Connecticut just before the year 1800, was evaded by calling their performances "moral lectures." Similar efforts by amateurs and school-children were called "exhibitions," a name to which they were undoubtedly entitled. Circuses were anathema, but menageries, being educational, were approved by the authorities, if not always by stern parents. "I remember running away from home to see the animals when I was a little chap of eight," an aged gentleman told the writer. He "made a safe get-away," as his graceless grandson would express it, and had almost reached the magic canvas circle wherein hyenas raged and lions roared when he looked back and saw the family horse bringing retribution after him. "My father and mother in the one-horse shay were coming to catch me. I can see that chaise climbing the hill now. Oh, yes, I was caught," he added with a satisfaction that showed how far he had traveled from the persecuted small citizen who was forced to improve his mind when the process was painful, and disgraced for trying to do the very same thing the minute it became alluring.

Marvels in the way of mechanical devices, real or faked, and "museums" of more or less doubtful attractions, fed the insatiable desire for amusement and novelty. "The people have a most extraordinary passion for wax figures," wrote Mrs. Trollope about the inhabitants of Cincinnati. "Hell," an early mechanical work by Hiram Powers, made in the transition days from his labors as a watchmaker to his career as a sculptor, was one exciting attraction of that Western

Athens. An enterprising Swede bought it, and connected it with an electric battery, then something of a novelty in itself, and brought up a large family of children on the proceeds of showing the timid and curious "how things go in hell," to the accompaniment of electric shocks and realistic thunder and lightning.

Redheffer's Perpetual-Motion Machine, which was raided by Fulton in his wrath and forced to yield up its secret of a pathetic old man turning a crank; The Automaton Chess-player; The Automaton Trumpeter; and panoramas, far-off prophecies of to-day's movies, were famous drawing-cards in their day. And to Niblo's Garden in New York came the delightful Signor Blitz, who combined philanthropy with his foolery, and sometimes used his wizard tricks to reform the erring and comfort the distressed.

But the man who knew best how to turn American curiosity into dollars, past-master in the art of advertisement, something of a fraud, and withal a very real benefactor to his fellows, was that shrewd Yankee peddler of Connecticut, Phineas T. Barnum. After the versatile manner of his countrymen, he was legislator and author, mayor and temperance lecturer, as well as king of showmen. Acting on his theory that "the public is a very strange animal," he catered to it in very strange ways: exhibited a "Feejee mermaid" of doubtful authenticity to wondering New Yorkers; got possession for a single day of the boats plying to Elysian Fields at Hoboken, and arranged the forerunner of our Wild West shows, a buffalo-hunt, which was not much of a performance, but a great success in harvesting ferry-tolls to the number of "forty-eight thousand sixpences." He imagined more ways of flamboyant advertising than had ever been invented, and he did one thing for which much more could be forgiven him—he brought Jenny Lind to this country.

She was comparatively unknown in America when he imported her charming personality and voice. His advertising made of her tour a triumph and a delight never again equaled during the lifetime

Statue of Marquis de Lafayette
By Auguste Bartholdi

of those who heard her, and that has now passed into a tradition, a standard of perfection. She had sung in opera, but she appeared here in concert. That was in itself a triumph of business shrewdness, reducing at once the expense and the opposition. Barnum offered a prize of two hundred dollars for an ode in her honor, which was won by a young man named Bayard Taylor. When her ship was nearing port he erected triumphal arches on the wharf. Guns announced her arrival off Sandy Hook, and he ostentatiously climbed aboard the *Atlantic* to welcome her "with a choice bouquet stuck in the bosom of his white vest." Another man, ostensibly Barnum's business rival, was already at her side, presenting her with a bouquet three times as big; but he may

have been part of the advertising scheme in disguise. At any rate, she smiled upon Barnum, and he mounted the box of her carriage, white waistcoat and all, and drove off with her in triumph through the crowd, a move which his autobiography confesses was a detail of his well-thought-out plan.

The newspaper account of her arrival was as picturesque as it could be made, and the auctioning of seats for her first concert proved as exciting as a flurry on the stock-exchange. Three thousand people were present, and bids rose by leaps and bounds until the first seat was awarded to a hatter, with a talent for advertising equal to Barnum's own, for the modest sum of $225.

Great preparations were made for the opening concert, which took place, as did the auction, in Castle Garden.

A reporter could find only one thing to criticize—a large motto, "Welcome, Sweet Warbler," done in flowers that stared Jenny Lind in the face as she came out in her simple white dress to sing "Casta Diva." The great place was filled to the last seat, but only one eighth of the audience, the reporter estimated, were ladies. "They must stay at home, it seems, when the tickets are high." The gentle modesty of the singer's bearing and the wonder of her pure, rich voice all of us know, though not one of us has heard it. "Jenny Lind *was* the very music, for the time being," wrote the enthusiastic reporter. Low of stature and "rather more robust" than her portraits indicated, with a face that would have been plain had not dignity and kindliness made it beautiful, she sang as simply as a child, and stood as simply to receive the applause that broke in torrents when she finished. At the end of the concert an even greater burst of enthusiasm greeted Barnum's dramatic announcement that she would give her share of the proceeds of the entertainment, considerably more than $10,000, to local charity.

It must have been a wonderful evening, but more wonderful, emotionally and artistically, was a night soon after, described to the writer by one of the many ladies who "must stay at home when the tickets are high." She was at her hotel a block or so from the one that flew the great flag of Sweden and Norway in honor of Jenny Lind. Sitting beside her open window and thinking about the treat she had missed, this little lady heard the music of a band not quite in tune come to serenade the songstress, heard the burst of applause that greeted her when she appeared upon her balcony, and then in a hush that seemed to still the noises of the whole city, that clear, incomparable voice rising above the housetops and filling the darkness with the notes of "Home, Sweet Home."

We were not musical; the word "artistic" was not in our vocabulary, or, if there, was a synonym for questionable pleasures rather than for beauty; but we were sentimental and big-hearted and genuine, and we could go wild over this genuine woman with her golden voice, as we did over Lafayette when he returned to us after an absence of fifty years.

We could and often did appear callous and altogether crude to our visitors. We were boastful, but not about the things that seemed to them to redound to our credit. We were courteous, but we were rarely polite. We were practical, yet we were forever dreaming dreams and seeing visions of great power and great possessions and greater luck. And we were maddeningly self-satisfied.

A visit to our shores was like seeing a familiar face in a glass that slightly distorts the features; it was the same, with a disturbing difference. We had new standards of value for everything—for words as well as for deeds and things. We used the same speech, yet had a radically different vocabulary. Americans "fixed" everything from an enemy to a cut finger or a baby's broken doll, not forgetting a political nomination; and after all there was nothing really fixed in their changing, hurrying life save a colossal belief in their country and their future.

In reading what visiting foreigners wrote about us during those early days, the sum of their remarks seems to be that

From the Chevillet engraving of the Duplessis portrait of 1778 in possession of Miss E. F. Harwood

Benjamin Franklin

America was like olives, a matter of personal taste. People liked or disliked us rather vigorously. But whether they liked us or not, our vital young civilization interested them enormously.

SENTIMENT AMONG THE PEOPLE

A THOUGHTFUL writer has said that Americans have "a national capacity for expecting national greatness." It was of course just this capacity that made the country in the first place and then developed it. Lafayette summed up our ideals and our resources when he called our American Revolution "the grandest of contests won by skirmishes of sentinels and outposts." The outcome of that early contest and the next one with England did not shake our young confidence in our motives or our destiny. Our wonderful physical growth confirmed the belief that everything of ours must be big and good and bound to rise higher, that just because it was American it would expand and was quite incapable of sinking. To a cynic these properties suggest an unflattering comparison; the enthusiast with glowing eyes likens them to aspiration.

The same optimistic belief, buoyant hope springing from a substratum of Puritan consecration, has enabled us many

times to overcome impossibilities. It enabled us to keep clean and wholesome such a scramble for wealth as that rush to California. In a word, our motive power as a nation is spiritual rather than utilitarian, wide-spread belief to the contrary notwithstanding. We are a sentimental people, and though overlaid with a substantial covering of practicality, sentiment has come to the surface time and again in a strange way to change our history in the making.

At Monroe's second election, for example, the vote in the electoral college was virtually unanimous. It just failed of unanimity, but, oh, the wide difference! A New Hampshire man wrote upon his ballot the name of John Quincy Adams, explaining to his colleagues that since Washington had been elected by unanimous vote, it was due to his memory that no one else should share the honor.

The unexpected act is typical of our American ways. We go along in humdrum fashion, intent on the business in hand, which is as often as not a work of destruction and is oftener than not connected with dollars; quite without warning a word is spoken, a chord of memory struck, and suddenly no persuasion in the world could tempt us to do the thing that a moment before seemed natural, if not inevitable. Whatever it is, it is done without breast-beating parade, almost with levity, for race amalgamation has corroded phlegm and sharpened stolidity and slowed up Latin emotionalism into a type of mind blessed with a keen sense of the absurd and cursed with a most cowardly horror of making itself ridiculous. The grim frontier jest that pictures a lynching party discovering its mistake too late and apologizing to the widow in the cryptic words, "The laugh is on us, ma'am," is nearer truth than fiction. We act as though ashamed of the sentiment that moves us and indulge the national sense of the ridiculous at the expense of emotion, even of reverence.

With changing conditions, national sentiment has showed itself at different periods in varied and characteristic ways. Before so many racial elements came to dwell among us, its expression was more sedate. It is doubtful if any of the continental worthies could have understood that lynching story, with the possible exception of Franklin, the only one of them born with the quality that has since come into its own as "American" humor.

Even in the sedate days our tribute to public men was apt to be paid in somewhat free and easy fashion. Washington is the only one in our national pantheon to whom decorous reverence has always been made. The admirers of Franklin who knew his reputation abroad were astonished when they came to this country and made a pilgrimage to his tomb to find only a plain white slab in "an obscure corner of an obscure burying-ground." Not even a path led to it. But they might have found food for thought in the fact that the tall grass about it was pressed down by the tread of many feet, and there was no need of a guide to show them the way.

The roads leading to the homes of our early Virginia Presidents were filled with admirers who arrived, according to the custom of the South, by coach and chariot, bringing their horses and their servants, and staying sometimes for days to cumber the stables and empty the larder. Washington, one of the richest Americans of his generation, escaped bankruptcy, having the fortune to die within three years of laying down the Presidency. The others all suffered. Jefferson paid the penalty of fame by being literally eaten out of house and home and his biographer's idyllic statement that "no hard work was done at Monticello" scarcely tallies with the assertion of his daughter that she and her household servants were sometimes called upon to provide beds for half a hundred people. Monroe said of his visitors that "some were bounties and some were taxes." On the whole he thought that there were enough of the former to offset the latter; but in his opinion pensions for ex-Presidents were a necessity, since under our republican plan they could not shut their doors and refuse hospitality

Copyright, 1891, by M. P. Rice
Abraham Lincoln

to this sentimental horde without discredit to the country.

Autres temps, autres mœurs. Ex-Presidents are left in comparative seclusion now, and the lawns of Presidential candidates suffer. But there is a deal more than selfish and "lively expectation of favors to come" in the acclaim given a President or a President-elect. Monroe's shrunken figure in his old-fashioned military coat, light small-clothes, and obsolete headgear, the "last Cocked Hat," was insignificant enough; and neither his personality nor the few offices at his disposal explained the furor with which he was greeted on that tour of his into the "enemy's country" shortly after he assumed office. The campaign had been unusually bitter, but the whole population turned out and politics were forgotten in enthusiasm for the mighty country this unimposing little man represented. Men who for years had never willingly entered the same room suddenly found it agreeable to sit side by side at banquets and to shout themselves hoarse together in the frenzy of fireworks, cheers, and artillery salutes that marked the President's progress. "The demon of party for a time departed and gave place to a general outburst of national feeling." Amazed and delighted, the people fell to analyzing their own sensations, and when the Boston "Sentinel" called it an "era of good feeling," enthusiastically adopted the phrase into the language of the day.

Such furors have swept the country again and again: sometimes for a person; sometimes in recognition of a great gift, as in the case of Jenny Lind; sometimes in an ovation to foreigners, like Kossuth and Garibaldi, for gallant efforts in behalf of principles Americans hold dear.

The crowning tribute of this kind was given to one who belonged both to Europe and America, to the first by birth, but to us if brotherly sympathy counts for anything at all. When Lafayette returned

after fifty years to lay the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, the number of our States had doubled. As Clay said in his address of welcome, a whole new world had come into being. Lafayette himself had experienced tragic vicissitudes in that half-century. He had done his ineffectual best for Marie Antoinette, kneeling in dumb show of loyalty to kiss her hand on the balcony at Versailles while the mob howled below. The French Revolution had spared his life, but it had swept away all his wealth and inflicted upon him imprisonment and hardships too painful to remember. He had come to us as a young man in a ship of his own purchasing, with a gift of arms for the continental soldiers. For this second visit President Monroe, who as a subaltern had been wounded on the same American battle-field with Lafayette, offered him the courtesy of a nation's ship. This Lafayette declined, preferring, he said, to come as a private person to meet old friends and renew old ties. Having little vanity, he could not dream of the welcome that awaited him. "It will burst!" he cried, pressing both hands upon his heart, while tears streamed down his honest cheeks when on landing he realized the fervor of the greeting.

The pent-up enthusiasm of fifty years were in those shouts, not only in tribute to his winning personality, but in gratitude for the help and comfort he had brought us on his first visit. Young and old, grave and gay, were caught up and carried out of their ordinary behavior. Dr. Bowditch of Boston, the mathematician, confessed that instead of waiting in quiet dignity as he meant to do to watch Lafayette go by, he seemed to lose his senses at first sight of him, and regained them to find himself out with the crowd in the middle of the street battling to reach the barouche and huzzahing with all his might.

If Lafayette had not been the sincerest and most genuine of men, and full of wiry health as well, he could never have survived that twelvemonth of ovations. He visited every State, almost every important town, interested in all that was new, reminiscent of all that was old, graciously playing his part in every ceremony, whether it was "standing godfather to all the children born in his path," as his compatriots said he did; or leading the blind, white-haired widow of General Montgomery through a minuet; or fraternizing with Harvard graduates on class day; or gossiping with old men who had served as privates in the Revolution. Interminable processions by day and receptions by night robbed him of half his rest, but left him apparently unwearied.

Lightheartedness and tact helped him through moments that would have been trying to a more self-centered man, and he was not above slyly seeking information to use it again with happy effect an hour later. "Now tell me all about this place, and for what it is remarkable," he commanded Josiah Quincy, who as governor's aide accompanied him through Massachusetts. "This place" happened to be Andover, where Quincy had attended school, and the answer lacked neither detail nor picturesqueness. Lafayette treasured all the hints, and in his speech, seasoned with his French accent, made happy reference to Andover's pride, the theological seminary, as that sacred hill from which hope had gone forth to the heathen and light to the uttermost parts of the earth. A little later Quincy met a proud and beaming townsman.

"I was really surprised," he said, "at the particular and accurate knowledge that General Lafayette possesses. I always knew that in the religious world our theological seminary was an object of great concern; but I never supposed that in the courts and camps of Europe so much interest was taken in it." Quincy answered diplomatically that, after the talk he had had with the general, he was not surprised by his knowledge of local conditions.

But there were many places where Lafayette's memory needed no prompting. On the trip up the Hudson he was on deck betimes to show his son the spot where Major André had been arrested; he de-

scribed Wayne's capture of Stony Point with eloquent hands and voice; and pointed out the house where the commander-in-chief and he were breakfasting with Mrs. Arnold at the time Washington learned of Arnold's treason. In Washington his mind ran forward as well as back, for here in a capital that had not then existed was most clearly to be seen the difference between the country he had left and the one to which he returned. As Clay put it, here he was "in the midst of posterity." The brilliant and dashing Clay captivated him. That was the man he wished to see President, he declared. But in his kindness of heart he found time to spend an hour with another of the unsuccessful Presidential candidates of 1824, the stricken Crawford, sitting so close to his paralyzed side that his attitude seemed an embrace.

Three of his good friends of other days, Madison, Adams, and Jefferson, were now ex-Presidents. Lafayette's meeting with the latter on the lawn at Monticello, whither he had been escorted with trumpets and banners, was a moment of sudden change from gaiety to pathos. The trumpets ceased in the middle of a note and every head was bared as the general, a fine portly figure betraying little infirmity save the slight limp he had carried since Brandywine, dismounted to embrace his host. Jefferson, advancing to meet him, looked emaciated and old as well as ill. He was suffering physically, and mentally also, from troubles that were soon to drive him from the home he loved. And for all Lafayette's jauntiness, he was no longer young. He was nearing seventy, and there were wrinkles upon his face that the fine brown wig pulled low on his forehead could not hide.

It was in the ceremony at Bunker Hill that enthusiasm culminated. The weather was perfect, justifying the pious belief that "the Lord would not permit it to rain" on that day, and the number of spectators was limited only by physical possibilities of space and transportation. "Everything that had wheels and everything that had legs" moved toward the monument. In a room apart from the crowd Lafayette met the forty survivors of the battle, greeting each with the tenderness of a personal friend. No officer of field or staff remained alive, but one old captain, tottering with the weight of his ninety-five years, brought the far-off days of King George very close indeed. A young aide, the only person in the room who was not of that past time, pinned a badge over the heart of each veteran, and they filed out into the June sunshine for the ceremony. With them and the other survivors of the Revolution Lafayette elected to sit after he had done his part in laying the corner-stone. "I belong there," he said, refusing the chair of honor that had been prepared for him, and took his place among them, his chestnut wig giving him a strangely youthful air in that company.

The same chaplain who had invoked a blessing before the soldiers went into action made a prayer, and Webster, rising, set the emotional key in those two opening words of his address, "Venerable men," spoken to the gray-haired band in that wonderful voice of his. It was more wonderful than ever that day, vibrant with feeling, and all his power of oratory and all his wealth of patriotism seemed concentrated in his speech. He played upon the vast audience as upon an instrument. Wave upon wave of feeling passed across the sea of upturned faces as cloud shadows pass over a meadow. He himself felt it as something almost uncanny. "I never," he said, speaking of that day, "desire to behold again the awful spectacle of so many human faces all turned toward me." His popularity had lately been under partial eclipse, but this address, so eloquent and adequate, set him in full favor again, and many little accustomed to weep found the sunshine suddenly dimmed that day by a mist of sentiment and tears.

Materially the country felt itself still much in Lafayette's debt. Besides the aid of his sword and courage, he expended a fortune in our behalf, equipping a regiment and bringing us a ship. As an offi-

cer of the Revolution he was entitled to a grant of land and pay for his services. The latter he accepted only after his patrimony had been swept away by the Revolution in France. The former had been assigned him in the new territory of Louisiana, which, as Jefferson wrote one of his Italian correspondents, "enabled us to do a handsome thing for Fayette." "Locations can be found adjacent to the city of New Orleans . . . the value of which cannot be calculated. I hope it will induce him to come over and settle with his family." A thousand acres of such land were set apart for him by his agent, but Congress, not being informed, granted the same tract to the city, and Lafayette with princely unselfishness refused to press his own prior claim. "He would have no contest with the American people," he said.

During Lafayette's second visit, Congress, bent on reparation, voted him two hundred thousand dollars in money and twenty-four thousand acres of "fertile land in Florida," which, so far as known, never proved of great benefit to him or his heirs. But it is a satisfaction to remember that this greatest wave of popular feeling did not ebb without leaving a token more tangible than sighs and good wishes. And without that perhaps the account between Lafayette and ourselves was balanced, after all. No man is without his faults; even neighborly gallantry may get his best friends into trouble; and it is to Lafayette that we are indebted for that pest of our farms, the thistle, sent over from France in a package of seeds addressed to Mrs. Madison and marked "very rare."

Sometimes, alas! a wave of popular sympathy in this sentimental country of ours lapses without practical result. This happened when Jefferson's financial straits became known. A subscription was started, and twenty thousand dollars was sent him, with the intimation that it was merely a first payment for value received. Jefferson accepted it in the spirit in which it was sent. "I have spent three times as much money and given my whole life to my countrymen," he said. "Now they come nobly forward in the only way they can and save an old servant from being turned like a dog out of doors." But the impulse died down, and his home had to be sacrificed, after all.

An interesting and possibly pertinent fact to be remembered in considering national sentiment is that the successful warrior has cast his spell over us as he has over other nations since the dawn of history. The United States is a country devoted to ideals of peace, but war Presidents elected by the people would have governed about half the time had not death intervened. Peace, like heaven, seems indeed a hypothetical state of bliss, laudable and longed for in theory, but secretly feared as deadly dull to live in. In his autobiography General Scott sets forth the idea that men at heart adore fighting, and to prove it asserts that he had been told by Revolutionary worthies that Jefferson, brilliant and successful though he was, felt himself discredited and ill at ease in the presence of Washington not because of Washington's calm dignity and great wisdom, but because of his military record, and that it was this "painful sense of inferiority" that forced him into political opposition. It is an interesting theory; and it must be confessed that we find a military record a valuable asset in any walk of life. It would make curious reading could a table be compiled that would show how many candidates for office, from coroner to President, have been helped up the political ladder by bayonet and carbine.

Perhaps the real reason is that successful military record presupposes fearlessness and ability to strike out from the shoulder, qualities that have always had their fascination for us. We have done not a little in the way of hero-worship in the United States, but we have done much more in worshiping the heroic spirit, and the admiration of which we have been lavish has been most freely offered before the shrine of pure motive and high ideal.

One proof of this is that although our national sense of humor is keen, there is a

CHICA
RYERSON

distrust of the very same quality when it comes to serious matters of government A prerevolutionary earnestness lingers among us yet to discredit wit and condemn satire in our public servants. Humor has been a pitfall to many unwary politicians, and a quick tongue and a sense of the ridiculous have proved the undoing of more than one statesman amply endowed with talent and patriotism. Voters are willing to be amused by such men. They elect them to Congress, sometimes even to the Senate, but there they stop. John Randolph's opium-tinged display of "intellectual jewelry" had rightly the morbid charm of a pathological exhibit; but the saner brilliant speeches of congressional wits from his day down to Thomas B. Reed's have kept them from higher offices in the gift of the people. The one man with a reputation for humor who has been elected to the Presidency was elected not because of, but in spite of, it. It was the unanswerable logic of his Cooper Institute speech and the white fearlessness of Lincoln's character, not his stories, that brought him success. Americans laugh at and with almost anything, but they take their country seriously. They often shirk their own part in the job of government, and revile political methods; but they hold their Government too sacred to be trusted in the hands of a jester.

"In the privacy of their houses," wrote Miss Martineau eighty years ago, "many citizens have lamented to me with feelings to which no name but grief can be given that the events of 1832–33 have suggested the words 'use' or 'value of the Union.' To an American, a calculation of the value of the Union would formerly have been as offensive, as absurd as an estimate of the value of religion would be to a right-minded man. To Americans of this order the Union has long been more than a matter of high utility. It has been idealized into an object of love and veneration. In answer to this *cui bono?* many have cried with Lear, 'O reason not the need!' . . . But instances of carelessness or levity about the Union are very rare, and this is the reason why more show of attachment to it is not made."

Protestations of devotion are still rarer now. Even on the Fourth of July they are thought to be in questionable taste. But question the fact of patriotism and see what happens.

The change in the fashion of expressing sentiment can be seen in the political nicknames that have followed one another through the century.

Washington was the Father of his Country; Madison, Father of the Constitution; Jackson, the Preserver of the Union; Webster, Defender of the Constitution; Frémont, the Pathfinder; William Henry Harrison, the Cincinnatus of the West. Names all of them as high sounding as titles in the age of chivalry, as well merited, doubtless, and acquired in the same way by popular acclaim. They have in them a world of gratitude and admiration, but little levity. Side by side with them, though beginning a little later and growing more marked as the new Western note crept into politics, is another group equally admiring, but expressing greater intimacy of feeling, and more daring, if not more wit. The Last Cocked Hat, applied to Monroe; J. Q. Adams's Old Man Eloquent; Jackson's Old Chief and Old Hickory; Zachary Taylor's Old Rough and Ready; Clay's Gallant Harry of the West; Douglas's Little Giant; and the Honest Old Abe that grew with Lincoln's cares and responsibilities into the fond and trusting Father Abraham. Of late years still greater familiarity has crept in. Each can extend the list to suit himself. But it must not be forgotten that parallel to both, beginning very early and continuing on, is a third set, cruelly caustic, like His Superfluous Excellency applied to the elder Adams, and the Fox of Kinderhook directed against Van Buren, showing how keen is the people's demand for virtue and that their criticism never sleeps.

First and last enough sentiment has been expended upon American politics to equip a regiment of poets laureate. Distinctly American holidays are full of it. Fourth of July, of course, made itself.

The twenty-second of February became one by common consent. It had its origin at a convivial supper in a New York tavern in 1783, when a company met to listen to an original ode and drink innumerable toasts. Enthusiasm survived the wine, and as the gentlemen went gaily and unsteadily home they swore to meet again on future anniversaries. Regarded at first as a purely party custom, it broadened beyond Federal circles to take in all Americans. Jefferson's followers attempted a similar observance in his honor, but he countered with another bit of sentiment, refusing to divulge the date, on the ground that only the birthday of the nation should be so treated. Thanksgiving was sectional and religious as well as political, and sentiment graced it in plenty. One of the customs that lingered in good old New England households until the middle of the last century was to lay five grains of corn upon the plate of every person at table in memory of a day in early colonial history when five ships came sailing into harbor just in time to chase away the specter of famine. It was Washington who appointed the first national day of thanksgiving at the instance of Congress, after the adoption of the Constitution. For many years, however, annual observance of the day remained a matter of state action, virtually confined to New England. Like the twenty-second of February, it became a national custom only gradually; unlike the twenty-second of February, it spread largely through the influence of a woman, Mrs. Sarah Joseph Hale, who advocated it for twenty years, in the editorial columns of "Godey's Lady's Book" and in private letters to many governors.

On the first inauguration day both Washington and Vice-President Adams took the oath of office clad from head to foot in garments grown and spun and fashioned on American soil. And the form of oath in which they pledged their loyalty has been carefully repeated by office-holders high and low ever since.

The color of the West Point uniform records another bit of feeling. It is a little sentimental note on the forgotten battle of Chippewa, when there was not enough blue cloth in the country to cover our small army, and the British commander, seeing a gray line of regulars advance, mistook them, to his undoing, for "nothing but a body of Buffalo militia."

How quickly our public ear responds to rhythm or effective wording is seen in the eagerness with which some telling phrase is caught up and made to do duty as a rallying-cry. Even the lilt of campaign songs and ephemeral, but temporarily popular campaign slang have turned the tide of battle. Marcy's picturesque defense of rewarding party loyalty, "to the victors belong the spoils," and the not quite frank "fifty-four forty or fight," each did yeoman's service; and when it comes to more serious and sentimental utterances, their influence has been enormous. "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute" both added to and steadied excitement in the X. Y. Z. affair. Clay's "Free trade and sailors' rights" helped on the War of 1812. "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable, now and forever" out of Webster's reply to Hayne was a resounding line plucked from among the innumerable words of the Nullification debates and exalted into a national watchword. How much the glowing title of that new patriotic song the "Star-Spangled Banner" did to inspire enlistment, or the harder duty of cheerful endurance in the discouraging days of British invasion and burning; or how far Lawrence's dying injunction not to give up the ship has carried individual Americans from that day to this in deeds of heroism, each heart must determine for itself.

Once in a long while sentiment obliterates for an hour even our sense of humor. When Saxe-Weimar was traveling in this country, a dinner was given in his honor by the German Society of Philadelphia. Wishing to pay him the highest respect, they arranged to have only German music. Fortunately the genial duke's sense of fun was equal to the strain. "Our waiters wore black," he wrote, describing

the occasion. "Even the music was performed by blacks, because white musicians will never perform at public entertainments. After every toast the music struck up; but our virtuosi were only acquainted with two German pieces. After drinking my health, they played 'A dish and a song,' and after the toast was given of 'The German Athens,' they played 'Oh, du lieber Augustin!' "

"On the eighth day of January next, wind, weather, and snow permitting," a frontier paper announced late in 1837, "the Great Prairie will be set on fire in commemoration of the great Whig victory in New York. The Prairie is about 300 miles long, with an average breadth of from ten to twenty miles. The fires to be lighted at eight o'clock in the evening."

There is a wide and breezy enthusiasm about that which cannot fail to awaken a responsive chord in every American breast, though as to fitness there might be room for difference of opinion. However enthusiasm may stray from the path of fitness in such minor matters, in great crises American sentiment can be trusted not to go wrong. There were no huzzahs at Yorktown when the British gave up their swords; at Vicksburg no humiliating cheers added to the bitterness of defeat. Instead, there was a brotherly pressure of hands and a breaking of bread. The end of the Rebellion was marked by no widespread celebration of victory. Men, as best they could, set about following Lincoln's injunction to bind up the nation's wounds.

In the early Western migration there was little time for anything except daily tasks, and little room to carry anything beyond the barest practical necessities. But sentiment found a place in the pack of every immigrant family that crossed the Alleghanies. They could carry names with them, if nothing else.

The cabin and the fare might be poor indeed, but a loom in the corner reproduced patterns woven "back yonder," and the names by which they were called, repeated over and over, carried the mind far rolling through biblical history in the wake of "Chariot Wheels," or through the heavens with the "Seven Stars," to bring it to earth again in some dearly loved garden spot beside a "Double Snowball" or a "Briar Rose."

The names these immigrants gave their new homes are themselves a record of no mean interest. Often they were a counterpart of the old home left east of the mountains, as that had been of some village around a gray Norman tower under moist English skies. They tell a tale of loyalty and homesickness, and of sturdy New World faith in their ability to carve a home "equally as good" out of the forest or the rich prairie loam or the alkali of their new dwelling-place.

In their trail can be followed successive waves of thought and aspiration. Lexington, Kentucky, was christened by some hunters who were camping on that spot when they first heard of the battle. The revolt against Puritan dominion is to be seen in the nightmare medley of Greek and classic names with which central New York is covered. The few Indian names that have survived race prejudice for their music's sake tell a story of their own, as does the boastful exuberance of those names ending in "opolis," planted along the line of march in a spirit of commercial optimism that withered into failure, and which remain to clog the landscape like last year's burs. As we journey westward, alongside exotic French and Spanish saints and royal personages who fastened their tenacious names deep in our free soil years before men of English origin came to dispute them, are harsh descriptive phrases that etch like a biting acid the picture of a brave and virile and not over-squeamish phase of our young civilization—the Deadwoods and Mudholes and Long-a-Comings of the miners and ranchmen who carried abundant sentiment in their hearts, but counted it weakness and strove to hide it under callousness and profanity.

How sentiment grew and flourished on the new soil, and what strange and sometimes perverted forms it took, many a bit of local nomenclature shows.

They are interesting reading, these names on our map. And rightly read, they yield up an unassailable history of American politics. The number of Clay and Calhoun and Webster counties testify to the popularity of those famous leaders, and Scott and Taylor and Harrison counties show what a hold military success has upon our peaceful imagination. While an occasional state capital may bear the name of a President, or a large and thriving city the name of our favorite Frenchman, even the beloved Franklin was not deemed worthy of having a State named after him, that honor being reserved for Washington alone.

It is too soon for the country to have attained the finished beauty that covers the seamy side of Europe. We are still delving, and still cherish our American ideals, some of us with yearning, some with a hot conviction that makes it hard to remember they are still only a hope for the future, not an accomplished fact.

When we think of our nation as hopelessly material, given over to pursuit of wealth and without the saving grace of poetry, it is well to remember that a vision brought our forebears across the sea; that American conceptions of liberty are not prosaic, however short of ideal their working out may be; that the country's industrial development has been like an epic, and American invention a dream of magic. Stern necessity forced the early workers of the country to be practical. Men had instantly to take up their part in feeding and defending the struggling settlements; and women found their hands more than full in rearing children and contriving orderly households out of the abundant lack with which they were surrounded. Even after pioneer days were over they were under the same necessity to dig or die. Confronted by the unsightly gashes such work makes in nature's beauty, they scarcely heeded them, so intent were they upon what these gashes were to become. It has not been through lack of idealism, but abundance of it, that we have overlooked much that was crude and even laughable in our daily life. And if the time ever comes when this flame of hope dies out, leaving only ashes of criticism, it will usher in sad and perilous days for our beloved land.

THE END

Editorial Correction

IN the June CENTURY, in an article entitled "Can Wilson Win?" by Mr. George Creel, the following statement appears:

From the very first, foreign interference has contributed as largely to Mexican disorder as internal revolution. Documentary evidence is coming to light that proves the Mondragon-Reyes-Diaz plot against Madero to have been hatched with the full knowledge of the American ambassador, if not planned in the very embassy itself.

This having been taken as a reference to the Hon. Henry Lane Wilson, former American ambassador to Mexico, and the intimations therein made being unsupported by proof, we are happy, on behalf of the magazine and in justice to Mr. Wilson, to withdraw the statement and to express our regret that it should have appeared.—THE EDITOR.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Pitiable Penguin and his Awkward Appetite

By E. L. McKINNEY

THE penguin I had long inferred,
From books of polar exploration,
To be an unresponsive bird,
Due to his frigid habitation.
His life, I felt, was dull and cold,
And empty as an icy chasm;
In fact, I frequently made bold
To think he lacked enthusiasm;
His spirits, I was more than sure,
Were very low in temperature.

But once, returning home quite late,—
Indeed, the midnight bells were pealing,—
I found one standing by my gate
Who greeted me with bursts of feeling.
"How do you do?" he said to me.
"My name is Herbert; call me Bertie,"—
He took his watch out,—"Let me see,
I 've waited here since seven-thirty.
But if you have ah ice or two,
I 'll come and spend some time with you."

"I have an ice," I said; "for that,
I always have ice-cream for dinner.
My doctor says it makes me fat,
Though I persist in getting thinner.
And have a drink. I 've ginger-ale
And lots of sparkling sars'parilla—"
"No, just ice-cream; I 'm feeling pale.
Which is it, choc'late or vanilla?"
And as he ate he told to me
His melancholy history.

"Some fifteen years ago to-day,
Upon an ice-cake, damp and chilly,
I lived in my accustomed way
With mother and my brother Willy.
We lived a simple life, and ate
The artless food the spot provided,
Which I grew speedily to hate,
And suddenly one day decided
To swallow nothing but ice-cream
And make each meal a dazzling dream.

"At every meal, and in between,
I ate a store of creamy ices.
My daily rate was seventeen;
I purchased them at wholesale prices.
All kinds I had, pistache and peach
And frozen pudding, dishes heaping;
Vanilla, choc'late—quarts of each—
I ate when other folks were sleeping.
My mother often told me, 'Bert,
Some day you 'll hate the word dessert.'

"But I ate on, and as I ate
This food against my mother's wishes,
I lost, I found it out too late,
My appetite for other dishes.
I could not eat, how hard I 'd try,
The wholesome rice, the cool tomatoes;
I was not fascinated by
The memories of mashed potatoes.[1]
I looked with scornful eyes at Will,
Who ate this simple diet still.

"My fearful appetite grew keen;
I had to have ice-cream in plenty.
My rate increased from seventeen
Each day to many more than twenty.
Ice-cream grew scarce. I left my home
And wandered over all creation;
From place to place I used to roam
To keep from imminent starvation.
And now I beg from street to street
For ices—all that I can eat."

He stopped. I heard a single tear
Splash sizzling on the empty platter.
I sighed, his limited career
Was such a lamentable matter.
He thanked me, stumbled out the gate,
And left me thinking, mournful, lonely.
Ah, child, consider well his fate
And do not long for ices only:
Choose not the cold, seek not the sweet,
But learn to like whate'er you eat.

[1] The reader is requested not to linger over this rhyme, which has already endangered the otherwise cordial relations between the author and ourselves.—THE EDITOR.

"To-morrow You Will be King"

By STACY AUMONIER

"TO-MORROW you will be king. This is the best and most highly paid job that I give out. You will have an enormous salary, and you will be able to buy anything you like to eat or drink, but you must wear the clothes that I give you. There will be several hundred suits, and you must wear them on occasions as I dictate. You must always be thinking of ME and my CONSTITUTION (spelled in very large capitals), and you must not have any ideas of your own. You may think, but you must not express your thoughts. You must not have any likes or dislikes, any prejudices, any bias, or any political thought.

"Above all, you must not marry whom you like. I will find you a wife. You see, I was once a slave, as you will be to-morrow, and I like to keep you, although you are expensive to me, because you remind me of that time; or, rather, you bring home to me how I have developed, how I have become free, and I like to feel this power that I, a People (with a very large P), may even keep one slave myself, may even be a tyrant when the mood comes over me. For I rejoice in you, and as you pass me in the street I will take off my hat and bow to you, and when you deign to acknowledge me, I will cheer and cry, 'God save the King!'

"To-morrow and every day after I shall introduce you to hundreds and hundreds of people. You will not find them interesting, in fact you will find them mostly tedious and dull, but you must remember them all—all their names and faces and many facts concerning them, so that in after years, if you meet one of them, you must be ready to say, 'Ah, Mr. Brown, how is your youngest son getting on in Nicaragua?' You must be very careful to remember that it *is* the youngest son and that it *is* Nicaragua. If you ask how his eldest son is getting on in Fiji, and his eldest son is dead and had not even been to Fiji, you will estrange Brown, and I value Brown very highly. He supports the exchequer of one of my greatest parties. I shall expect this of you. It is what I am pleased to call 'tact.' If you meet others, and you look into their eyes, and they seem sympathetic to you, you must not treat them with more cordiality than those to whom you take an aversion.

"You must worship in the church established by my prelates, and considered best for you, and you must be strict in your observances. Every day there will be many papers for you to sign, but fortunately for you, you need not read them, for you must sign them in any case. And when you open my house of government you must read a speech. This speech will be written for you by some one you won't know, and will be printed in bold type, so that it will not be difficult to read.

"This holds good with every public act of yours. I try to make it as easy for you as possible, so that you have no personal worry or responsibility. You must not even refer to yourself as 'I'; you must say 'we.' This does not mean that there is more than one of you, but it gives you emphasis, and lends point to the phrase, 'Le roi est mort. Vive le roi!'

"You may have relaxation,—that is to say, you may have change of scene and to a certain extent change of society,—but you must never deviate by a hair's-breadth from these restrictions that I have laid down. Into my life you will bring color, history, pageantry, and a sense of form. For these things I am prepared to pay you well and to stand by you.

"When your day is finished and you say your prayers and retire to bed, in the silent watches of the night you may have whatever thoughts you like. Of course I should prefer you to think of ME and my CONSTITUTION, but I shall not exact that from you, provided your thoughts do not color your actions of the preceding day. Now go, sire, for to-morrow you will be king."

The Leisure Class

By EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

AS he shuffled his way to the park bench on which I already was sitting, he seemed to me the most perfect specimen of the tramp perennial that I had ever beheld.

His hat had once been a derby. Now it was little more than a buckled and drooping brim. Most of the crown was gone, and in its place appeared a thicket of dirty gray hair. A beard of the same color burst from the lower half of the face like an inverted halo of dirt. The color of the face itself differed very little from that of its shaggy frame. It might as well have been the face of a dead man but for a pair of piercing, peppery eyes, into which seemed to have been concentrated all the mobility withdrawn from the rest of the body. Despite the bright sunlight and the soft spring air, he wore a heavy overcoat reaching below his knees. A fringe of rags about each bare leg suggested trousers, and rags wound about his feet took the place of shoes.

As he sat down beside me, not much more than a foot away, my immediate impulse was to get away as quickly as I could, for the smell surrounding him was in keeping with his looks. But a voice within me whispered, "Oh, you fool, here 's one of those chances to study human nature that you are always pining for and never using!"

And so I made myself sit still, though it came hard. Without paying the slightest attention to me, he pulled from somewhere within his long coat a newspaper that must have littered the street a good while before he picked it up. In fact, it was only one half of a newspaper, but the upper half, fortunately, with all the headlines on it. This remnant of uncertain age he spread across his knees and began to study carefully.

"I guess it 's war all right, all right," he said at last without turning his head. "Well, it 's about time we showed them their place."

Of course I felt that I ought to say something diplomatical to lead him on, but I was still too busy holding on against the terrific impact of that smell.

"I 'd have given it to them long ago, if it had been up to me," he went on, ap-

parently unaware of the lack of response. "There will never be any order down there until we take hold. And the sooner we do it, the less trouble we 'll have."

"Do you mean to say that you care?" I found myself blurting out before I knew that I meant to speak at all.

"Care?" His head turned with the slow, awkward movement of a wooden doll; but when his eyes met mine, their fire made me wince.

"Care?" he repeated more calmly. "What do you mean?"

"I—I thought you were one of those unemployed," I faltered; "and so I did n't imagine that such a thing as the march of empire would interest you."

"Unemployed nothing!" he snorted. "I 'm a real hobo, and not one of those poor fools who 're running around to churches and such places like a lot of headless chickens."

There was a pause, broken by me at last.

"So much the more reason for you not to care, then," I said.

"Those things—what you call the march of empire—they 're the only ones I do care for," he retorted severely. "And mind you, young man, this empire is going to march on and on until we get clear down to the Horn, and there 's nothing left between the south and north poles without the letters U. S. stamped on it."

"But why, then—" I gasped.

"There are two things you overlook," he interrupted me. "First, that you ain't so much of a muchness after all, in spite of your cute looks; and second, that I 've got as much of a share in this country as you have—"

It was my turn to break in:

"Why don't you work for it, then?"

"Work?" he repeated with a sneer. "You mean drudge, of course. Why should I? What would it bring me? Fine food, swell clothes, a big house, a foolish wife—well, that 's what you care for. I don't. I care for just one thing and no more: to see this nation fill out its destiny, which is to rule and run all the Americas. See?"

"But you don't help along," I tried to protest. "You lie down on the job—"

He brushed aside my words.

"That means only you can't see much beyond your own nose, young man. I don't lie down at all—not in that sense. Perhaps I don't do much of what you call work, and perhaps I don't want to do it, either. But I vote, for one thing,—vote where it 's most needed, whether it 's here or in Frisco,—and I do a lot of hard brain work, which is more than can be said of you, I fear."

"I see," I said, having at last reached a point of interest where the smell was almost forgotten and a smile possible.

"No, you don't," he cried back at me. "If you did, you 'd see that civilization means nothing but to stop doing and start thinking, and thinking takes a lot of leisure. No nation can be called civilized, young man, unless it has a leisure class with plenty of time to do the thinking for it. But the leisure class is n't all one. Some of it you find up there,—" he jerked a thumb in the direction of Fifth Avenue, —"and some of it you find right where you 're sitting now. Leisure has to be paid for, you see, and it is n't always paid for in the same way. Those up there—" again his thumb indicated wealthy residence districts to the northward—"make others pay for their leisure. I pay for mine myself—pay for it by doing without a lot of worthless and useless things; pay for it that way just because I care more for this glorious nation than for myself. Do you see now?"

"Go on," I urged.

"No," he said, shaking his head and rising lazily to his feet. "I 've given you about all you can stand in one dose."

Folding up the old rag of a newspaper carefully, he shuffled off again in the direction from which he had appeared. Half-way across the open space in front of the bench he stopped and turned once more toward me:

"You have n't got a dime that 's not working, have you?"

Of course, considering the circumstances, I could n't possibly refuse him.

Eliza

By ROBERT EMMET WARD

ELIZA is a portly toad
With gold-rimmed jewel eyes.
I often meet her in the road
At twilight, catching flies.
She wears what seems a shabby gown
Of speckled, faded, earthy brown;
But as she calmly sits among
The flowers at dusk, with agile tongue
Collecting from the atmosphere
Such dainties as may venture near,
So lofty is her pride
She will not deign to jump or run
Though she be almost stepped upon.
It 's I who leap aside
Lest my rude foot should jar her poise
Or interrupt her evening joys.
She scorns to seem the wiser
As I recoil, with Thackeray
Exclaiming, in my sportive way,
"'Lor'! It 's Eliza!"

Eliza, admirable toad!
Is a domestic soul.
She stays all day in her abode,
A well-selected hole
Beneath the arbor's latticework,
Compactly seated, like a Turk,
And smiles as weirdly, as she thinks,
As Mona Lisa or the Sphinx;
And when I say, "Eliza dear,
You know the home is woman's sphere,"
And stroke her on the nose
With blade of grass or bit of straw,
She makes no effort to withdraw.
Her eyelids she will close,
And merely, slightly, bow her head
With tolerant ease, as if she said,
"Thanks, yes." One can't surprise her
By offering votive grub or fly.
If I 've a garden deity,
"Lor'! It 's Eliza!"

FINANCE AND BANKING

The New Discount Market

By H. V. CANN

SIGHT-SEERS visit the financial district in New York every day. They form lines in the galleries of the exchanges and on the Broad Street curb to watch the bulls and the bears on the stock-markets. Thence their usual route is via Fraunces's Tavern to the Aquarium. Not long ago a visitor, more independent of guide-books, turned from contemplating an active stock-market, and wanted to see the new discount market. He had heard of its large transactions, and looked forward to a spectacle as interesting and animated as that which he had just witnessed. It surprised him to learn how intangible is the institution, newly adopted from abroad, called the open discount market, that no association or trading-place is necessary, and that it is in reality only a general change to better banking practice. The change was effected by the Federal Reserve Act and state legislation. New laws, framed in the full light of experience in other countries, gave American banks and trust companies authority to accept drafts for their customers. In this way, for a small commission, a bank will lend its name and credit to a customer, thus enabling him, without use of the banks' money, to finance elsewhere a trade transaction at a rate of discount lower than his own name alone would command. Such acceptances are usually based upon the purchase or sale of merchandise which, when finally disposed of, will yield funds to pay the acceptances. Self-liquidating commercial bills of this kind bearing the acceptance of a sound bank are the safest short-term investments that can be made.

Only a certain percentage of a bank's deposits is held in actual money. The balance must be kept employed to earn funds wherewith to pay running expenses, interest on deposits, and dividends. Next to actual money and balances with correspondents, banks hold, as a provision against sudden withdrawals of deposits, a so-called secondary reserve. Heretofore this secondary reserve in American banks consisted of call loans against stock-exchange securities. This collateral is continually fluctuating in price; loan margins require constant attention, and there have been memorable times when call loans were not so quickly collectable as the name implies. Out of the whole population of the country only a fortunate few can ever afford to buy stocks and bonds, but everybody must buy merchandise. It follows, therefore, in both theory and practice, that bankers' acceptances based upon goods are incomparably more liquid and stable secondary reserves than call loans against stocks and bonds.

The organization of the Federal reserve banks and the first offerings of acceptances drawn under the new laws provided the nuclei of a discount market and the necessary leadership. Recognition of its value is rapidly becoming general. Acceptors and buyers are increasing in number all the time. The supply of acceptances and the demand for them are growing larger every day. Country banks are taking an interest in the development, and will become buyers when rates are a little more attractive. A few New York agencies of foreign banks are beginning to use the market. Their branches in distant ports buy bills of exchange drawn under letters of credit issued by American bankers. These bills are sent through the New York agencies for sale in the open market. In the course of time large foreign banks doing an international business may be expected to invest in American acceptances either to profit by an exchange situation or for attractive yields. The

(*Continued on page 60 following*)

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

Our Next Step

By FRANK BUFFINGTON VROOMAN

THIS paper, received at the eleventh hour, answers the query, Are we already invaded? and points a way to a real world peace. It is a development of the argument presented by Dr. Vrooman in a debate with Colonel William Jennings Bryan at the initial banquet of the National Economic League, held at the New Willard Hotel at Washington on March 4, 1916. Dr. Vrooman's speech was entirely extemporaneous, and there has been no record kept; but an attempt has been made to present the main argument on the subject of conditions of permanent world peace. This statement is made because of the letter of President Eliot in "The New York Times" of March 11 on the same subject, in which, with no possible knowledge of what had been said before, President Eliot advanced a similar theory.—THE EDITOR.

FEW men dare dream of a warless world, but some are beginning to believe that we have it in our power to ordain that there is no longer room on this planet for another organized aggression for murder and plunder, that it is no longer tolerable for a reckless and irresponsible militarism in the hands of a reckless and irresponsible diplomacy to drag twenty-five millions of men to the shambles without their consent. So much has been gained that there are those who believe that murder is murder by masked units or helmeted millions, on the simple proposition that one cannot elevate a crime into a decency by the multiplication table; and that those who hold that the moral law contains no "favored-nation" privileges may, through an intelligent and efficient organization, write *Finis* at the close of the history of all aggressive wars for gain.

The day has arrived to raise this question and faithfully examine it. With half the world enveloped in the psychosis of war, with civilization dragging its anchors, with Europe exhausted, and the United States smitten with infantile paralysis, the moment has come for cold thinking, for warm feeling, and for adequate action; for a reconsideration of our ancient shibboleths and a reëxamination of the foundations of our thinking.

What is democracy, anyway? Upon the way the United States answers this question will depend not only the future course of American history, but, as well, real democracy the world over in all its larger outlines and broader purposes. Is democracy a thing without duties, obligations, or responsibilities? Is it a thing without a spiritual content, without world purpose and world destiny? Is it without an aim higher than "pork"? Is it a theory of a nation built upon a theory of oneself, an incoherent and unmobilized mass of men and resources in heterogeneous juxtaposition, without vertebræ to hold it together, without a soul to save it from damnation? It has been said that in this country there is one thinker to every twenty-five thousand of its inhabitants. The rest are orators. With only one person in that number with a national, to say nothing of an international, consciousness, can it be said that we are a nation?

When we think of the mission of the United States, we are compelled to think of a tendency to isolate a certain territory wherein our people may make money and save their skins; to create a Dead Sea civilization into which everything flows, but which has no outlet. We do not think, and it seems as if we cannot think, of our country as a nation among nations, as each man thinks of himself as a man among men. We talk of ourselves as being a world power without apparently the slightest conception of either the op-

portunities or the obligations of a nation that has assumed its proper place in the world. Are we to sustain relations with the world? Are we to conduct foreign affairs? Are we to have policies which we can make good, or are we to keep on bluffing in a way in which every one knows that there is no possibility of making good? Are we to be a first-class nation or a second-class nation? On the way in which we answer this question will largely depend the future of mankind.

There is one thing and one thing only that can save democracy in the United States, and that is a forward movement with a moral mission. We have lost sight of both in our overwhelming prosperity, and we have been content to wax fat and near-sighted. We have come to the point where we must face the questions of duty. No nation ever survived without a sense of obligation, and without it no nation ought to survive. We are confronted not only with an opportunity, but with a mission; and this is why I propose a forward movement of democracy, an alliance of the democracies of the world in the interest of democracy in the world.

We have been told that we can regulate the behavior of naughty nations by our "Christian example." The experiment has been tried through our "Christian" indifference to the murder of nations and the breakdown of civilization and in our contentment with coining money out of death and blood. It has not stopped the war, nor has it so exalted the respect of nations for us that we may count on stamping a Chautauqua civilization willy-nilly upon the rest of the world.

We have been asked to rest our case in treaties which are framed to give inhuman and uncivilized nations a year in which to pursue their amiable depredations, while giving the "Christian" nation the twelvemonth to cool off in and to check up its ledger. Two years ago, before we knew exactly what kind of world we were living in, this plan might have carried conviction; but a few of us have learned something in that time, and have been witnesses of that cynicism which has been ready to tear up the bonds of sacred conventions, and we are not so content to rest the ultimate decision of world conflict upon so flimsy a foundation as an unsupported "scrap of paper." We must dismiss, therefore, the doctrine of treaties until there is something established in the world strong enough to make them binding.

Again we have heard that general disarmament will accomplish the desired result. All men are willing, aye, praying, to see the day when this may be realized; but some of us have failed to see general disarmament in the disarmament of one nation, and we realize that the dream of pacifism may at any moment turn suddenly to a hideous nightmare so long as there is one aggressive, mad-dog militarist nation left in the world without its teeth drawn.

We have heard, too, of the World Peace Foundation, with its league to "enforce" peace. Summed up, its program is another form of the treaty theory, both good as far as they go, provided they are not leaned on as responsible supports. Suppose this league had been in existence two years ago. How would it have prevented this war? If Germany had signed the treaty, she would have signed nothing but a "scrap of paper." If she had not signed it, she would have been in no different position, nor would the Allies. So far as nations that know no law but "necessity" are concerned, such a league is powerless, and it is here that it has missed the main point.

Another fatal oversight is that signatories do not bind themselves to enforce the decision of their tribunal after arbitration. "The proposal," says President Lowell, "goes no farther than obliging all members to prevent *by threat* of armed intervention a breach of the public peace before the matter has been submitted to arbitration." In other words, after the decision of the tribunal has been reached, signatories who up to that time have kept the peace are no longer under obligations to do so, and so far as the league is concerned,

these powers stand with those outside the bond or reach of punishment.

President Lowell urges that "the conception of international morality and fair play are still so vague and divergent, that a nation can hardly bind one to wage war on another with which it has no quarrel, to enforce a decision or a recommendation of whose justice or wisdom it may not be itself heartily convinced." Here he begs the whole question, and places it back in the status of the vigilance committee, which simile he uses, before it was replaced by the sheriff with the posse comitatus. Suppose an agent of a vigilance committee, to say nothing of a sheriff or his assistant, should refuse to act in any given case against a man with whom he "had no quarrel," and declined to "enforce a decision" or recommendation of "whose justice or wisdom" he was not himself "heartily convinced."

The league to enforce peace is far behind the status of the sheriff and his posse, and a long way from the level of a first-class vigilance committee.

Let us have something fundamental—first fundamental thinking, then radical action. And let it be adequate, or let us go out of business. The country is sick of government by amateurs, and has lost faith in progress by paralytics.

We have not even learned the difference between a policy and a bluff. It has never occurred to us to consider what we may be called upon some day to defend: to understand that it is as honorable to defend a principle as a territory; to know that our possessions and our policies, as Bismarck once said of colonies, are "points to be defended." I have been wondering what would happen if the Monroe Doctrine were challenged by some combination of first-class powers somewhere commensurate in strength with the powers at war to-day. What would we do? Suppose in Mexico or the Caribbeans or in southern Brazil, Germany and Japan should assemble their combined navies and place several million men. What *would* we do? We would know whether the Monroe Doctrine was a policy or a bluff. And that is exactly what we have not yet found out.

No nation can meet every possible contingency, but every nation ought to be prepared for every probability, and the first and immediate probability before us just now is the annihilation of the Monroe Doctrine, with the deprivation of all our outlying possessions; and, as quite within the lines of events, the payment in indemnities, on this or some other pretext, of the war debts of one or more of the nations in conflict. It is quite probable when the war is over that the United States will be the only nation in the world with any organized industry but the industry of war. These nations will be bankrupt, with the exception of such assets as may be represented by enormous standing armies, and probably with their navies intact, and with no more or better scruples than they have shown to their neighbors.

Another contingency awaits us. Mexico will be loaded up with debts and obligations to the nations of Europe for the killing of their citizens and the destruction of their property, and that without the slightest possibility of paying the smallest fraction of it. Demands will be made that we shall have to pay or Mexico will be invaded, and we shall have to fight or give up the Monroe Doctrine. The pacifists are telling us that the nations will be too poor to fight when this war is over, when it is more probable that they will be too poor to do anything else. We have our own lesson in the Civil War and with Mexico, when, with what in 1865 was the most efficient army in the world, and with plenty of troops on the border, Seward settled the matter of the invasion of Mexico by the troops of Napoleon the Little.

The Monroe Doctrine was saved because we were neither too poor nor too proud to fight, and we had just demonstrated that proposition. With five or ten million veteran soldiers and with no industries in which to place them, and with an open and cynical political creed announced and pursued and illustrated by two or more years of immeasurable

savagery, what will an intelligent nation do to face a situation like a Strasburg goose before these hungry hordes the leaders of which have not taken the trouble to conceal the creed upon which they have consistently vandalized Europe: "You have something I want. I will kill you and take it away"?

The laconic mind will consider whatever truth there is in the economic guess of Emerson, to whom we do not often go for that brand of wisdom, "He only can give who hath." Some one, writing recently of the French Revolution, said that, when it began, assignats were selling at ninety-five; within eighteen months they were at ninety; soon they dropped to seventy; then they took the toboggan and went to the bottom. "Then when France was bankrupt," he said, *"she found it necessary to go out and plunder Europe."*

I AM looking for a coalition between Germany and Japan after the war is over —I am not sure that it will wait till peace is signed—to break the Monroe Doctrine once for all. A nation that could find a pretext to plunge the world into war in the murder of an archduke might have little difficulty in making her claims against Mexico. The crisis may crystallize through Mexico or the California land or school question, or some foreign issue may arise in Japan, when, to save the Government, it will be necessary to take the initiative in Mexico or Panama or elsewhere. It is to be remembered that there are indications in both Germany and Japan of a feeling that the Monroe Doctrine is an insolence not to be tolerated. Those of us who have cared to know are well aware of the colonization in South America, and especially in southern Brazil, where for ten years Germany has virtually had a standing army larger than our whole army. We know of German movements in Haiti and the Danish West Indies, in Mexico, and especially in Canada and the United States. By this time the veil has been lifted from the whole vicious masquerade of German policy in the revelations of the ramifications of the tentacles of the official spy-and-bully system headquartered at Washington. In the light of the revelation of the main conspiracy and its relation to Berlin, certain facts appear to have a new significance: that there are more German reservists in the country than the whole American standing army; that there are more Germans than reservists and more hyphens than Germans. One may ask what the German official clique did with the forty millions said to have been received by wireless in those few days before and after the dramatic début of the villain on the stage at Columbus, New Mexico; and why simultaneously at Vera Cruz German reservists have recently been gathering, and what a curious coincidence it is—how *very* curious—that the Germans have more machine-guns in Mexico than we have in our whole army! I do not think anybody knows how many they have in the United States. Another interesting circumstance was the reported discovery among some captured papers of Villa of a treaty with Japan giving this gentleman a million dollars for the right to land an army in the United States. Speaking of the Japanese, also, there are certain circumstances of significance which stand out for the consideration of wise men. There are said to be more Japanese veterans of the wars of the mikado in California at this moment than our whole mobile standing army; as many more in Hawaii; half as many more in British Columbia. There are said to be still more in the Philippines and in Central America, closing in about the Panama Canal, and I have been told by an officer of the staff of the War College at Washington that there are 400,000 Japanese soldiers in Mexico. Our amiable pacifist friends do not think there is danger of invasion of this country by the Germans or the Japanese. We are already invaded.

What was the meaning of the reports that Japanese dead were found among the Mexicans killed on our border, that the Mexican troops were officered by Japanese at Vera Cruz, and that a Japanese crew of a war-ship made an official visit to the au-

thorities at Chapultepec and narrowly escaped an international complication? Is there significance in the fact that the Japanese have paroled their German prisoners in Tokio and are banqueting them, and that the Japanese press is singing the praise of *Deutschland ueber Alles?* Perhaps it is well here to remember that the Japanese learned their *Welt-politik* in the German school. At the time of the debacle in 1870 the Japanese in Paris left it in haste and went to Berlin, where they succeeded in acquiring the whole German system of militarism and espionage. Here they not only learned the organization of armies and the making of munitions, but every process of the gimlet methods of the spy-and-bully system which on the part of both the Germans and the Japanese has wormed its way into the last secret and service of our Government. There is no need in calling attention to the significance of the ominous portents rising upon three horizons, south, east, and west, to all of which we have made the same feeble gesture—the polite complacency of the transcendental optimaniac.

The first lesson in Pan-Americanism is to learn the significance of the presence here of Pan-Germany and Pan-Japan. What do we purpose to do about it?

It is about time to look the world over and see if we have any friends who can help us to preserve free institutions intact on this hemisphere. If we have no friends, let us behave so as to deserve them. Let us acquit ourselves so that nations will see in us a desirable ally, and not a parasite for whom they are to pull chestnuts out of the fire.

Let us look the world over. It happens that the world divides itself pretty clearly into two great groups, and in one of these groups are the foundations ready laid for such a coalition as may serve the lasting interests of democracy.

If we take the trouble to examine the real policies of Germany and Japan, we must not lose sight of the valid significance of the interlocking of this identity of political ideals with national interests that need have no fundamental antagonisms. People whose ideals are identical may easily lay permanent bases for future coöperation and conquest. Russia is the unknown quantity. Her ideals are with the autocracies; her interests might well lie with us, and nations, unless racial sentiments are involved, generally follow their interests. Those who have given any real thought, backed by investigation, to the world policies of Germany and Japan, must have realized that, founded upon a cynical and open avowal of military conquest and autocratic domination, the one has set out for world supremacy through the domination of Europe, and that the other has set out on a program of Pan-Asiatic imperialism. These are the policies of Pan-Germany and Pan-Japan. Both late in the game of world politics, and having arrived with the world well parceled out, they have set out with the instrument of a ruthless militarism to get by conquest what they have been denied by priority of preëmption. They found the flags of democratic and peace-loving nations floating over the empty spaces of the earth, for the most part undefended, and their inhabitants unable and unwilling to defend themselves; and the Germans and the Japanese have determined to be in at the reckoning in this last call for raw material and standing-room and food. They are the nations that will set the pace and launch the initiative, throwing the world back again to the ultimate struggle for existence. We are coming again to just that. Let there be no mistake. Here are the underlying and determining issues between nations in this bloody century, which dawned sweetly upon the world with its tragic promises, and which already has given such ghastly fulfilment. If we lose our guess here, we lose the game.

There are certain nations in the world which happen to be our natural friends. Fortunately, they are those we should want to tie up with in an alliance of democracies. If there is to be a forward movement of democracy, shall we look to those nations which openly avow undying

enmity toward our established "policies"? Or shall we approach those which have shown their friendship, and which we know to have with us common interests, and between whose ideals and ours there are no fundamental antagonisms?

Looking forward to a possible alliance, what are the nations which offer the line of least resistance? First of all is Great Britain. The noblest contribution of the political genius of the human race to the world is that of the British mind. The American nation is only one instance of the spread of the civilization of the Anglo-Saxon over the empty spaces of the earth, and it is the mission of the Anglo-Saxon to defend the achievements of our forefathers. We have derived our laws and most of our institutions, with their ideals, from our mother England, with a certain way of thinking based upon a certain psychology which has not yet been swamped in hyphens, and we speak the same language and understand each other. Look at it from any point of view, and one will find the groundwork of a lasting alliance; for with fair and wise statesmanship there is in sight not the remotest reason or cause or pretext why there should ever again be war between Great Britain and the United States. There will always be rivalries of trade, but with these properly handled, there can be no more war. The fact that between the possessions of the two powers there has been for a hundred years an unfortified boundary-line of three thousand miles is ample proof of this proposition. Another observation may be added here. Fifty years ago seventy per cent. of all the ships that sailed the seven seas carried the British flag. For a hundred years Great Britain has not had until now a naval war. In all that time she has not abused the overwhelming sea power she possessed, and everywhere the British flag has flown there has been the guaranty of free trade and equal rights. This simple and indisputable fact will dispel the objection that there is danger of militarism in naval supremacy in the hands of democratic control.

The democracy of France, and not the democracy of the United States, may yet prove the bulwark of free institutions in the world. In France democracy is organization; here it is chaos. In France democracy is efficiency; here it has degenerated into an incompetency as spineless and feeble as an angleworm. The ideals of France are our ideals.

The aspirations of new Italy, framed after the prophetic utterances of a Mazzini, have brought Italy in the line of democracy and progress. Despite the growth of imperialism, Italian political ideals are nearly enough identical with ours for coöperative purposes and enterprise. The home of the Renaissance has become the scene of a resurrection, and we have the Italy of to-day moving toward the people's emancipation. The political ambitions of Italy are not fundamentally antagonistic to those of the United States.

Then there is the problem of China. China has been a friend of the United States. She is a natural ally. We owe something to her in her struggles, but we owe more to ourselves; for here hinges the whole future of the Anglo-Saxon race and the survival of its ideals and the success of its mission in the world. The one thing the democracies of the world have to prevent is the Japanization of China. If that ever becomes an accomplished fact, the experiment of democracy will come to its end.

I wonder if there is one of the little nations that would not welcome such an alliance as would guarantee their fundamental rights and protection from such intolerable infamies as the German allies have visited upon Servia and Belgium. With the small nations coupled with the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, China, and Russia, if she desires, and whatever other nation that can allow the new program, and with these nations absolutely supreme upon the sea, we could say to Japan, for instance: "We are quite willing that you have any reasonable field of expansion. We want to be your friend; but if you play German pirate in China or on the American Hemisphere, we will isolate you from the Asiatic continent and

the American Hemisphere, since the day has gone when on this planet there is evermore room for one nation to say to another nation: 'You have something I want. I will kill you and take it away.' "

WHILE we are working for a forward movement of democracy, the remoter districts of philosophic pacifism will be counting noses and marshaling their majorities on the slogan of that eighteenth-century fetish, "No entangling alliances." The German and Japanese allies in Congress will join the armor-plate-perambulator combination on the side of finance, for there is much pork there, and they will work for a "peace-at-any-price" politics and a dove-at-any-price diplomacy. Even now we are hearing the very words that apparently the German embassy has put in the mouths of its henchmen, both its dupes and its hirelings: "In no circumstances war with Germany now. When the war is over we can have a clean-cut issue." To which might be added the consolation, too, that we can have one all to ourselves. That was significant warning a German let go in a moment of heat to a friend of mine—a German well up in the semi-official group, "You would better look out," he said, "or pretty soon you may have the Japanese on your backs and the Germans in your guts." We shall have to get used to this cry of "no entangling alliances" with that of neutrality. Much water has flowed under London Bridge since Washington wrote these words, and while he has never been deified or even sainted, some of his sayings of temporary value have been invested by the pacifists with the halo of a divine inspiration. I have often thought of the Benjamin Franklin kind of thriftiness of this remark of the Father of his Country in days quite different from these. The Revolutionary War was over. The United States was launched on an uncharted ocean. Its resources were few, and its strength was small. The worthy gentleman had got all he could out of France through an "entangling alliance" which had saved the United States—let it never be forgotten that there would never have been a United States but for that "entangling alliance." His subsequent renunciation of alliances reminds me of a man of whom I once heard who for years had been in the habit of borrowing his neighbor's saw. Through some kindly accession of prosperity he bought for himself a new one, and announced to the neighborhood that henceforth he would neither borrow nor lend.

That was not exactly an entangling alliance when Russia came to our aid in the Civil War; that was not strictly an entangling alliance when England stepped in twice in our behalf during the Spanish-American War. But underneath all alliances legal and moral is the fact that the everlasting righteousness is, after all, a concern of ours, and that democracy and free institutions must not perish from the earth, and that the nation which stands before these propositions and is neutral has committed spiritual suicide.

THE United States must face several combinations of alternatives and act.

The first is to give up our outlying possessions or have them taken away from us.

The second is to disavow our "policies" or have them broken for us.

The third is to make ourselves strong enough on land and sea to face any probable combination of powers in this age of alliances or be prepared to go out of business.

The fourth is so to strengthen ourselves as to be an ally worth having and no longer a world parasite, and then seek alliance with such nations as between whom and ourselves there are no fundamental antagonisms, and as between whom and ourselves there are common interests.

It is somewhere along the lines of common ideals and interests, clearly enough understood to get us together, that we shall be able, if at all, to save democracy by saving ourselves. Let the democracies of the world underwrite the world peace.

To a Flea

By OLIVER HERFORD

COMPANION of the lowly and the great,
A parasite we term you, we who crawl
In swarming myriads infinitely small
Upon the spheroid, monstrous, oblate
We call the earth, atoms insatiate
That sap its very life. Are we not all
The parasites of this terrestrial ball,
O Flea, and blood relations intimate?
Who knows but through your microscopic veins
Once flowed the blood of king or pontiff grand?
Who knows what mighty chiefs your kinship share?
Of one great Roman surely there remains
A trace, else why, when falls the vengeful hand,
Like Fabius, are you always otherwhere?